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MIMI ROGERS
A Rapturous Pictorial

ANNE RICE
DEFENDS EROTICA, BOXING AND VAMPIRES IN A BITING
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

RON RIDENHOUR RECALLS THE HEROES AT MY LAI

ERICA JONG GETS HOT ABOUT MODERN LOVE

STRIP CLUBS GO UPSCALE

20 QUESTIONS WITH LAURA DERN

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GERMANS CAN SIT THROUGH F
THEY OBVIOUSLY KNOW SOM

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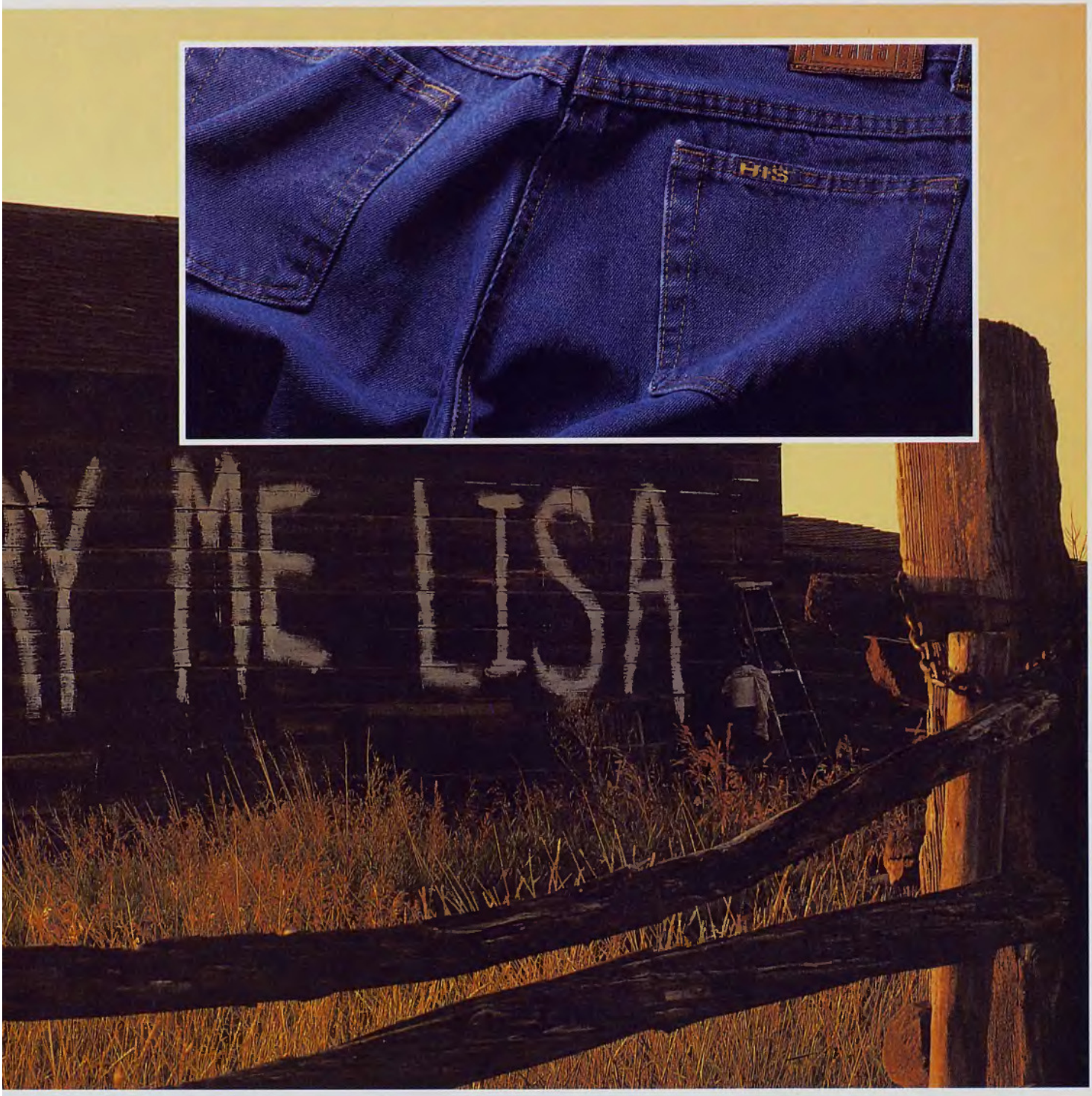

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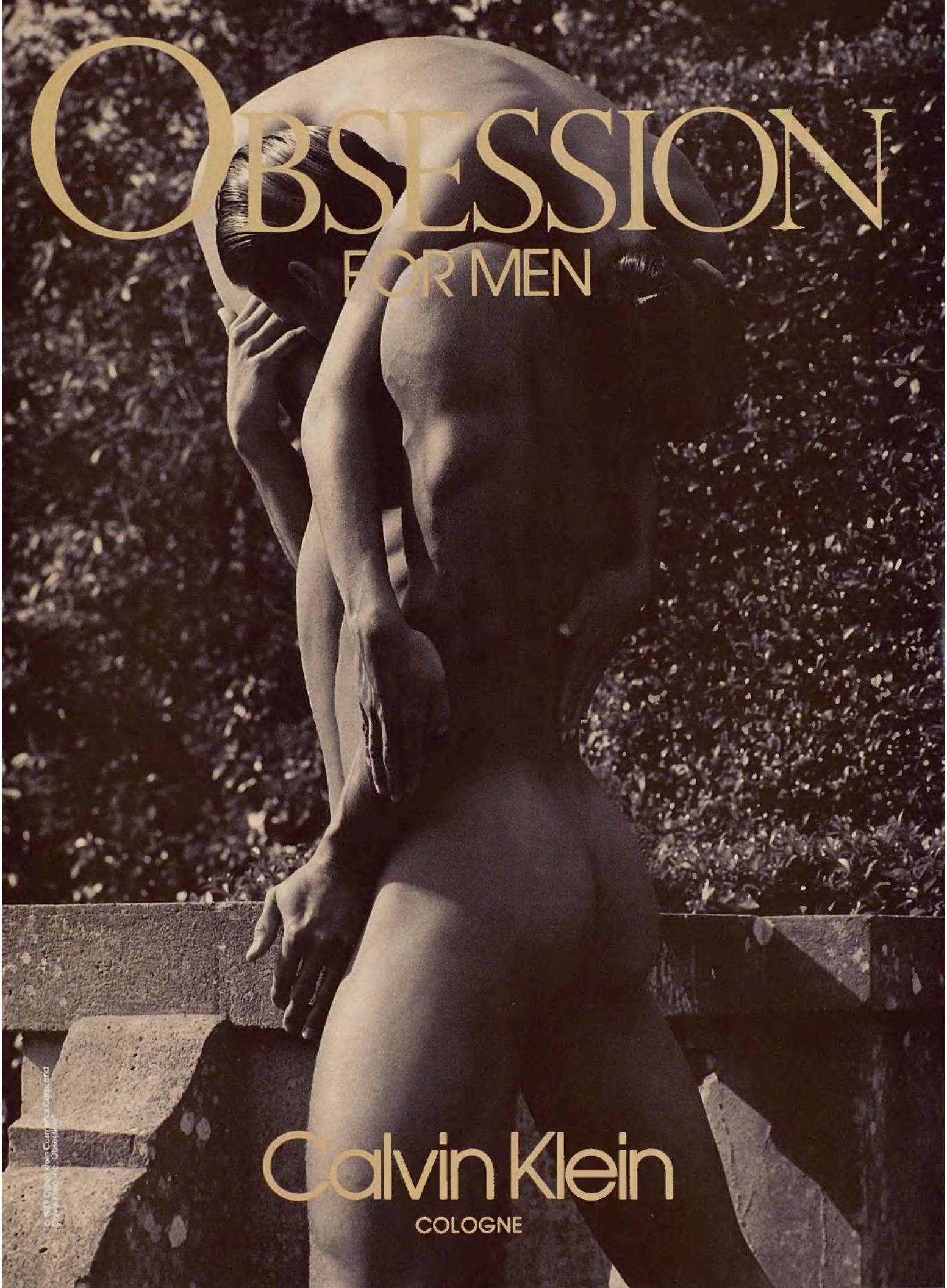
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GO AHEAD, GUYS. Admit it. You've thought how cool it would be to work at MTV, hanging out with rock stars, wearing funky clothes, checking out free concerts—kind of like a nine-to-five party with after-hours perks. Wrong! Thanks to a new fiscal sensitivity and a lot of disenfranchised youth, the cable channel is taking its rock and roll very seriously these days. **Doug Hill** explains in *Inside MTV* (illustrated by **Don Baum**).

As MTV plots the future, many Americans still cope with the past. One of them is **Ron Ridenhour,** the Vietnam veteran whose persistence prompted an Army investigation of the My Lai massacre. Now, 25 years after that terrible morning in Vietnam, Ridenhour remembers a few who risked death and said no in *Heroes at the Massacre*.

Heroism is also the subject of *Liberté, Égalité, Sexualité!*, an excerpt from **Erica Jong's** latest nonfiction book, *The Devil at Large* (Turtle Bay Books). In this case, the man of honor is novelist **Henry Miller,** whose lessons in love and lust, Jong writes, are as meaningful today as they were five decades ago.

Sex and the supernatural are two of author **Anne Rice's** favorite subjects. Her best-selling novels, including *Tale of the Body Thief* (excerpted in our October 1992 issue), feature elements of both. But in a fascinating *Playboy Interview*, our book columnist, **Digby Diehl,** learns about her lesser-known works—novels that she calls "pornography" and staunchly defends.

Books by Jong, Miller and Rice are probably all on the hit list of the Christian Coalition, a right-wing political group founded by televangelist **Pat Robertson.** In *With God as Their Copilot*, **Joe Conason** warns us of the organization's puritanical platform, and of its growing influence among conservative voters. Puritans take note: The impact of religion—and politics—on sex is the focus of our advance look at *The Janus Report on Sexual Behavior* (John Wiley & Sons). The excerpt in *The Playboy Forum* may surprise you.

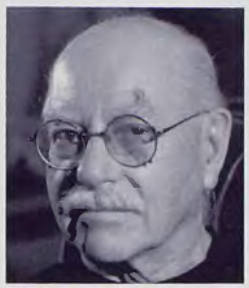
On a lighter note, in *The Biodome Chronicles* (illustrated by **Georganne Deen**), **Lewis Grossberger** peeks at life inside a great hothouse experiment where there's nothing but bubble trouble: The biofood stinks, the biobeach smells like cat litter and there's a serious shortage of biobabes.

Mimi Rogers, the star of *The Rapture* and an ex–Mrs. Tom Cruise, is making a big splash—make that waves—in Hollywood. Find out why in **Michael Angeli's** report. Or just enjoy the rapturous lenswork of **Michel Comte.** Then join Contributing Editor **D. Keith Mano** (author of *Topless*) in uncovering *A Club of One's Own*. With help from Contributing Photographer **Byron Newman,** Mano exposes the nation's classiest strip joints—where go-go is respectable and, yes, they accept Visa and Master Card.

Did we forget **Laura Dern**? How could anyone forget the sultry star of *Smooth Talk*, *Wild at Heart* and *Rambling Rose*? In this month's *20 Questions*, **Margy Rochlin** gets Dern fessing up about her sexier moments on film as well as the advantages of G-strings, mooning and meditation.

And lest you think our March issue is going out like a lamb, **Bob Schapiro** tracks down Fifties pinup **Betty Page** in our *Update*, **Joe Haldeman** offers a shocking piece of fiction called *Feedback* (illustrated by **Philip Castle**), **Peggy Knickerbocker** talks to red-hot celebrities about red meat in *Men and Their Meat*, Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** enlists actor **John Turturro** to showcase the latest Italian menswear, Playmate **Kimberly Donley** talks about a few of her favorite things and we show you more of ours in *The Playboy Collection*. Roar!

HILL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COVER STORY

Mimi Rogers is cruising on her own in search of her next rapture. Writer Michael Angeli dispels some gossip about this classy Hollywood beauty. Kudos to Stephen Earabino of Visages Style, L.A., for our cover, shot by Michel Comte. Thanks to Cemal and Joanne Gair of Cloutier for styling Mimi's hair and makeup, respectively. The gloves are by Adrienne Landau, corset by Anna Sui and skirt by Van Buren. Is that a feather in our Rabbit's cap?

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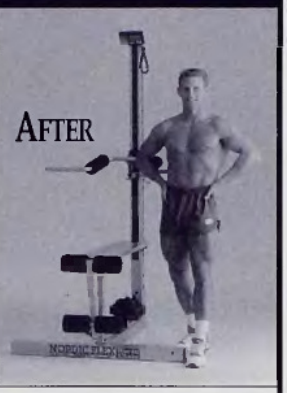

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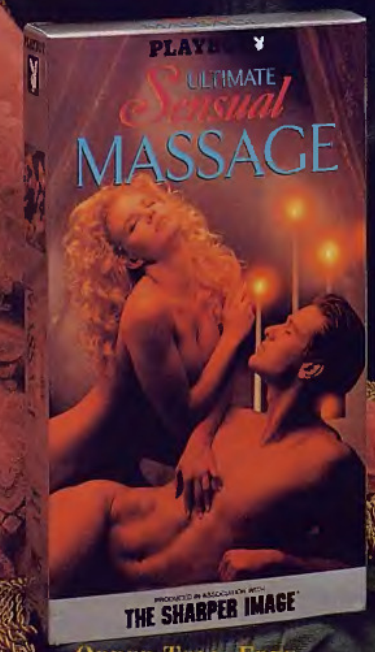

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SHARON STONE

Contributing Editor David Sheff's *Playboy Interview* with actress Sharon Stone (December) is a league above any other interview with her I've read. Stone is smart, witty and purely amazing. Her comment about the ways in which we bury things about ourselves out of politeness or fear of facing who we might actually be (which she discovered while doing *Basic Instinct*) is wise and true. I propose that Stone become a spokesperson for blondes. She's the living antithesis to dumb-blonde jokes.

Michael McCarthy
Dracut, Massachusetts

Sharon Stone not only shows us just how intellectual the "ice-pick princess" really is but also contributes a powerful voice for a nonbitter, pacifist feminism. Stone never comes across as a vindictive or unhappy person, yet she has a clear and unromanticized perspective on the problems of being a woman in the film industry.

Brandon Radisic
Mount Airy, North Carolina

I'm from Meadville, Pennsylvania, Sharon Stone's hometown. Sharon's done great things with her life, and I'm proud that she grew up in this area (home of Dad's Dog Food and the Zipper). I only wish she weren't so negative about us. She should be proud that she came from a small town and has risen so far in the world. I admire her.

Kim Lesher
Meadville, Pennsylvania

GENERATION X

Thank you for your *Generation X* package in the December issue, featuring *Generation X*, by Dean Kuipers, and *Love Among the Xers*, by Anita Sarko.

People my age (34) often feel lost in all the media attention directed toward baby boomers. A few more articles for Xers, including some by music and movie critics with our taste, and you will have a most excellent magazine.

Tom Arnold
St. Paul, Minnesota

I'm writing to tell you how much I love the articles on Xers. I love Robert Tilton. I love Tribbles. I hate boomers and their fucking baldness and pathetic attempts to glamourize their youth. I flatly refuse to sell out to anyone or anything. The only thing I think Kuipers and Sarko missed (at least in my case) is our stunted attention span and our fascination with young pale English bands (I love P. J. Harvey and Revolver).

Joshua D. Saitz
San Francisco, California

What a surprise when I pulled the December PLAYBOY out of my mailbox. There I find a sliver of my own psyche mirrored in your feature on *Generation X*. There is my Ouija, my formidable Charlie's Angels, Brady Bunch and Bionic Woman.

Of course there is more, much more. To the baby boomer, we're wily, we're arch, we're detail oriented—all that is correct. Our true nature and potential have only barely begun to show, though our majestic and growing power was felt in the recent voter turnout. And with the election of Bill Clinton, it's now our dad in the White House. Watch us grow as we heal the extended dysfunctional family called the U.S. of A.

Tracy LeGrand
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I found your section on the X Generation to be one-sided and biased. A more appropriate term would be the Whiner Generation. There are many of us from the post-boomer generation who are sick and tired of our whining contemporaries blaming their miserable lives on the baby boomers and Reagan and Bush. We detest having multiculturalism shoved down our throats. We don't eat

3 ON 3

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tofu for breakfast, and we're tired of being called out of touch if we believe in traditional family values. We believe that we control our own destinies, and we refuse to blame anyone except ourselves. It's time these whining Xers took control of their lives instead of sitting around waiting for someone to do it for them.

Dominick J. Swinhart
Raymond, Washington

I NEVER PAID WHAT BILL?

If ever a PLAYBOY article corresponded with the circumstances of my life, it is Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook* in the December issue, "I Never Paid *What* Bill?" Like Scheer, just as I was about to make a major purchase in my life, I discovered that my credit record was "bad." It was filled with inaccuracies, false information, the history of someone whose name is the same as mine who once lived in this city and several debts that should have been removed years ago.

Like Scheer, I went to work with all the energy of righteous indignation to clear up my record. My sympathies to Scheer, as well as my heartfelt congratulations for an article that everyone who has ever been in undeserved credit hell and battled it out will appreciate.

Robert Johnson
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Robert Scheer was right on. I followed his advice and cleared an inaccurate credit report. Thank you.

John Fall
San Diego, California

THEY STILL LOVE BETTY PAGE

Thank you, PLAYBOY and Buck Henry, for *The Betty Boom* in the December issue. When I was growing up in the mid-Fifties, one couldn't open a "girlie" magazine without finding a photo of Betty. For a while she was the Fifties' Cindy Crawford, Cher and the Snap-On Tool girl all in one. Your nude photos showed a side of her career that this (at the time) youngster never knew existed.

Charles P. Hall
Chicago, Illinois

When I was 14, Betty Page got my hormones racing. I wondered if anyone could actually be that beautiful. Even now, her slightly naughty image and pure sexual ooze give Madonna competition.

Floyd W. Brown
Belmont, Massachusetts

A thousand thanks to PLAYBOY and Buck Henry for the pictorial article on Betty Page. However, as to Henry's observation that Betty's hips are beyond the current criteria of acceptable beauty, that is so for only those men who have no imagination and taste.

Betty is not a hard-rock-video star. She is, instead, autumn leaves, rolling countryside, a brownstone building where friends sit and talk together. She is a Mozart concerto. She has left, at least for me, the legacy of a woman you want to know and whose opinions you value: the smile of friendliness, the love of goofiness, the sense of human vulnerability that eludes us today. This is Betty to me.

David J. Van Meer
Mount Vernon, Washington

Betty to us, Dave, is alive and well in southern California. To find out how we found her, check our "Update" feature on page 32.

BARBARA MOORE

Thanks for yet another great Playmate, Miss December, Barbara Moore (*The Moore, the Merrier*). She fits naturally

into the Fifties backdrop. This beauty from the Volunteer State is one for whom I would volunteer to go back to the Fifties or any other time.

Robert Smitherman, Jr.
Norway, South Carolina

Barbara Moore's radiant beauty is matched only by her brilliant outlook on life. Many thanks to Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda and everyone at PLAYBOY for delivering my Christmas present early this year.

Eric J. Keller
Seattle, Washington

I just had the opportunity to meet Barbara Moore at a local autograph session. Wow! Not only is she completely gorgeous, she has a personality that matches her sweet smile. Barbara is easily the brightest Nashvillian I've seen since moving here. She gets my vote for Playmate of the Year.

J. P. Weir
Nashville, Tennessee

HELMUT NEWTON

When photographer Helmut Newton (*20 Questions*, PLAYBOY, December) says he's looking for a smart secretary, what exactly does he mean? I'm a secretary and have been one for 12 years. My education is in secretarial sciences. Every boss I have ever had has said, "You are the most valuable person on my staff," and yet I am always the lowest paid.

Maybe I'm not so smart, because I continue to stay in a profession that gives me about as much respect as a prostitute. And even though I'd like to feel that this is a somewhat worthwhile profession, so long as people like Helmut Newton continue to imply that secretaries aren't smart, I will continue to be confused as to whether I should be proud or ashamed of what I do.

Mona Lee Soderberg
Leo, Indiana

Someone should tell Helmut Newton, with his fascination for Amazons, that Amazons display one breast because they have only one breast. The other, according to myth, is removed (burned off with a hot iron, if I remember correctly) so it won't interfere with their bowstrings when they hunt or fight.

Paul A. Alter
Hyattsville, Maryland

JESSICA HAHN

Thanks to Contributing Photographers Stephen Wayda and Richard Fegley. Your December photo essay on Jessica Hahn (*My Fifteen Minutes of Fame Are Up. Not!*) is fabulous. Hahn should be striving toward the future instead of clinging to the demons of her past (Jim Bakker, among them). Ironically, in the same issue you recount Betty Page's rags-to-almost-riches-to-rags dream. I hope that in Hahn's case, history doesn't repeat itself.

Donald Dreher
Browerville, Minnesota

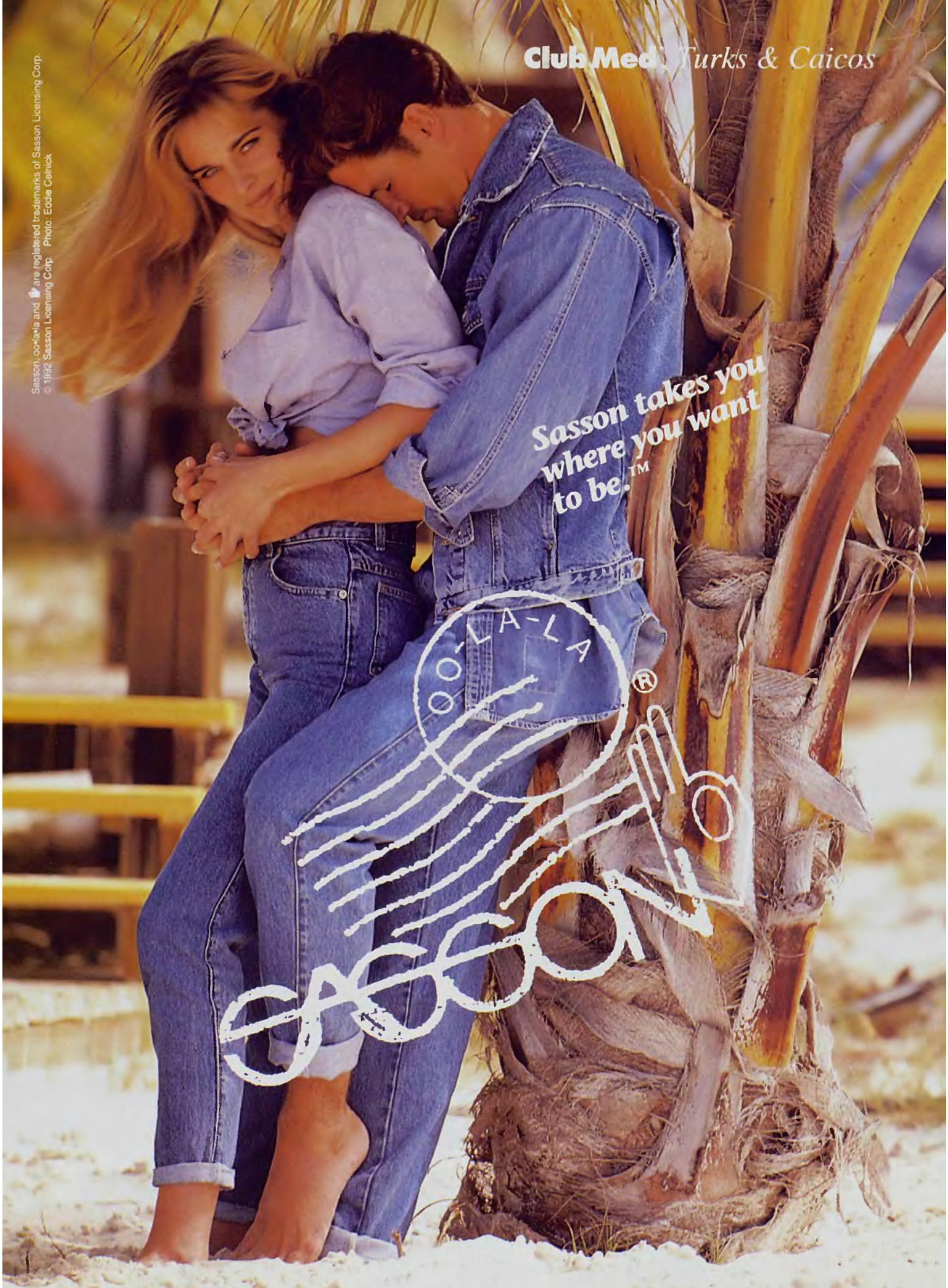
As someone who was impressed with her first visit to your pages, I must agree that Jessica Hahn looks better each time she appears. Her photos reveal a woman who has become comfortable with herself and the direction her life has taken. I wish her the best of luck as she continues her career.

William E. Ferguson
Overgaard, Arizona

AUTO MAG CRITIQUE

Bob Garfield's observation on automotive journalism (*Media*, PLAYBOY, December) is naive. *Car and Driver* isn't any more in bed with GM or Nissan than *Stereo Review* is with Bose. *Car and Driver* has been one of the Big Three's harshest critics, urging them to downsize and prepare for the Japanese onslaught since the mid-Sixties. Detroit ignored its warning, and the rest is history.

Vic Oberhaus
Liberty Center, Ohio



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HOW DO YOU SPELL ART?

Buster Simpson has cultivated a name for himself in the art world for his sculptures, installations and earthworks. Back in 1969, he was part of a team that created an environmental sculpture in the town of Woodstock, New York. Almost immediately after the piece was installed, it was taken apart and used for fuel and shelter by the 400,000 partygoers who converged on the town during that summer. Since then Simpson has remained busy. His oeuvre includes a wind-powered sculpture that smashes bottles for recycling, dinner plates cast at a Wisconsin toilet factory that are steeped in sewage (which forms a colorful glaze when kiln-fired) and River Rolaids—43-pound limestone antacid pills he places in rivers. The stones slowly dissolve, helping to neutralize acidified water supplies. His latest project involves placing a commode over a pit and, when it is full, planting a tree in the enriched urban soil. The work gives the homeless a place to find relief and provides a symbol of a society suffocating in its own waste.

•

We see London, we see France. Karl Lagerfeld has designed white cotton underpants for Chanel—which look very much like the Carter spankies we all have admired in the past. His version, however, costs $165. And that's not for a three-pack.

PILLOW TALK

In the midst of fierce competition among New York hotels, down means up at the Mayfair Regent. As part of a recent renovation there, general manager Dario Mariotti instituted the hotel's pillow bank—a collection of extra pillows available from room service. The bank lends down facial pillows with smooth cotton centers, down-and-feather head cradles and substantial body pillows. Eighty percent of the guests order special pillows, with men preferring king-sized foam ones or back bracers. But the one most requested by women, not surprisingly, is the snore stopper.

EXHIBITIONISTS

Artwear Collection, an apparel company, has come out with a line of T-shirts with artwork by William Wegman, Keith Haring, John Lennon, Herb Ritts and Albert Watson, with proceeds going to the American Foundation for Aids Research. We're pretty blasé about T-shirts, but these are well-made (of thick, beefy cotton), sufficiently oversized so that your girlfriend can swim in them and the images are funny (Wegman), sweet (Lennon) or both (Haring). They're available at aware shops around the country.

NOT IN THE U.S.S.R.

A new business venture in Russia catering to the vodka-for-breakfast bunch now offers business cards that read: I AM DRUNK TODAY. IF I FAIL TO FIND MY WAY HOME, PLEASE TAKE ME TO THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS. The cards cost about two cents each and sales have taken off like, well, a shot.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

WHERE THE KORAN MEETS THE ROAD

Japan's Yokohoma Rubber Company pulled hundreds of off-road tires from the market in Brunei after complaints from the Muslim community. It seems that the tread leaves a design that resembles a verse in the Koran.

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

Another salty taste of pork in the military budget: On a list of recently approved projects at the Naval Hospital in San Diego was a study titled "Management of the Human Bite to the Penis."

MEET MARKET

When the DePaul University business school throws a costume party, its marketing department asserts itself. Last year it encouraged guests to dress up as trademark and product characters. This was the brainchild of marketing professor Robert Pitts—who dressed as the politically incorrect Frito Bandito, while his wife came as a Hostess cupcake. Other participants donned the finery of the Jolly Green Giant and Little Green Sprout. Brett Boyle, done up like a Keebler elf, couldn't name any of the elves—not even the head elf, Ernie—provoking comments that he should work more on his brand character identification. David Klenosky and his wife, citing leaner times, dressed as generic products, noting, "We'll have the basic black and white and we'll be priced lower than the competition, but we should be the same high quality." Joel Whalen had to change his original idea of going shirtless and greased, as the Butterball turkey. He opted instead to go as the Ty-D-Bol man—which reinforces the notion that marketing and academe can coexist in a taste-free environment.

SUPER SOAKER

Andrew Meredith, a third-grader from Council Bluffs, Iowa, took first place in a national inventor's contest with Toilet Targets—little floating gizmos designed to improve boys' aim. He

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a survey in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, 62 percent of the pharmaceutical ads in medical journals aimed at doctors were grossly misleading or downright inaccurate.

QUOTE

"Strutting, preening, flirting, courting, dazzling, then capturing one another. Then nesting. Then breeding. Then philandering. Then abandoning the fold. Soon drunk on hope, we court anew."—ANTHROPOLOGIST HELEN FISHER ON THE ORIGINS AND NATURE OF HUMAN SEXUAL CONDUCT, FROM *Anatomy of Love*

CAR POOL RUNS DRY

Percentage of Americans who commuted to work on mass transit in 1980: 6.4; in 1990: 5.3. Percentage of Americans who drove to work alone in 1980: 64.4; in 1990: 73.2.

•

Average cost of a gallon of regular unleaded gas in 1980: $1.24; in 1990: $1.03.

DON'T WALK

Number of people killed in traffic accidents in New York City in 1990: 643; percentage who were pedestrians: 52.4.

•

Nationally, percentage of pedestrians in traffic accidents in 1990 who were under the influence of alcohol: 72.

I SPY

According to U.S. intelligence sources, of all the U.S. spies stationed in East Berlin since World War Two, number who were not double agents for East Germany: 0.

INTERESTING RATES

Percentage increase of the median mortgage payment in the U.S. during the Eighties: 26.9; percentage increase in median monthly rental payment: 16.1; percentage drop in median household income: 18.5.

TRICKLE DOWN AND OUT

Among Americans earning $1 million or more a year, percentage of income they donated to charity in 1981: 10; in 1990: 4.

DRUG USE

Amount that American Cyanamid charges for a year's supply of the drug Levamisole for treating worms in sheep: $14.95; amount that Johnson & Johnson charges for a year's supply of Levamisole for treating colon cancer in humans: $1495.

•

Number of prescription drugs on the market in the U.S.: 25,000; number of prescriptions written by American doctors each year: 1.7 billion.

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Total cost of prescription drugs in the U.S. in 1991: $67.3 billion.

GOVERNMENT SPENDING

According to *The Government Racket*, by Martin L. Gross, the number of Americans employed in manufacturing jobs: 18.1 million; the number of Americans employed by government: 18.7 million.

•

At the turn of the century, number of farms in the U.S.: 5 million; number of employees in the Department of Agriculture: 3000. Number of farms today: 2.1 million; number of Department of Agriculture employees: 60,000. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

said he got the idea when he noticed the boys' room at school "smelled bad."

NO MORE SALAD DAYS

High finance in the airline industry: Delta says it will save $1.4 million in food and labor costs by eliminating the decorative piece of lettuce served under the vegetables on in-flight meals.

•

The Simon Wiesenthal Center pointed out that Iran's philatelic contribution to 1991's International Day of the Child commission was a stamp picturing a young boy throwing a rock through a window bearing the Star of David.

ON THE RUNWAY AGAIN

Any time now, Willie Nelson's Hemp Clothes Collection should be hitting the stores. A line of backpacks, shirts and caps, the collection is woven from hemp—the plant from which marijuana flowers. The shirts have the feel of soft burlap, and this high-fashion statement will cost about $75—or about the price of a quarter ounce of Oaxaca ditch weed.

BRAVE NEW DUDE

After 12 years of Republicanism, it seems logical that 46-year-old psychedelic guru Terence McKenna, author of the autobiographical *True Hallucinations*, is enjoying success in the real world after years of underground culthood. At the core of McKenna's theories—he sees Adam and Eve's fall from grace as the first drug bust—is the concept that ancient humans ingested regular doses of psylocybin mushrooms that caused monogamy, among other things, to take a backseat to a more orgiastic social order. These early acid trips by our hominid ancestors sparked moral consciousness and created language, religion, philosophy, art and just about everything else that distinguishes us from apes. The bad news, according to McKenna, came with the climatic changes 12,000 years ago that made magic mushrooms scarce. Mankind's chemically induced enlightenment gave way to the cold reality of the war-mongering, possession-based world we've erroneously dubbed civilization. Thankfully, though, sex is what provides the real underpinnings to society. Unlike other animals, "we bring our past experiences and expectations to each of our sexual encounters," says McKenna. Man also spices up his sex life with fetishes, rituals and costumes—as well as the obligatory dinner and movie. And that leads to McKenna's truly workable definition of perversion: "Someone doing something you wouldn't do."

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

AS LUCK would have it, I first heard Ice Cube's ***The Predator*** (Priority) right after listening to a speech, *The Last Message*, on *The Malcolm X Story* LP (Sugar Hill). Malcolm delivered it the night after his home was firebombed, only weeks before his assassination. He worried that his life was in jeopardy, partly because his split with the Nation of Islam had been misunderstood by almost everybody. Yet his oratory was at its height. Ice Cube raps a year after the fire storm caused by 1991's *Death Certificate*, and only a few weeks before his second feature film was released. He is undisguisedly fearful that his career is in jeopardy, partly because his on-and-off association with the Nation of Islam has been misunderstood by almost everybody. Yet the music ranks with his most powerful.

Ice Cube boasts that *Death Certificate* prophesied the L.A. riots (and damns Rodney King for trying to stop the action); motherfucks *Billboard* and its editor (a music industry first) for condemning his album; defends the beating of Reginald Denny; proclaims he'd like to pop a cop; and asserts his right to use "the J word" to describe his ex-manager Jerry Heller (a Jew).

My problem is that it's all so defensive. Unlike Malcolm, who unyieldingly pressed a proactive agenda, Ice Cube spends his whole album licking old wounds and, no matter how deftly he interweaves huge rumbling beats and smart samples, that's oppressive. *The Predator* suggests that the person most injured by the censoring of *Death Certificate* was not Cube's targets but the artist. Here's hoping that *The Predator* liberates him to move forward again.

FAST CUTS: Bushwick Bill, ***The Little Big Man*** (Rap-A-Lot): The most terrifying humanist on the planet effectively dramatizes the gunpoint demise of his own eyeball. An ardent buttman, bitter enemy of racism and, possibly, the most underestimated artist of his generation.

Willie D, ***Goin' Out Lika Soldier*** (Rap-A-Lot): Not since the Beatles has a group produced three solo artists as strong as Geto Boys Willie D, Bushwick Bill and Scarface. Willie's the toughest and funniest of the bunch—the one who raps *Fuck Rodney King*. Not recommended for fainthearted liberals.

NELSON GEORGE

Morris Day is a victim of his earlier successes. In the Eighties he was a funny, double entendre–spouting front man for the Time, the last great self-contained progressive R&B band. Immortalized in *Purple Rain* and as the lead voice on a slew of signature hits (*777-9311*, *Cool*, *Jungle Love*), Day is as associated with those exciting first years of the Minneapolis Sound as Prince himself.

JOE FOURNIER

Ice Cube's powerful *Predator*.

Oppressive rap, an impressive debut and some Irish Therapy?

Fast-forward a decade and listen to ***Guaranteed*** (Reprise), a ten-song collection on which the singer struggles and fails to lose the ghost of his past. On material like *Gimme Whatcha Got*, Day essays the tongue-in-cheek approach of his glory days. Droll and self-consciously chauvinistic, Day always sounds more like he's doing stand-up comedy than singing. That's not a put-down—it's part of his appeal. But despite the best efforts of producers such as Bernard Bell, *Guaranteed* plays more like a mediocre sitcom than a hit album.

In contrast to Day, Sade has worked with the same band for eight years and four albums; each has differed slightly in arrangement and subject matter, but all are unified in their sophistication and mellow intensity. Her albums seem more like chapters in a novel than separate stories. ***Love Deluxe*** (Epic) is another supple balance of funk-jazz grooves and Sade's sexy vibratoless vocals. *Feel No Pain* and *Bullet Proof Soul* are two standouts in a beautifully consistent nine-song package.

FAST CUTS: Booming funk grooves and hard rhyming attitude mark Redman's impressive debut, ***Whut? Thee Album*** (RAL/Chaos). Produced by the crew behind EPMD, Redman's first release has a tough New York edge that's both old and new school.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

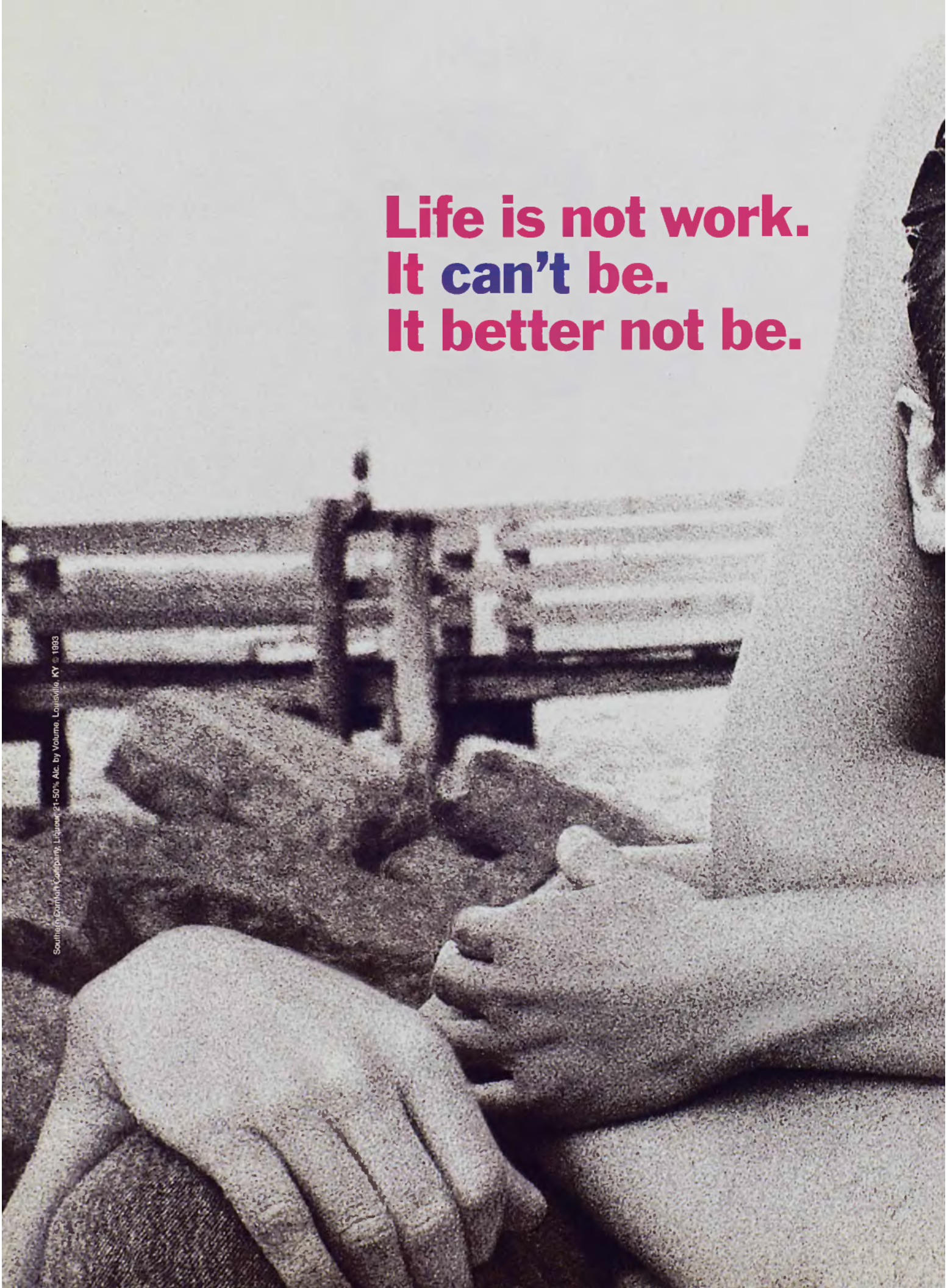
Hailing from Belfast, Therapy? has released ***Nurse,*** its third album (its first on A&M), to a lot of hype that suggests the band's going to be the Irish Nirvana. Which isn't all that far off as a comparison. A power trio, they sound like civil war, they howl about alienation and they have good riffs. Especially recommended here is *Neck Freak*, built on a pounding octave riff that will inspire all humans under the age of 80 to pound their heads on the nearest sharp object. Also nearly as cool are *Nausea*, *Teethgrinder* and *Perversonality*, plus the tossed-in occasional dialog from grade B horror movies. If you see 'em live, prepare yourself for an evening in the slam pit.

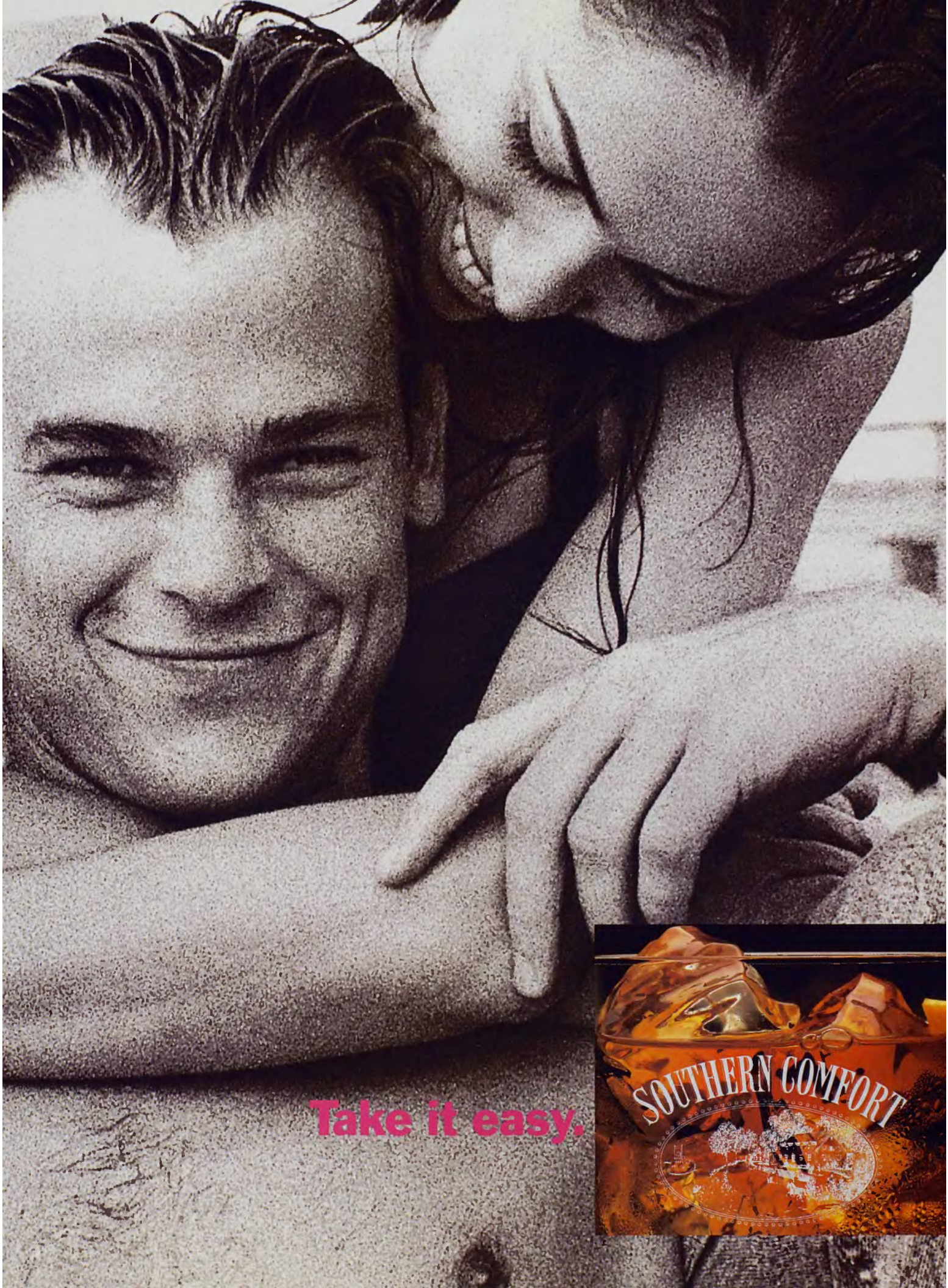
Five-Eight, ***I Learned Shut Up*** (Sky), is another power trio, but nonmetal hard rock, equidistant between Neil Young and Hüsker Du. Songs amount to short stories in free verse, and the short stories are good, mostly about acid casualties (*God Damn It Paul*), falling in love with a stripper (*She's Dropping the Bomb*) and reconciling the spiritual with the physical (*The Ape*). Not recommended for sing-alongs, but it does have hooks.

FAST CUTS: Joanna Connor, ***Fight*** (Blind Pig): The obvious comparison is Bonnie Raitt, since she's female and plays blues guitar. I say Connor's a soprano Johnny Winter. The thunderous distortion barrage that opens Robert Johnson's *Walkin' Blues* should dispel all doubt that women can't play as hard as men. Most blues records miss the passion that made the original stuff so compelling. This one reclaims it all.

VIC GARBARINI

Nirvana's *Nevermind* revitalized and transformed rock as dramatically as did the Sex Pistols, or even the Beatles. After a decade of droning alternative thrash and moan, Kurt Cobain reminded us that cathartic intensity and irresistible melodies could be allies instead of enemies, while chronicling the fractured inner lives of his generation as tellingly as rap reveals the anguish of the inner city. ***Incesticide*** (DGC), Nirvana's second major-label release, is more prequel than sequel to *Nevermind*'s teen spirituals. These B-sides, live obscurities and early demos are a fascinating glimpse of a great band's growing pains. They grind,


Life is not work.
It can't be.
It better not be.
Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1983


SOUTHERN COMFORT
Take it easy.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ice Cube *The Predator*	6	8	8	8	6
Madonna *Erotica*	9	5	6	8	6
Nirvana *Incesticide*	8	8	7	5	8
Redman *Whut? Thee Album*	6	6	8	6	6
Therapy? *Nurse*	7	7	7	5	7

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK DEPARTMENT: According to a 120-page report recently made public through the Freedom of Information Act, the FBI tried in vain during the Sixties to figure out the lyrics to *Louie Louie*. The feds apparently played the **Kingsmen's** hit record both backward and forward, using filters, computers and cryptographers, to no avail. They should have saved their money for PLAYBOY music critic and author **Dave Marsh's** upcoming tome, which traces the song's long and colorful history—and provides the lyrics. We'd print the words, but we'd rather you went out and bought Dave's book.

REELING AND ROCKING: **The Commitments** are filming a sequel that will be set in New York. Expect another sound track LP. . . . Documentary filmmaker **Robert Mugge** (who made *Deep Blues* with **Dave Stewart** and **Robert Palmer**) has another movie currently making the film-festival rounds: *Pride and Joy: The Story of Alligator Records*, featuring **Elvin Bishop, Koko Taylor, Lonnie Brooks** and **Katie Webster,** among others. . . . Look for country star **K. T. Oslin** to have a starring role in the new **Peter Bogdanovich** movie, *A Thing Called Love*. . . . **House of Pain's Erik Shrody** will play a bad guy in *Judgment Night*, starring **Emilio Estevez.** . . . **Madonna's** company is making *Snake Eyes*, featuring the Material Girl and **Harvey Keitel.** The low-budget movie is about the movie biz.

NEWBREAKS: Blues lovers alert: *The Grove Press Guide to the Blues on CD*, by **Frank-John Hadley,** is out. . . . **Paul McCartney** is finishing up his new LP, and he had so much fun touring the last time, he plans to do it again. . . . Producer **Phil Ramone** is working with **Bloodline,** a blues-based rock band featuring the sons of famous musicians, including **Waylon Krieger** (son of the **Doors' Robbie**), **Aaron Davis** (son of **Miles**) and **Berry Oakley, Jr.** (son of the **Allman Brothers'** bassist). . . . **Nirvana's** LP of new songs will be recorded in Seattle for release this spring or summer. . . . **Neil Young** and **John Mellencamp** have set the date for Farm Aid 1993: April 24th, in Ames, Iowa. . . . As we've already told you, **Pete Townshend's** *Tommy* will hit the Big Apple in April. The Broadway run will be followed by a national tour. . . . Look for a 25th-anniversary CD boxed set and tour by **Jethro Tull.** . . . A new **World Party** LP and a solo outing by **Paul Westerberg** are also on the way. . . . **Phil Collins** will host the *1992 Billboard Music Awards* and **Genesis** will perform. . . . The **U2** *Zoo TV* tour may provide the basis for a CD-I scheduled for the fall. The band got together with Philips Interactive Media of America to develop a version of interactive programming fans can play at home. If all goes well, it will cost less than $40 for do-it-yourself interviews, a music video, animation and "bogus TV" from the show. . . . The classical LP *The Juliet Letters*, recorded by **Elvis Costello** and London's **Brodsky Quartet,** precedes an American tour. Don't worry too much about this new wrinkle. One of the new classical numbers is titled *Dear Sweet Filthy World*. . . . Finally, **Yuri Kornilov,** general director of the official Russian Music Archives, says there is more than classical music in the archives, and he plans to check it out. The general director is currently searching for an exclusive **Roy Orbison** concert tape from Bulgaria made in 1984. The new Russia knows its **Wilburys.**

—BARBARA NELLIS

howl and thrash around as flashes of brilliance pop out: the melody line in *Stain*, some meaty bass meshing with shifting rhythms on *Turnaround* and the fully enlightened *Been a Son*. Those sweet crunching chords, pungent harmonies and poignant vocals sound like nothing you've ever heard before and everything you've ever loved. OK, *Son* may be the only masterwork here. But watching them slouching a bit more toward Nirvana on each tune is worth the trip.

FAST CUTS: Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble, ***In the Beginning*** (Epic): Posthumous primal blues-rock from a master in the making.

The Allman Brothers Band, ***The Fillmore Concerts*** (Polydor Chronicles): Polished primal blues-rock from masters in their prime.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Madonna's *Sex* is sexier than the reviewers claim. Both the pictures and writing are smart and well-observed enough to prove, yet again, that when critics say porn is boring, they're probably lying, blocking or both. Madonna's ***Erotica*** (Maverick/Sire), on the other hand, is less sexy than the artiste pretends. Only the title tune, the rap boast *Did You Do It?* and *Where Life Begins*, an invitation to eat her pussy, are as risqué as run-of-the-mill steam-bath disco. But again, you can ignore all reports of how tedious it is.

The latest line on Madonna makes her a full-time celebrity whose musical interests are now the sideline they deserve to be. You know how it goes: She can't sing, isn't much of a dancer and plays fewer instruments than the Monkees. Somehow, the scheming bitch revitalized dance music and got her name on a string of dynamite singles before turning album artist in the Nineties. Her exploitation of prerock pop on *I'm Breathless* was a playful tour de force. And on *Erotica*, the sexier beats establish a quiet vocal attack that undercuts her tendency to overemote on the AIDS ballad *In This Life* and the brother-and-sisterhood anthem *Why's It So Hard*. Combining the understated disco savvy of her groundbreaking early music with the pop ambition that followed, *Erotica* packs unprecedented strength and staying power. Boring, my foot.

FAST CUTS: Ya Ntesa Dalienst & Le Maquisard, ***Belalo*** (Sango Music): Franco-Zairean soukous at its most sinuous.

Orchestra Marrabenta Star de Moçambique, ***Independence*** (Piranha): Dance music from Mozambique, and everywhere. (Both available from Stern's USA, 598 Broadway, New York, New York 10012.)

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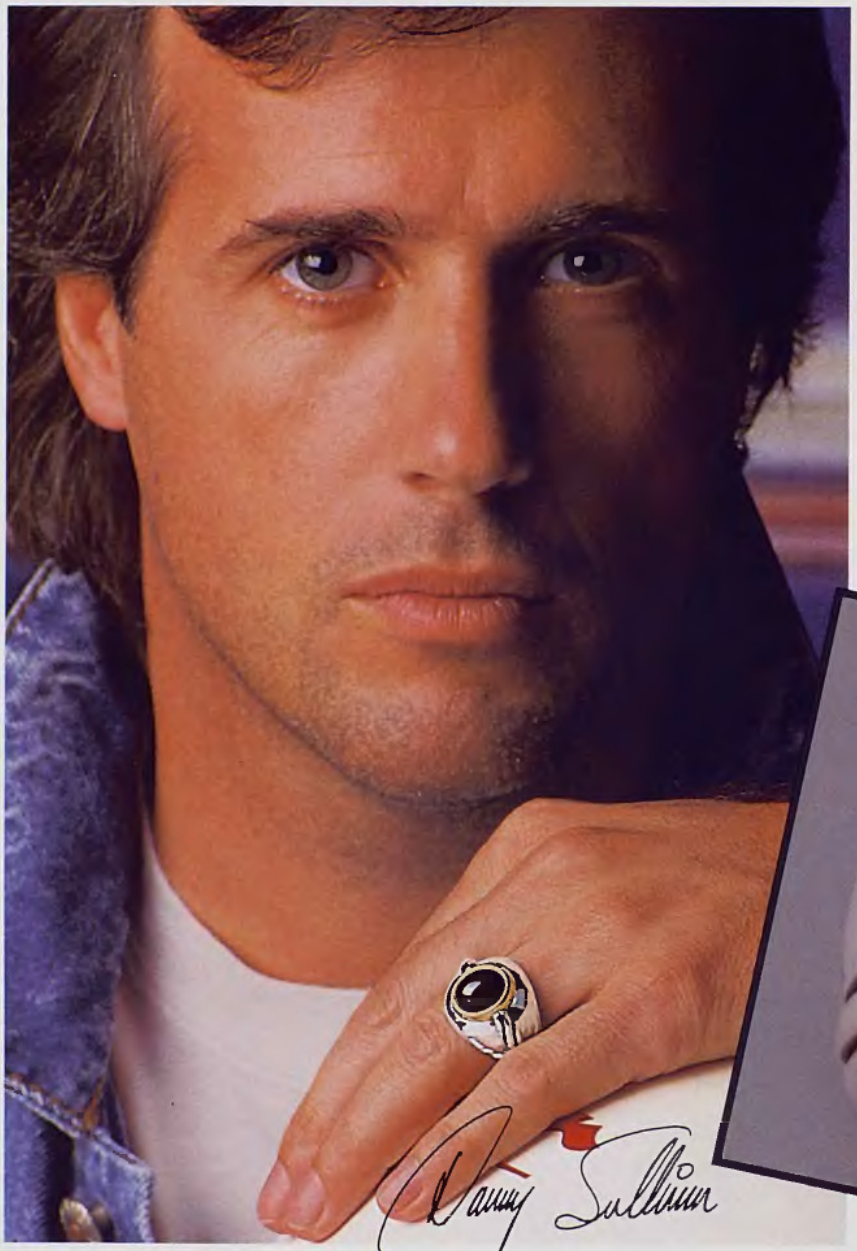

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

STRETCHING his talent in fascinating new directions, Michael Douglas plays a Los Angeles man on the slope of civilization in ***Falling Down*** (Warner). Divorced, out of work and generally feeling screwed over, he abandons his car, his scruples and his fragile sanity to go on a rampage. Detective Robert Duvall, about to enter early retirement, takes it upon himself to track Douglas down. They don't meet face-to-face until the stirring climax of director Joel Schumacher's taut, timely drama about a modern world in decline. Complementing them are a trio of scene-stealers: Tuesday Weld as Duvall's neurotic, housebound wife, Rachel Ticotin as his policewoman pal and Barbara Hershey as Douglas' overwrought ex-wife. *Falling Down* finds a subversive streak of humor in its unheroic Everyman who challenges a pair of muggers, holds up a fast-food joint that offers indifferent service and begins to flail away at the status quo. He is fearsome but hard to hate. ¥¥¥½

•

Four young businessmen sharing a pad in Chicago are addicted to practical jokes in ***Watch It*** (Skouras). The title of this lightweight comedy is also the victory cry shouted each time a guy succeeds in putting one over on an unsuspecting chum. They're pretty juvenile for their age, which appears to be 30, but that is more or less the point. Jon Tenney, John C. McGinley and Tom Sizemore are the original threesome, with Peter Gallagher as a cousin who joins the fun and games. Finally, cuz wakes up to the fact that there may be more to life than jumping out of a refrigerator to say boo or convincing a habitual womanizer that his latest conquest is pregnant. Adroitly playing the young women whose patience is tested while the guys grow up are Cynthia Stevenson (as a forthright teacher), Suzy Amis (as a veterinarian) and Lili Taylor (as her tart receptionist). Writer-director Tom Flynn builds to a satisfying comic payoff. ¥¥½

•

Like Water for Chocolate (Miramax) comes from Mexico with love, subtitles and even a few tantalizing recipes. Based on a novel and screenplay by Laura Esquivel, producer-director Alfonso Arau's offbeat romantic fable has a heroine named Tita (Lumi Cavazos) whose cooking has aphrodisiac properties. Her beloved Pedro (Marco Leonardi) is forced by family tradition to marry her elder sister. A year later, Tita whips up a dish of quail with rose-petal sauce and has all the guests in heat. Another sister is so excited she strips off her clothes and rides away on the back of a wild rebel's horse. Decades pass before Tita and Pedro manage to get together. All in all, the years go quickly in an erotic, bookish and delectable vintage tale of unrequited love—Mexico's choice for Academy Award consideration. ¥¥¥

Duvall keeps from falling down.

Angst and ardor from all over, plus some last-minute Oscar bids.

•

There's so much good work in ***Chaplin*** (TriStar), particularly by Robert Downey, Jr.—taking giant steps in the title role—that you keep wishing the movie would soar. Unfortunately, the miracle never happens. Director Richard Attenborough's conventional star-studded tribute to the great Charlie Chaplin has Kevin Kline as Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Diane Lane as Paulette Goddard and Geraldine Chaplin as Hannah Chaplin (her own grandmother). But excerpts from Chaplin classics upstage everyone and everything, including Downey's deft imitation of the legendary clown offscreen, young and old. Despite Attenborough's earnest effort, Charlie just can't be successfully recycled or cut down to size. ¥¥

•

A ditzy peroxide beautician from Dallas also happens to be an ardent fan of the Kennedys. On the day of JFK's 1963 assassination, she dons a pillbox hat, defies her couch-potato husband (Brian Kerwin) and drives off to see the president and first lady. Thus begins ***Love Field*** (Orion), acted by Michelle Pfeiffer as the impulsive Lurene with a downhome drawl to complement her blonde roots. Don Roos' unabashedly sentimental screenplay, subtly directed by Jonathan Kaplan, evolves into a road movie named for the Dallas airport, but with double meanings galore. Aboard a Greyhound bus bound for Washington to attend Kennedy's funeral, Lurene meets a black man (Dennis Haysbert making waves in a role Denzel Washington decided against) and his little girl (Stephanie McFadden). Wrongly suspecting that she has come upon an abducted, abused child, she phones the FBI and the movie gains momentum as a cross-country odyssey about cops, the color barrier, stifled lives and a nation in crisis. Briefly premiered last year on both coasts to qualify for Oscar consideration, *Love Field* stretches logic here and there but gives Pfeiffer front-runner status in a year with a short list of winning roles for women. ¥¥¥

•

A surprisingly subdued Madonna, often more believable than beautiful in ***Body of Evidence*** (MGM), certainly knows her business. Her business here is a pure pulp melodrama. Director Uli Edel takes the girl out of *Sex* and puts her into a negligible screenplay about a slow-burning bombshell charged with murder. Looks bad when her lover, a wealthy older man, leaves her $8 million after dying flagrante delicto and in handcuffs. Madonna woos her defending attorney (Willem Dafoe) in titillating interludes of bondage, sodomy and cool wine over hot wax on a nude torso. Their lawyer-client relationship moves from stairway-groping to floor to bed to a car roof covered with broken glass. As the prosecutor, Joe Mantegna grills top actors such as Frank Langella and Jurgen Prochnow, who testify to the lady's sexual proclivities. *Body* qualifies as quintessential Madonna: flashy in-your-face entertainment that pushes the envelope of mainstream amorality. ¥¥¥

•

Crippled by a New York taxi accident, a soap-opera star (Mary McDonnell) retires to her old home in Louisiana's Cajun country. Angry and self-pitying, she behaves like a bitch and can't keep the help she requires because her bad temper drives them away. Finally, a young black woman (Alfre Woodard) with a questionable past shows up. This has to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship, and ***Passion Fish*** (Miramax), written

For our 125th birthday, we'd like to propose a toast.
Or at least a pizza, some french fries, and maybe a few nachos.

125th TABASCO ANNIVERSARY

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Yimou: the envelope, please.

OFF CAMERA

Winning a third successive Oscar nomination this year for *The Story of Qiu Ju* seems a safe bet for **Zhang Yimou** (pronounced JONG ee-mo). The 42-year-old Chinese filmmaker's eligible new comedy is likely to be an Academy entry on the heels of his erotic *Ju Dou* and *Raise the Red Lantern*, the first Chinese Oscar candidates ever. Both were, until recently, banned in their homeland. "Sex is still a very taboo subject," says Zhang, who feels his previous nominations helped break the ice.

In New York, wearing casual threads like any hot director, Zhang doesn't dream of big financial rewards. "In China, if you drive a car or become wealthy, people look funny at you. Making a lot of money abroad doesn't mean anything. What would I do with it?" Austerity suits a man who normally resides in studio-owned houses costing "three to five dollars monthly from a salary of about forty dollars a month." Major perks such as free cars are reserved "for Olympic athletes—maybe."

Zhang's main Western-style indulgence is a relationship with Gong Li, the traffic-stopping star of all his films. "We are going out but don't live together," says Zhang, who's divorced. "Of course, any relationship between unmarried people is against the law. But people do it." He's now producing a movie in Paris, with Gong Li "as a Chinese artist who painted many nudes." Meanwhile, he is cheered by reaction to her atypical role as Qiu Ju, a pregnant peasant fighting the bureaucracy: "It's the first time I've heard people laugh during my films. *Qiu Ju* concerns the difficulty of getting an apology. This is very Chinese."

and directed by John Sayles, lifts its soap-opera plot out of mediocrity with an intelligent screenplay and superior performances by McDonnell and Woodard. Their testy encounters keep things humming, with David Strathairn adding helpful earth tones as an unhappily married handyman who has hankered for McDonnell since he knew her in high school. The odd title is a reference to marine life in the bayou, but *Passion Fish* may hook you before you wipe the suds out of your eyes. ¥¥¥

•

A critical hit down under, ***The Last Days of Chez Nous*** (Fine Line) seems to pick up where director Gillian Armstrong left off with *My Brilliant Career*, which won her a carload of awards—including Australia's Best Film—in 1979. The budding careerist then was a bright young woman who aspired to be a writer. *Chez Nous*' original screenplay (by a different author) concerns a successful novelist (Lisa Harrow) living in a ramshackle house in Sydney with her teenaged daughter, a boarder, her European second husband (Bruno Ganz) and a flaky prodigal sister (Kerry Fox) back from her rambles abroad. While the writer is away on a sentimental journey, trying to get closer to her father, her husband and sister get closer than anticipated. "If I had another wife, I could love you better" is her estranged husband's flimsy rationale for infidelity. While the writer lets go of everything but her self-esteem, Harrow makes losing look like a learning experience almost worth the pain. ¥¥¥

•

Hot-wired, if a mite monotonous, in ***Hoffa*** (Fox), Jack Nicholson plays the Teamster boss through the years as a bombastic but steadfast friend of the working man. Period. His nemesis, Attorney General Robert Kennedy (Kevin Anderson), is depicted as a headline-hunting pip-squeak who railroads Jimmy into prison. Danny DeVito, prominently cast as a Hoffa aide, also directed the idolatrous biography by playwright David Mamet—though only a screen credit and a stream of four-letter words suggest the Mamet touch. Hoffa's alleged Mafia connections shrugged off, the labor leader seen here has no private life—just a loving grandchild waving goodbye and a generally silent wife who appears beside him at public functions. And get set for yet another assassination theory about Hoffa's mysterious 1975 disappearance. At the strained climax—music up and slow motion as Jimmy is shot dead with a flourish—you can almost feel Hoffa ascending to that big truck stop in the sky. Honk if you believe in *Hoffa*. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bad Lieutenant (Reviewed 12/92) This urban outlaw is Harvey Keitel. ¥¥¥
Body of Evidence (See review) Love kills, and exhibit A is Madonna. ¥¥¥
Chaplin (See review) So-so bio, with Downey, Jr., superb as Charlie. ¥¥
The Crying Game (1/93) Irish acts of terror sabotaged by love. ¥¥¥½
Damage (1/93) Jeremy Irons in the fire with his son's fair lady. ¥¥¥¥
Ethan Frome (12/92) Infidelity on its famous collision course. ¥¥¥½
Falling Down (See review) Bad vibes bring on a breakdown in L.A. ¥¥¥½
A Few Good Men (2/93) Courtroom drama with plenty of dazzle. ¥¥¥¥
Forever Young (2/93) They thaw Mel Gibson but can't save the plot. ¥¥
Hoffa (See review) The glorified rise and fall of a labor czar. ¥¥
Intervista (12/92) The great Fellini recalls how movies used to be. ¥¥¥¥
Into the West (Listed only) Dublin lads on the lam with a horse. ¥¥
Just Another Girl on the I.R.T. (Listed only) Subwayward teenager. ¥¥
The Last Days of Chez Nous (See review) Domestic stress down under. ¥¥¥
Leap of Faith (Listed only) As a con man of God, Steve Martin has pizzazz in a not-quite-credible tale. ¥¥½
Like Water for Chocolate (See review) Fantasizing south of the border. ¥¥¥
Lorenzo's Oil (Listed only) Medical miracles, with Susan Sarandon and Nick Nolte as heroic parents. ¥¥¥
Love Field (See review) Romance in the wake of disaster in Dallas. ¥¥¥
Mac (2/93) Family affairs recalled and directed by John Turturro. ¥¥¥
Malcolm X (2/93) Denzel Washington at his best in a monumental bio. ¥¥¥
Passion Fish (See review) Two women bonding against all odds. ¥¥¥
Peter's Friends (1/93) Brits let it all hang out on New Year's Eve. ¥¥¥
Rain Without Thunder (2/93) Pro and con on criminalizing abortion. ¥¥½
Riff-Raff (Listed only) The lowdown blueprint on a London high rise. ¥¥½
Scent of a Woman (Listed only) As a blind, suicidal Army veteran on the town, Al Pacino hams ad nauseam. ¥
Strictly Ballroom (2/93) Corny drama but spectacular body English. ¥¥
Used People (2/93) Several New York women get second chances—mainly Shirley MacLaine. ¥¥½
Watch It (See review) Another comic reminder that boys will be boys. ¥¥½

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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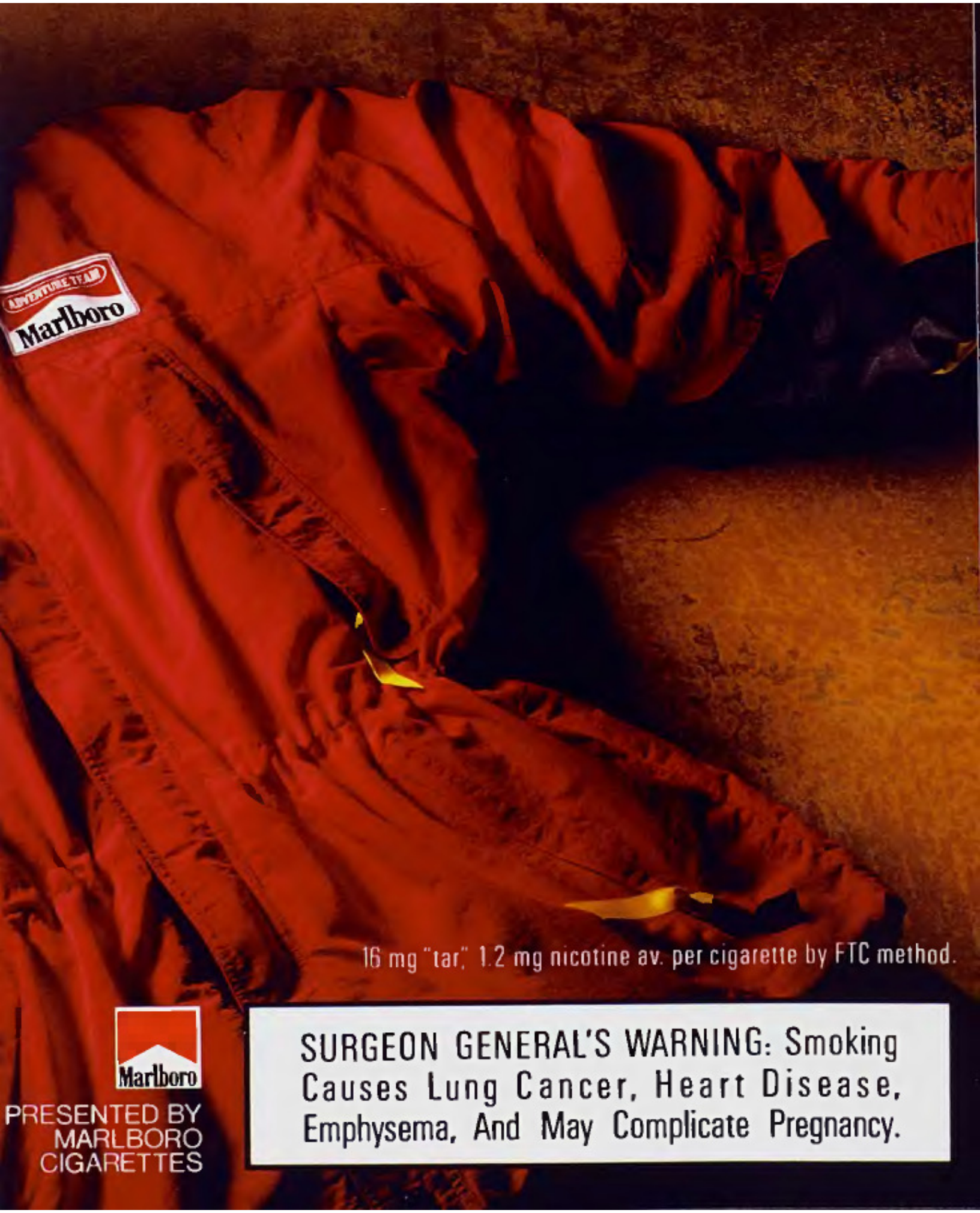
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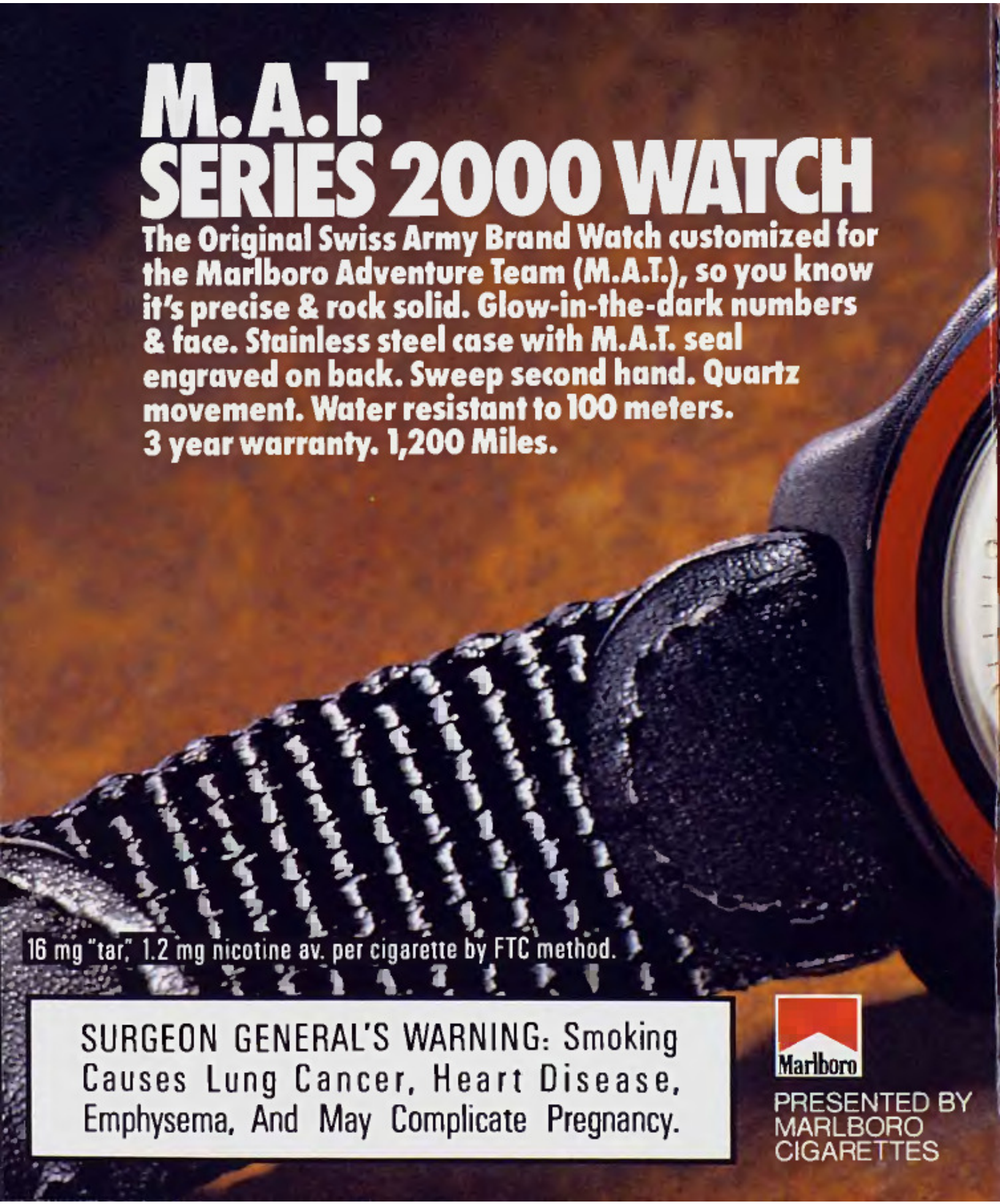
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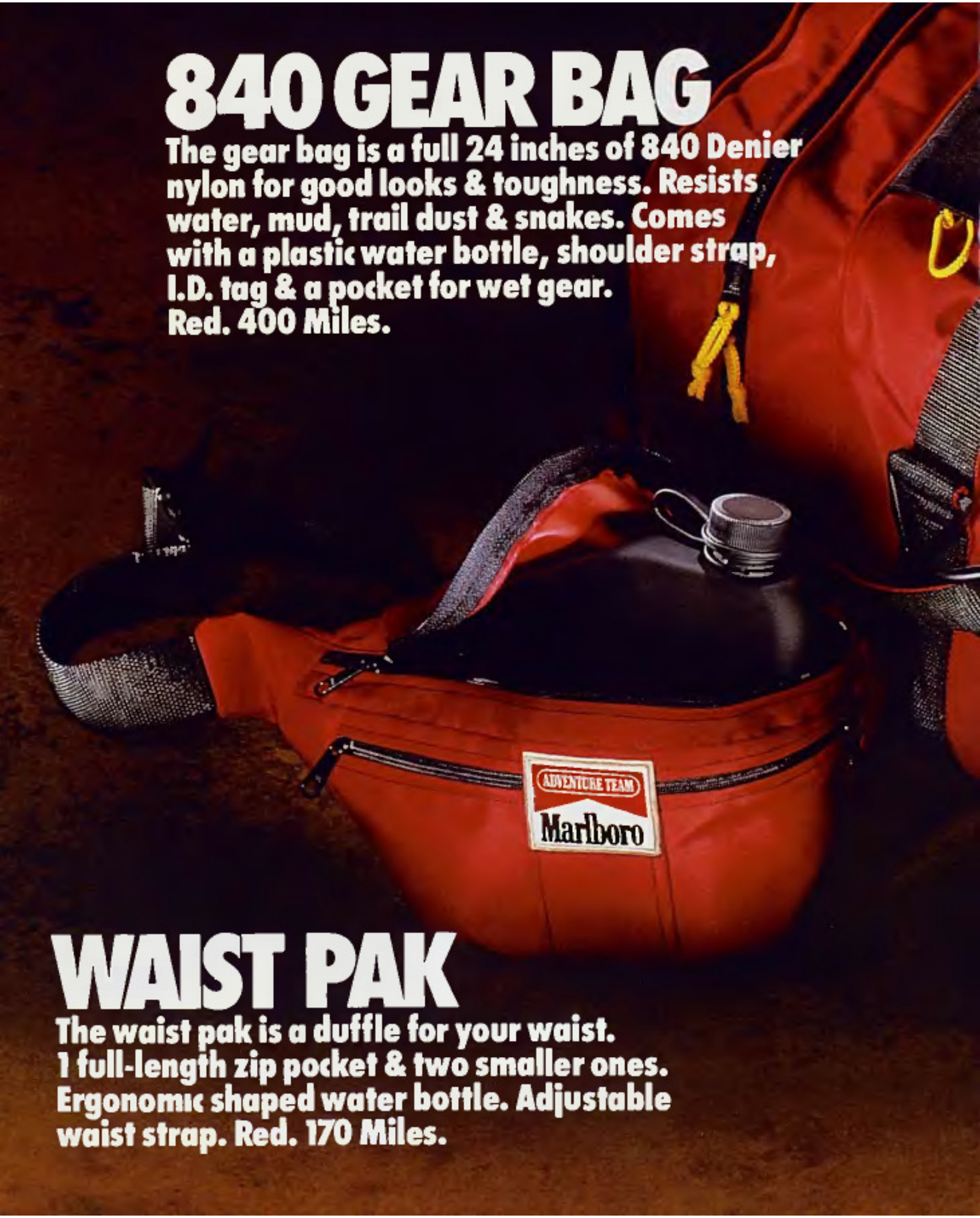

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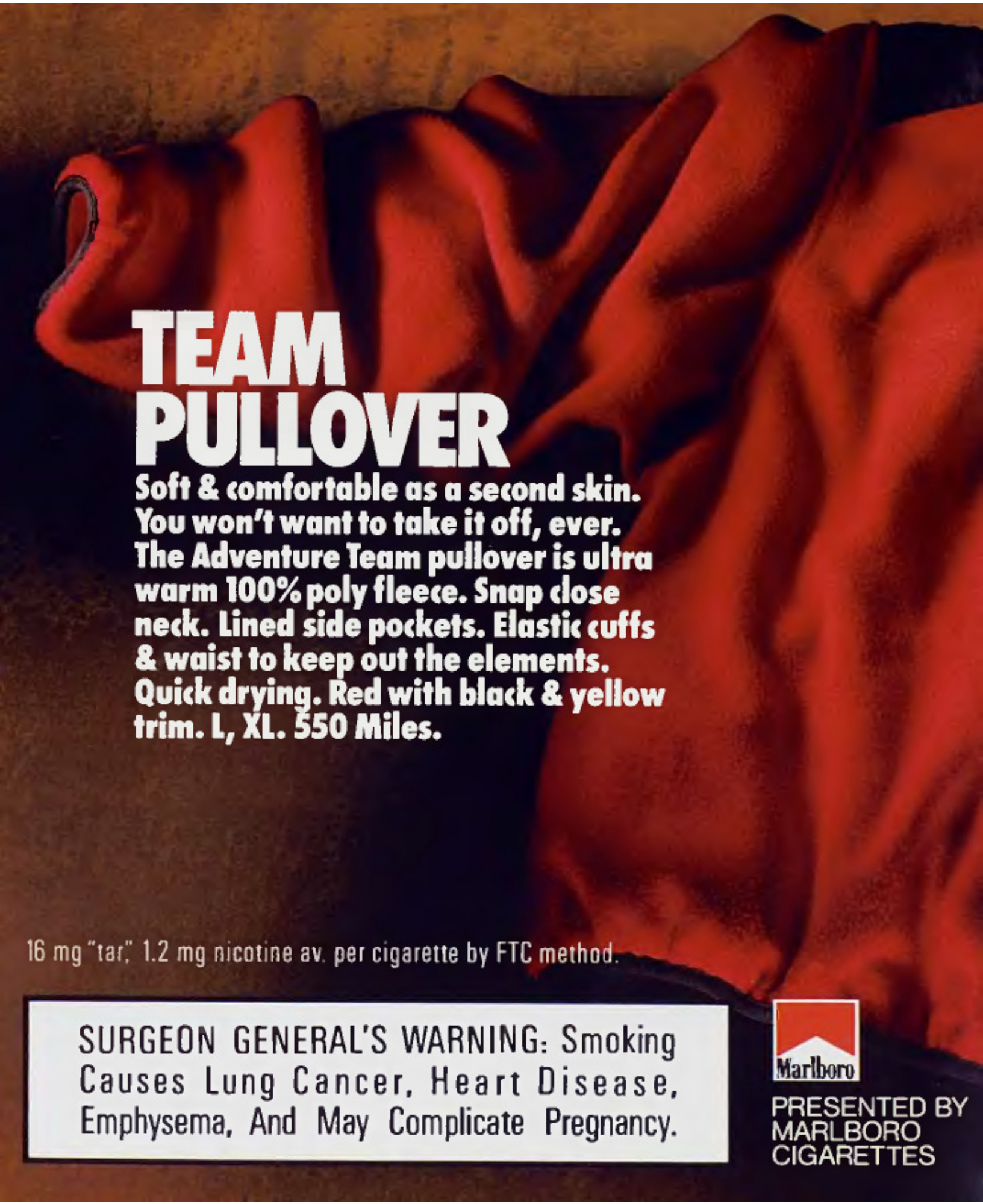
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Requests must be received by May 31, 1993. Participation limited to smokers 21 years of age or older.

GUEST SHOT

"I love film—*any* film," says TV's **Bob Saget**. "When my wife and I were dating, we once saw three movies in one night—ending with *Behind the Green Door, the Sequel*. That's how desperate we were to see a movie in Philly." Luckily, Saget's taste has improved. These days the star of *Full House* and wisecracking host of *America's Funniest Home Videos* (which means he should know a thing or two about the VCR) likes to rewind surefire hits such as *It's a Wonderful Life*, *A Passage to India* and *Raging Bull*. "I can always watch Kurosawa," he adds, "like *The Seven Samurai* and *Ran*." He's also a pushover for Mel Brooks (*The Producers*, *Young Frankenstein*) and Woody Allen (*Annie Hall*, *Stardust Memories*). "Oh, and *Naked Lunch*. I love to turn the volume all the way up on that one and listen to the sounds of crunching cockroach flesh." So much for improved taste. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SLOPES

With winter waning, ski disciples can keep the snow on the ground—or at least on the VCR—with five action vids by Greg Stump, the Bo of the slopes:

Blizzard of Aahhhs: "Extreme" heroes take a magic white carpet ride. MTV meets Snowbird, Telluride and Chamonix Valley in this downhill rockumentary.

How to Thrill: Fast and furious how-to on back scratchers, hip thrusts, moguls, splitsters and twisters. Blink and your body's married to a tree.

Gonzo'd to Extremes: Clips and bloopers from Stump's past ski movies. Send this one on a chair lift and cut the cable.

Steep Techniques: Racer Scot Schmidt does it standing up: skis down the face of a cliff and defies gravity. Says you can, too.

License to Thrill: Schmidt and fellow pros throw a speeding frat party on skis. License suspended. —JULIE BESONEN

(All tapes available from A-Vision Entertainment, 212-275-2910.)

VIDBITS

Spike & Mike's Festival of Animation doesn't play every town, so Mellow Manor brings you the fest's best in four vids. Top rewind: *Aardman Animations*, featuring the Oscar-winning Claymation riot *Creature Comforts*. Call 619-459-8707. . . . Golf lovers who can't make it to the country club can still get their links fix with ***Sure Swing***, an in-home training tape that teaches the ten positions of the modern golf swing. Package includes the SureLite training stick—a club-sized, glowing wand designed to help maintain a grip on your swing (800-554-SURE).

VIDEO HORRORS

Dracula lives—as do the Wolf Man, Frankenstein and the Mummy. Finally on tape, MCA/Universal's Classic Monsters Collection digs up creepy creature features from horror's golden age.

The Spanish Version of Dracula (1931): Carlos Villarias is Conde Dracula in this rediscovered treasure, filmed simultaneously with the Bela Lugosi classic, using the same sets and script.

Murders in the Rue Morgue (1932): Lugosi is crazy Dr. Mirakle, who combs 1845 Paris for a bride for his latest creation, Erik the Ape Man. As warped as it sounds.

Werewolf of London (1935): Before things got hairy for Lon Chaney, Jr., Henry Hull starred as the original Wolf Man, who terrorizes London with his Eddie Munster haircut.

Dracula's Daughter (1936): The all-in-the-family sequel to the Lugosi version. Gloria Holden is the she-vamp with base instincts and a taste for female victims.

Tower of London (1939): Hunchbacked Basil Rathbone is sixth in line to the throne. Boris Karloff is Mord, the Tower's executioner who clears his friend's path. A blue-blooded blood curdler.

The Invisible Man Returns (1940): The Price is right—Vincent, that is—as the Invisible Man's brother, who also goes transparent to track his sib's killer.

The Mummy's Hand (1940): Tom Tyler stars as Kharis, the vengeful 3000-year-old mummy who becomes unwrapped at the sight of Peggy Moran.

House of Frankenstein (1944): Following in Dr. F's footsteps, Karloff revives the monster—as well as Dracula (John Carradine). Even Wolf Man Chaney drops in for a bite. —DONALD LIEBENSON

LASER FARE

The updated edition of Douglas Pratt's ***Laser Video Disc Companion*** (New York Zoetrope; $24.95) includes more than 5000 disc listings (4000-plus reviewed) as well as "One Hundred Great Discs," a beginner's guide to starting a core collection. . . . From Voyager comes a baby boomers' treasure chest. ***Television Toys*** replays more than 100 toy commercials from the Fifties and Sixties—from Chatty Cathy to G.I. Joe to Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots. . . . Lumivision's classical music releases pack an extra visual wallop. Austrian countrysides are a backdrop for a pair of Schubert piano pieces; Chopin preludes highlight a museum tour in Italy; and Handel's *Messiah* choruses accompany a trip to Benedictine Abbey Church in Bavaria. . . . Pioneer Special Editions is pressing part of the NC-17 version of ***Basic Instinct*** in the CAV mode. That means frame-by-frame access to the film's steamy climax.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ROMANCE	***Boomerang*** (Eddie Murphy's near-miss as Cary Grant, but Halle Berry's the real charmer); ***Crazy in Love*** (photo dude Julian Sands puts the flash back in put-upan Puget Saund housewife Hally Hunter); ***Man Trouble*** (Nicholsan unsettles Barkin; just for hard-care Jack fans).
JAZZ	Hat trick from V.I.E.W.: ***Herbie Hancock Trio: Hurricane!*** (HH mans the 88s at 1984 Swiss gig); ***Ron Carter & Art Farmer: Live at Sweet Basil*** (bass and horn—a winning first-time team-up); ***Joe Williams: A Song Is Born*** (singer's singer lets laose at Paul Masson Winery; George Shearing on the keys).
COMEDY	***Buffy, the Vampire Slayer*** (Danald Sutherland recruits cheerleader Kristy Swanson to aff the undead; sort af, like, funny); ***Three Ninjas*** (kid karate kings take an grown-up bad guys; high-flying bloodless kickfest).
DOCUMENTARY	***Where's Jimmy Hoffa?*** (life, times and vanishing act of fabled labar leader, fram MPI); ***The Real Malcolm X: An Intimate Portrait of the Man*** (Dan Rather hasts C8S's peek at private life of Spike's obsession; Q&As with rappers); ***Diana: A Portrait*** and ***Diana: A Model Princess*** (royal pain or mixed-up chick?—a dishy dua from Pacific Arts).

STYLE

SLIP INTO A TATTOO

Like the idea of a tattoo but reluctant to make a lifetime commitment? Then check out the new tattooed fashions. One company, Hard Tail, has imprinted classic tattoo designs (e.g., hearts, crosses and daggers) on a line of T-shirts, tank tops and baseball caps ($16 to $32). The tattoo images on Disorder's line of denim jackets, T-shirts and baseball caps ($19 to $70) reflect "peace, love, honor and faith," according to a company spokesman. And a designer with Terrapin Clothing said he actually interviewed "biker and deadhead types" to come up with the beaded and embroidered tattoos on its chambray shirts, vests and T-shirts ($36 to $70). There's also Nicole Miller's colorful tattoo collage, now included in her funky collection of neckwear, camp shirts, boxer shorts and vests ($60 to $165), as well as Chrome Hearts' tattoo-style gothic cross, which appears in sterling silver on the back of an ultra-cool leather vest ($2200). Finally, for something completely extravagant, check out the leather jacket by Jeff Hamilton shown here, which features 28 leather-appliqué tattoos positioned on the front, both sleeves and the back. The price: $4000. Ouch!

NET PROFIT

The latest way to show off the results of those long hours at the gym is with a loose-knit or fishnet-type sweater. Great for throwing over beach-type drawstring linen pants or a favorite pair of jeans, these revealing knits look best in natural tones, such as oatmeal or olive. When it comes to fit, bigger is better, but be forewarned—they do stretch. The khaki-colored shoestring crewneck from DKNY Men ($295), for example, is already stretched out, so try it on before you buy. Marcos Ergas' buttonless fishnet vest features a Sixties-inspired macramé stitch ($167). There are also tighter weaves for the less demonstrative, including KM by Krizia's minicrochet rollneck sweater ($80), the "fisherman netting" cotton/linen style by Lance Karesh for Basco ($150) and Joseph Abboud's Aran cable knit in beefy cotton ($840). Too modest for fishnet with nothing else? No sweat. Just wear a muscle T-shirt underneath.

HOT SHOPPING: WHITEFISH, MONTANA

Despite the influx of acreage-hungry celebrities, Montana remains one of the nation's best-kept secrets. We recommend a trip to the Northwest town of Whitefish for great scenery, skiing and Western-style shopping. Artistic Touch (209 Central Ave.): Fashion, jewelry and more by local artists. • 3 Bar 2 Western Outfitters (221 Central Ave.): Everything from blanket coats and cowboy boots to saddles and tack. • Montana Territory (239 Central Ave.): *The* place for upscale fashions, leather goods and home furnishings. • Montana Coffee Traders (5810 Hwy. 93 South): More than 100 coffees roasted daily, plus homemade huckleberry ice cream. • Northwind T-shirt Co. (215 Central Ave.): Fun and funky T-shirts, including the local favorite, "Citizens for a Poodle-free Montana." • The Palace Bar (125 Central Ave.): Live rock and roll and mouse races every Saturday night.

CLOTHES LINE

In Living Color's **Jim Carrey** doesn't take anything too seriously, including his wardrobe. "I look for every opportunity to wear a pair of goofy shorts—the goofier the better." Blame his comic wit or just a zany sense of adventure. Either way, Carrey likes to leave an impression. His favorite shirt is a silk model featuring a print of Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel, and his favorite jacket is a zipper-covered model by Calugi e Giannelli. He also likes funky yet functional Doc Martens work boots and says that while he may be a native Canadian, he doesn't miss the sartorial tastes of his homeland. "I left my long johns and steel-toed boots at the border."

ECOFASHION

Our environmental vice president, Al Gore, should be pleased with the new ecologically correct clothing that's hitting the stores this spring. Vestimenta's Ecowear collection, for example, includes suits and separates made from natural fibers treated with natural dyes ($225 to $1200). Colorfast dyes used in Higgins Natural's line of striped T-shirts ($32) contribute to cleaner groundwater. The O Wear fashion label includes oversized hooded tunics made from organically grown cotton ($60). And the southern California–based Fred Segal for a Better Ecology offers only earth-friendly fashions, including an exclusive line of full-cut, undyed denim jeans by Quicksilver ($60).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SPORTS PANTS	IN	OUT
FIT	Comfortably fitted rear; legs subtly tapered to about 19" at the ankle	Tight waist, ballooned at the hips; dramatically tapered or pegged legs
STYLE	Flat front; moderate pleats; uncreased; uncuffed; five-pocket-jeans look; classic colors	Wide, triple or quadruple pleats; unnecessary details; preppy colors such as red or green
FABRIC	Cotton (twill, brushed or sandwashed); linen; leather and suede	Rayon; dressed-up denim, especially pleated; all plaids

Where & How to Buy on page 163.

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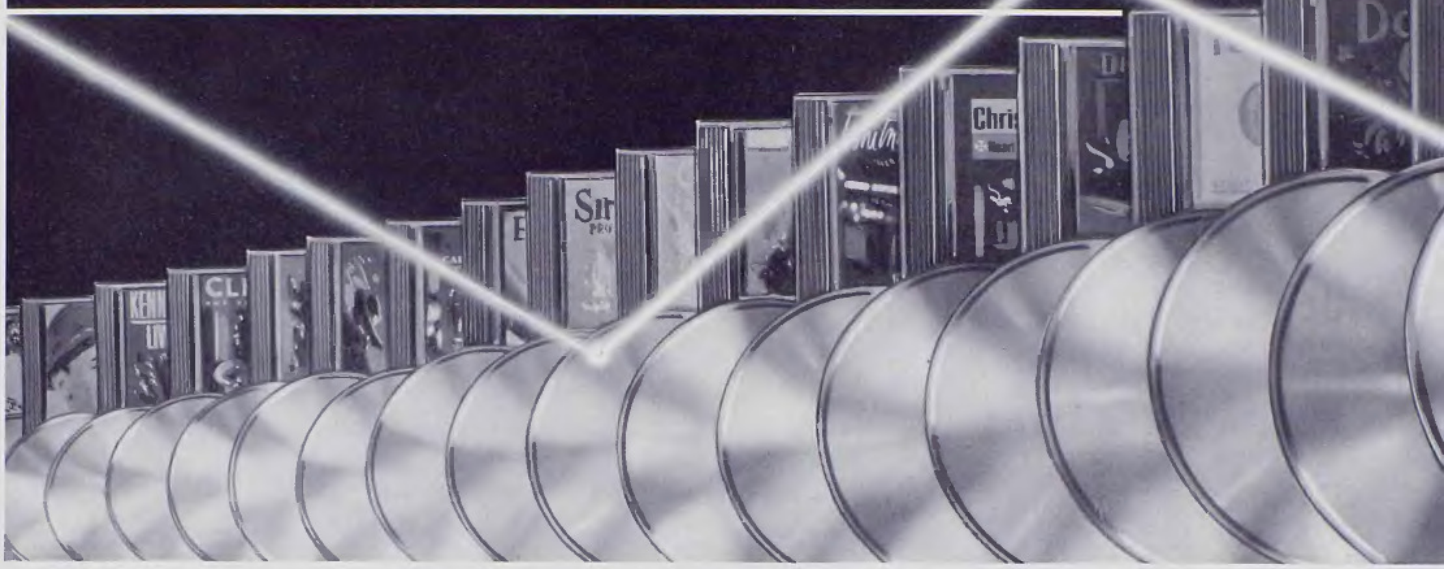

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Guns N' Roses: Use Your Illusion I (Geffen) **35469 †**

Guns N' Roses: Use Your Illusion II (Geffen) **25534 †**

Wilson Phillips: Shadows & Light (SBK) **40763**

U2: Achtung Baby (Island) **25174**

En Vogue: Funky Divas (East West) **61717**

Bob James And Earl Klugh: Cool (Warner Bros.) **63299**

The Doors: L.A. Woman (Elektra) **00215**

Billy Ray Cyrus: Some Gave All (Mercury) **41711**

The Cure: Wish (Elektra/ Fiction) **11116**

Grend Pube: Reel To Reel (Elektra) **30262 †**

Jennifer Warnes: The Hunter (Private) **00355**

Sinéad O'Connor: Am I Not Your Girl? (Chrysalis) **00139 †**

Mother Love Bone (Mercury) **00172**

ZZ Top: Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) **83411**

Guys And Dolls/New Broadway Cast (RCA Victor) **61964**

Miles Devis: Ooo-Bop (Warner Bros.) **71151**

Bonnie Raitt: Luck Of The Draw (Capitol) **15567**

Olivia Newton-John: Back to Basics-The Esential Collection 1971-1992 (Geffen) **25334**

Temple Of The Dog (A&M) **31124**

Cerreras, Domingo, Pavarotti: 3 Tenors (London) **35078**

Eagles: Greatest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum) **23481**

The Very Best Of The Righteous Brothers: Unchained Melody (Verve) **44658**

Michael Penn: Free-For-All (RCA) **20668**

Beastie Boys: Check Your Head (Capitol) **92473 †**

The Smiths: Beat...l (Reprise) **24868**

Bobby Brown: Bobby (MCA) **11121**

Al B. Sure!: Sexy Versua (Warner Bros.) **24876 †**

10,000 Maniacs: Our Time In Eden (Elektra) **00126**

Nirvana : Nevermind (DGC) **15600**

The Police: Every Breeth You Take—The Singles (A&M) **73924**

Peter Gebriel: Shaking The Tree-16 Golden Greats (Geffen) **11089**

Paul Simon: Negotiations And Love Songs 1971-86 (Warner Bros.) **20461**

Soundgarden: Badmotorfinger (A&M) **05637**

Lyle Lovett: Joshua Judges Ruth (MCA/Curb) **10508**

Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) **63678**

Van Halen: For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge (Warner Bros.) **10016**

Suzanne Vega: 99.9° F (A&M) **83406**

Arrested Development: 3 Years, 5 Months And 2 Oays In The Life Of... (Chrysalis) **25357**

Marky Mark And The Funky Bunch: You Gotta Believe (Interscope) **43791**

Michael W. Smith: Change Your World (Geffen/Reunion) **20936**

Northern Exposure: Music From The Television Series (MCA) **50550**

Alan Jackson: A Lot About Livin' (And A Little 'Bout Love) (Arista) **74074**

Paule Abdul: Spellbound (Virgin) **73320**

Whitney Houston: I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) **10663**

Robert Cray: I Was Warned (Mercury) **82335**

Bryan Ferry/Roxy Music: Street Life - 20 Greatest Hits (Reprise) **10490**

Steely Dan: Gold (MCA) **74339**

Eric Clapton: Timepieces (Polydor) **23385**

Jethro Tull: Original Mastera (Chrysalis) **63646**

Battle: The Bach Album (DG) **73670**

Red Hot Chili Peppera: What Hits!? (EMI) **00144 †**

Bryan Adams: Waking Up The Neighbours (A&M) **35175**

Rod Stewart: Downtown Train (Warner Bros.) **10708**

k.d. lang: Ingénue (Warner Bros./Sire) **44370**

Frank Sinatra: The Best Of The Capitol Years (Capitol) **00242**

U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) **00596**

Squeeze: Singles 45's & Under (A&M) **35208**

Supertramp: Breakfast In America (A&M) **25246**

The Commitments/Sdtrk. (MCA) **74016**

Extreme: Pornograffitti (A&M) **43557**

CeCe Peniston: Finally (A&M) **53858**

Little River Band: Greatest Hits (Capitol) **00274**

Slaughter: The Wild Life (Chrysalis) **84072**

Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) **00516**

Beverly Hills 90210 (Giant) **00180**

The Go-Gos : Greatest Hits (I.R.S./A&M) **50315**

Vanessa Williams: The Comfort Zone (Wing/Mercury) **25066**

Daryl Hall & John Oates: Rock 'N Soul, Part 1 (RCA) **13313**

Mary J. Blige: What's The 411? (Uptown/ MCA) **30845**

Bonnie Reitt: Nick Of Time (Capitol) **54410**

The Cars: Greatest Hits (Elektra) **53702**

Hammer: Too Legit To Quit (Capitol) **25514**

Elton John: The One (MCA) **35022**

James Taylor: Greatest Hits (Reprise) **23790**

Van Morrison: Moondance (Warner Bros.) **64585**

Telking Heads: Stop Making Sense (Sire) **24560**

Chicago: Greatest Hits 1962-1989 (Reprise) **63363**

Skid Row: B-Side Ourselves (Atlantic) **00127**

The Jeff Healey Band: Feel This (Arista) **33707**

Diamond Rio: Close To The Edge (Arista) **54478**

Da Lench Mob: Guerillas In Tha Mist (Street Knowledge/East West) **00342 †**

New York Stories (Blue Note/ Capitol) **00340**

The Heights/Soundtrack (Capitol) **00206**

Phil Collins: Serious Hits...Livel (Atlantic) **00324**

Neneh Cherry: Homebrew (Virgin) **00239**

Genesis: We Can't Dance (Atlantic) **00423**

David Benoit: Letter To Evan (GRP) **00251**

Wilson Phillips (SBK) **00726**

Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison (MCA) **00547**

R.E.M.: Eponymous (I.R.S./MCA) **00701**

Horowitz At Home (DG) **25211**

Tevin Campbell: T.E.V.I.N. (Qwest/Warner Bros.) **35412**

David Sanborn: Upfront (Elektra) **11104**

Whitney Houston: The Bodyguard Soundtrack (Arista) **54213**

Curtis Stigers (Arista) **02038**

John Mellencamp: Whenever We Wanted (Mercury) **74582**

Ven Morrison: Tupelo Honey (Warner Bros.) **00217**

Jethro Tull: A Little Light Music (Chrysalis) **00140**

Samantha Fox: Greatest Hits (Jive) **00159**

Joe Cocker: Night Calls (Capitol) **60071**

Wynonna Judd: Wynonna (MCA/Curb) **64540**

TLC: Ooooooohhh... On The TLC Tip (LaFace) **50167**

Enya: Shepherd Moons (Reprise) **53190**

Yes: Classic Yes (Atlantic) **50248**

Tom Petty & The Hearibreakers: Into The Great Wide Open (MCA) **35409**

Randy Travis: Greatest Hits Vol. I (Warner Bros.) **21091**

Randy Travis: Greatest Hits Vol. 2 (Warner Bros.) **11125**

Patty Smyth (MCA) **25090**

David Bowie: Changesbowie (Rykodisc) **43693**

Don Henley: The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) **01064**

Madonna: The Immeculate Collection (Sire) **54164**

Traffic: The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) **25169**

Bernstein: The Final Concert (DG) **35095**

Moody Bluea: Greatest Hits (Threshold) **34264**

DAS EFX : Oeed Serious (Atco/EastWest) **25328**

Color Me Badd: C.M.B. (Giant) **25479**

Red Hot Chili Peppers: Blood Sugar Sex Magik (Warner Bros.) **11127 †**

Remones: Remones Manla (Sire) **00260**

George Jones: Wells Can Fall (MCA) **00303**

Menower: The Triumph Of Steel (Atlantic) **00346**

Boomerang/Sdtrk. (LaFace) **53395**

Chuckii Booker: Nlice N' Wiild (Atlantic) **00349**

Sugar: Copper Blue (Rykodisc) **00343**

Saigon Kick: Lizard (Third Stone/Atlantic) **00371**

Chanté Moore: Precious (Silas/MCA) **30286**

Mötley Crüe: Decade Of Decadence (Elektra) **40298**

Shirley Horn: Here's To Life (Shirley Horn w/Strings) (Verve) **11134**

Emerson, Lake & Palmer: Brain Salad Surgery (Atlantic) **54608**

Two Rooms-Celebrating The Songs Of Elton John & Bernie Taupin (Polydor) **35407**

Clint Black: The Hard Way (RCA) **35458**

Natalie Cole: Unforgettable (Elektra) **83452**

Pat Metheny: Secret Story (Geffen) **82267**

Eagles: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (Asylurn) **63318**

Linda Ronstadt: Frenesi (Elektra) **24810**

Elvis Presley: The Number One Hits (RCA) **72190**

Madonna: Like A Virgin (Sire) **61153**

Neil Diamond: 12 Greatest Hits (MCA) **64050**

The Beach Boys: Pet Sounds (Capitol) **00513**

Vince Gill: I Still Believe In You (MCA) **21063**

The Return Of The Brecker Brothers (GRP) **00261**

R.E.M.: Out Of Time (Warner Bros.) **24762**

Chieftains: Another Country (RCA Victor) **00268**

Slouxsie And The Banshees: Twice Upon A Time- The Singles (Geffen) **00273**

G.E. Smith & The Saturday Night Live Band: Get A Little (Liberty) **00227**

Roxette: Tourism (EMI) **00193**

Television: Merquee Moon (Elektra) **00198**

Extreme: III Sides To Every Story (A&M) **00119**

Nine Inch Nails: Broken (Interscope) **00145 †**

Hi-Five: Keep It Goin' On (Jive) **92679**

Oamn Yankees: Oon't Tread (Warner Bros.) **53663**

Kitaro: Dream (Geffen) **53948**

Travis Tritt: t-r-o-u-b-l-e (Warner Bros.) **44828**

Exposé (Arista) **74158**

Faith No More: Angel Dust (Reprise/Slash) **23736 †**

George Strait: Pure Country (MCA) **83064**

The Best Of White Lion (Atlantic) **93654**

Bad Company: Here Comes Trouble (Atco) **83733**

Trisha Yearwood: Hearts In Armor (MCA) **21048**

Great White: Psycho City (Capitol) **00130**

Galway: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (RCA) **10746**

Rachelle Ferrell (Capitol) **00387**

Bad 4 Good: Refugee (Interscope) **00398**

The Rascals' Greatest Hits: Time Peace (Atlantic) **00357**

Kenny Garrett: Black Hope (Warner Bros.) **00339**

After 7: Takin' My Time (Virgin) **14776**

Huey Lawis & The News: Sports (Chrysalis) **44448**

Izzy Stradlin And The Ju Ju Hounds (Geffen) **00272**

The Benny Green Trio: Testifyin'! (Blue Note) **74312**

Tom Cochrane: Mad Mad World (Capitol) **11024**

Kathleen Battle At Carnegie Hall (DG) **35091 ***

Garth Brooks: Beyond The Season (Liberty) **93578**

Dr. John: Goin' Back To New Orleans (Warner Bros.) **53246**

Bob Merley: Lagend (Island) **53521**

Stershlp: Greatest Hits (RCA) **90270**

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The Brand New Heavies: Heavy Rhyme Experience: Vol.1 (Delicious Vinyl) **52857** †

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Eurythmics: Greatest Hits (Arista) **20611**

Heart: Dreamboat Annie (Capitol) **64175**

INXS: Welcome To Wherever You Are (Atlantic) **11070**

Jethro Tull: Thick As A Brick (Chrysalis) **01023**

The Rippingtons: Weekend In Monaco (GRP) **35217**

Steve Winwood: Chronicles (Island) **34501**

Fleetwood Mac: Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) **00796**

Wayne's World-Music From The Motion Picture (Reprise) **63551**

Amy Grant: Heart In Motion (A&M) **25162**

Najee: Just An Illusion (EMI) **73237**

Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814 (A&M) **72388**

Neil Young: Harvest Moon (Reprise) **00208**

Anita Baker: The Songstress (Elektra) **40154**

Jodeci: Forever My Lady (MCA) **90177**

Megadeth: Countdown To Extinction (Capitol) **63340**

Prince & The N.P.G.: Diamonds And Pearls (WB/Paisley Park) **63372**

Best Of The Grateful Dead: Skeletons From The Closet (Warner Bros.) **83892**

Moody Blues: A Question Of Balance (Threshold) **44588**

Violent Femmes (Slash/ Warner Bros.) **00147**

Rush: Moving Pictures (Mercury) **14681**

Kenny G: Breathless (Arista) **54317**

Randy Crawford: Through The Eyes Of Love (Warner Bros.) **10494**

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) **00790**

Peter Frampton: Classics (13 Greatest Hits) (A&M) **04894**

Blues Brothers: The Definitive Collection (Atlantic) **43711**

The Cure: Staring At The Sea/Standing On A Beach (Elektra/ Fiction) **50024**

GRP All-Star Big Band (GRP) **83298**

The Doors/Sdtrk. (Elektra) **54289**

Morrissey: Your Arsenal (Sire/Reprise) **63794**

Alannah Myles: Rockinghorse (Atlantic) **53616**

Asia: Then & Now (Geffen) **93358**

Metallica: ...And Justice For All (Elektra) **00478**

Tyler Collins: Tyler (RCA) **80152**

Kenny Rogers: 20 Great Years (Reprise) **25449**

Eric B. & Rakim: Don't Sweat The Technique (MCA) **43930**

The Sundays: Blind (DGC) **00252**

Garth Brooks: Ropin' The Wind (Liberty) **25535**

The Best Of Don McLean (EMI) **64550**

Sergio Mendes: Brasileiro (Elektra) **53869**

AC/DC: Live (Atlantic) **00201**

The Police: Outlandos D'Amour (A&M) **24159**

Steppenwolf: 16 Greatest Hits (MCA) **13453**

The Best Of .38 Special: Flashback (A&M) **42864**

Tesla: Psychotic Supper (Geffen) **53852**

Judy Garland: The Best Of The Decca Years, Vol. 1 (MCA) **10497**

Spinal Tap/Sdtrk. (Polydor) **34691**

The Police: Synchronicity (A&M) **34070**

Kenny G: Live (Arista) **64505**

The Steve Miller Band: Greatest Hits 1974-1978 (Capitol) **33199**

Foreigner: The Very Best...And Beyond (Atlantic) **24722**

Van Halen (Warner Bros.) **14620**

The B-52's: Good Stuff (Reprise) **53851**

Beauty and the Beast/Sdtrk. (Disney) **10780**

Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) **00713**

Merty Stuart: This One's Gonna Hurt You (MCA) **35348**

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

SOMETHING EXCITING is going on in contemporary crime fiction. Tough questions about urban ills are asked and answered in novels, not in government studies or crime statistics. Grab a good reading light and get a seat on the front lines.

Robert Ferrigno, whose first novel, *The Horse Latitudes*, established him as a worthy heir to James Cain and Cornell Woolrich, is back with ***Cheshire Moon*** (Morrow). This mystery begins when the brutal murder of a TV talk-show producer is discovered by a young electronics hustler installing a discount satellite dish. He quickly turns up a suspicious suicide. So his friend, an investigative reporter, teams up with an aggressive 24-year-old woman photographer to expose the subterranean world of Sissy Mizell, host of *Straight Talk with Sissy*—"Dolly Parton with an attitude"—and her Ronald Reagan–like husband, a cowboy actor who is making his move into politics. Still there? Even the gunman is intriguing—a huge red-haired brute whose promising pro-football career was snuffed out by one tackle in the first game. He's a killing machine who takes world lit courses.

Then there are the deliciously ironic Musclemen for Jesus, a sort of sanctimonious Hell's Angels trio who perform feats of strength for a leather-jacketed crowd of kids in a fictional version of the Crystal Cathedral. Hanging over the entire novel is the dangerous, evil grin of the Cheshire moon, which the author turns into an effective symbol of fear. Ferrigno is an original. His *noir* style lends an eerie day-for-night illumination to the contemporary scene.

Child psychologist–turned–novelist Jonathan Kellerman has staked out the territory of crimes involving children in his Alex Delaware novels, and this seventh case, ***Devil's Waltz*** (Bantam), is spellbinding. A pediatric specialist calls Alex in for psychological consultation on a baby who appears to be the victim of the "Münchhausen by proxy" syndrome: "Parents—mothers, invariably—faking illness in their own offspring. Using their children—especially daughters—as crucibles for a hideous concoction of lies and disease." The suspense builds as Kellerman draws us into this world of imagined ailments.

Four other exceptional crime novels are on the bookstore shelves this month: ***32 Cadillacs*** (Mysterious Press), by Joe Gores, ***Mitigating Circumstances*** (Dutton), by Nancy Taylor Rosenberg, ***Hard Evidence*** (Donald I. Fine), by John Lescroart, and ***Primal Fear*** (Villard), by William Diehl. Gores' ninth novel is a fast and funny romp that features a band of car-stealing Gypsies. Rosenberg's debut is the tough emotional story of a woman district attorney who bypasses the law to get the man who raped her teenaged daughter. In Lescroart's tense courtroom sequel to *Dead Irish* and *The Vig*, prosecuting attorney Dismas Hardy just happens to be there when a human hand is found in the belly of a dead shark. Diehl (no relation) continues his successful series of fast-paced thrillers with the strange story that unravels in the wake of a Chicago bishop's murder in his own cathedral.

RALPH CRASMAN

The *Cheshire Moon* purrs in the night sky.

Six new killer crime novels; more adventures from Tim Cahill; and rap lyrics revealed.

And for readers unfamiliar with modern crime fiction, ***The New Mystery*** (Dutton), edited by Jerome Charyn, is a first-rate anthology that includes stories by France's Didier Daeninckx and Mexico's Paco Taibo, as well as better-known British and American writers.

In 1992, Nintendo—which has already supplanted Toyota as Japan's most successful company—netted as much as all the American movie companies combined, with a profit of over half a billion dollars. ***Game Over: How Nintendo Has Enslaved Your Children, Captured Your Dollars, and Zapped an American Industry*** (Random House), by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor David Sheff, argues that this Japanese juggernaut is not only rolling over us economically, but culturally. The saga of its climb from an obscure card manufacturer to business superstar is told with energy and imagination. Even Super Mario and Game Boy may be small potatoes compared with the Family Computer Communications Network System now being tested in Japan. Sheff says the company does it with style, hard work and—no surprise—business hardball.

An array of biographies this month is topped by William Shawcross's ***Murdoch*** (Simon & Schuster), which—despite the prepublication hype—is a drab, shallow study of media mogul Rupert Murdoch. Another newspaperman does brilliantly with his posthumous autobiography: H. L. Mencken's ***My Life as Author and Editor*** (Knopf). Edited by Jonathan Yardley, it is a dazzling piece of opinionated personal history. Jazz singer Sarah Vaughan, who died in 1990, is fortunate to have a musically knowledgeable biographer such as Leslie Gourse, who brings alive the Divine One with perceptive appraisals of her performances in ***Sassy*** (Scribner's).

Finally, two new armchair travel books offer first-class literary transport. Caustic travel writer John (*Music in Every Room: Around the World in a Bad Mood*) Krich has fallen in love with the samba music of Brazil, and he conjures up both the sounds and the scenery with lilting, light-hearted prose in ***Why Is This Country Dancing?*** (Simon & Schuster). Novelist Diane Johnson gives us a stunning collection of vignettes and stories that happen to take place in many different countries in ***Natural Opium*** (Knopf). Her stories are about transforming experiences, human moments—not places.

BOOK BAG

Pecked to Death by Ducks (Random House), by Tim Cahill: More vicarious thrills from the master of living dangerously as he naps in close range of a grizzly, explores the world's deepest cave and discovers "the throne of terror" in Guatemala. Don't bother searching, there are no ducks.

Buppies, B-Boys, Baps and Bohos (HarperCollins), by Nelson George: An astute collection of essays on postsoul black culture from PLAYBOY Music Critic Nelson George's notes and experiences hanging out with rappers, filmmakers, crack dealers and other fascinating characters.

Rap: The Lyrics (Penguin Books), edited by Lawrence A. Stanley: If you're looking for a politically correct vision of rap, forget it. If you want to know what rappers are really saying, check out NWA's *Fuck tha Police*: "They have the authority to kill a minority/Fuck that shit 'cause I ain't the one." Tough and timely.

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UPDATE

By BOB SCHAPIRO

In the December PLAYBOY *we ran a pictorial, "The Betty Boom," about the cult that has sprung up around Betty Page, the elusive Fifties figure model. Lo and behold, one week after our issue hit the stands, "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" aired a segment on the same subject but with a surprise: The show had found and interviewed Page. We asked Bob Schapiro, who tracked her down for "Lifestyles," to tell us about her.*

She can make men grovel, but she still can't get them to spell her name right. Bettie Page—it was never "Betty"—was amused after reading *The Betty Boom* in the December PLAYBOY. The dark angel who vanished at the height of her fame in 1957 has no idea why she's once again the best-selling pinup in the world. But she's tickled by the rumors now swirling among her fans.

No, she's not the wife of a sheikh, the mother superior of a convent or running from gangsters in Europe. She's living in southern California, actually. Is her life, well, boring? "Heavens, no," she says. "On Sunday, I'm going to Disneyland."

She is an unusual woman. In the same breath she'll discuss Jesus Christ and Madonna—the Nineties Madonna, whose photos Bettie admires: "She knows how to present the right angles to the camera. It's all in the angles." Where others see sexy come-ons and daring seduction, Bettie sees hard work. She should know.

It was not really difficult to find Bettie Page, which leads me to believe that the legions who claimed to have searched were not trying very hard. Maybe they had good reasons not to find her. Perhaps it's more exciting to retain the mystery.

As a mystery, Betty Page was every man's fantasy. The resurgence began in adult comic books, where Betty Page was drawn as the bustling girlfriend of *The Rocketeer*. The character was renamed in the movie, and Disney studios avoided association with the woman once considered the world's top dominatrix. But the Betty cult grew, as her likeness was used for character after fictional character.

Betty products—statues, trading cards, illustrations and hardcover books with $50 price tags—now fly off the shelves. (The January 1955 PLAYBOY with her centerfold is worth nearly $500.) There are two feature films on the storyboards. At the Dragon Con, a big comics and pop-culture convention in Atlanta, the Betty Page look-alike contest drew dozens of women dressed as baby-doll Bettys, leather-and-lace Bettys, kitten-with-a-whip Bettys, even an old-fashioned sweater girl. Many of those riding the Betty wave say they're looking for her. But, of course, if they found her, they'd owe her a good deal of money. And what if the reality of her life did not measure up to fantasy? Well, rest easy. Bettie's true story has fiction beat by a mile.

Queen of the pictorial jungle.

Betty Page, the vanished pinup legend, surfaces.

It took just one B, in a high school art class, to transform this straight-A student council leader into the most famous B-girl of all time. Had Bettie not cut a few classes to rehearse for her lead role in the school play, she would have been valedictorian, not salutatorian. In the early Forties, at Hume-Fogg High School in Nashville, Tennessee, the valedictorian got a full scholarship to Vanderbilt University.

That one B sent her down a different road. And around the bend came two boys in a Ford coupe, one of them shouting, "Hey, beautiful, any more at home like you?" Straight arrow Bettie, who had always obeyed her mother's wishes and never dated a boy, now decided to give Billy her phone number.

"I don't think I ever really loved him," she says, "but he taught me how to dance, and he taught me everything I know about sex." Bettie dated Billy while earning her B.A. at Peabody College. "I admired Billy's family. There were no divorces in his family. His mother would make a delicious roast beef dinner every Sunday. It was so nice, they had such love."

Bettie's parents had been divorced when she was ten years old, sending her and two of her sisters to an orphanage for a time while her mother struggled to scrape by in the Depression. At a young age, Bettie began dancing for approval, her interpretation of the hula delighting the other girls.

But Billy was not the answer to Bettie's prayers, even after they were married. "He was extremely jealous. I couldn't walk down the street without another boy looking at me, and that would send Billy into a rage." The couple were divorced in the mid-Forties, and Bettie went to California, trying to make her face her fortune.

It all might have happened if Hollywood had left her face alone. "They tried to make me look like Joan Crawford," she says of her screen test at Twentieth Century Fox. "Those big lips. I looked ridiculous." The screen test, opposite actor John Russell, has been lost to history, and Bettie's story moves from Hollywood to Haiti. She was to work for the U.S. ambassador, but anti-American rioting erupted. She made the last plane out. It took her to New York City.

This is the part of her life most familiar to her fans. She was wandering the beach on Coney Island when she found herself staring at a black bodybuilder. He was Jerry Tibbs, a Brooklyn policeman. Tibbs' hobby was photography, and he took Bettie back to his studio, where he suggested that she minimize her high forehead by wearing bangs. The rest, as they say, is history.

Bettie posed for camera clubs. She has graced more magazine covers than Madonna or Cindy Crawford. Described as "the naughty girl next door," she posed in sweaters, stockings, leather and baby-doll pajamas. And Bettie Page posed nude. But, she maintains, she never did pornography.

"Pornography," she demurs, "is open poses. Legs open. I worked for Irving Klaw, and he never allowed that. But if you worked for Irving Klaw, you had to do bondage. We just laughed at the bondage scenes when we were doing them," she recalls. "I mean, certainly no one actually wants to be whipped or spanked, right?" Bettie, after all these years, is still charmingly naive.

Bettie never dated the photographers, turning away suggestive offers from them as well as a blatant come-on from Howard Hughes. Bettie's real boyfriends didn't ask her to dress up in lingerie, they asked her to dance. "If I ever really loved a man, I think it was Carlos. Every night we would go dancing, the rumba. And we started making love." The mysterious Carlos, who got his mail at the Peruvian consulate, showed Bettie his billfold with the picture of a *(concluded on page 159)*

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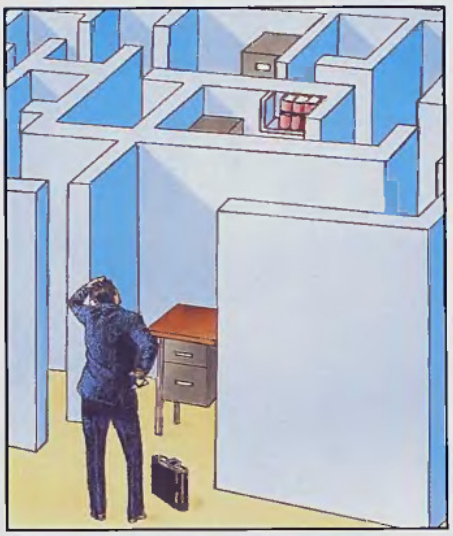
MEN

By ASA BABER



GOING PRO

Chances are that you have had a decent education in all but the most important areas of your life. For most men, no one really tells it like it is.

No one sits us down and says, "OK, you are about to go out into the world and earn your way. Here are some of the standards by which you will be judged. Amateur hour is over. You are supposed to be a pro now."

Question: How does a man learn what it means to be a true professional?

Answer: Most men never have that conversation with anyone in their lives. They learn by improvisation, by chance and—if they are lucky—by example.

I want to share what I think the world of business (you know: the 21st century world, the interconnected and interdependent global economy) is looking for in its future hires. I want to describe what I see as the fundamental element of the professional mind.

One word of warning: I am a self-educated man when it comes to questions of conduct. I am not slick, I am not rich and I am not temperamentally suited for the corporate state.

I am a self-employed free-lance writer who left home at the age of 14 and never looked back. But I have, by hook and by crook, taught myself some professional survival skills. Most guys don't get this kind of advice. I certainly didn't. So here you are. Some keys to the kingdom of professional conduct:

Life in most business organizations is like life in a submarine. For those of you who find yourselves in an office environment, understand that it is, by definition, a closed environment. Take note of how you conduct yourself. Do you talk too loudly? Are you argumentative to a fault? Do you wear well as an office companion? Do you think of the needs of others? Do you check your own boorish behavior at the door? The office place is an exotic place, an inbred and sometimes incestuous place. Be aware of that.

Life in most business organizations is like life in a Medici court. The spirit of Niccolò Machiavelli lives in every business culture. There are political alliances and power shifts. There are assassinations and misdemeanors. There are those who are in and those who are out. It is life on the refined edge of risk and reward. So play your cards like a careful courtier. Especially when you are beginning your career. Whom can you trust? Who wants to help you and who wants to impede your progress? Better bide your time and keep your own counsel. And finally, don't try to be too special or too unique in order to get noticed. Remember the advice of good old Niccolò: "There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things."

Thinking like a professional means sticking to the basics. The basics are founded on common sense, and they include: being on time, never missing a deadline, speaking when spoken to, shutting up when not spoken to, being honest about expenses and other funds, giving your time and energy to the job without reservation while you are on the job, showing consideration for your colleagues, seeking solutions, not perpetual conflict—and last but not least, being willing to go out on a limb and push for an idea you truly believe in. There are some ideas worth fighting for, and if you become a completely frightened and servile employee, a safe player at all times, you will become bored with yourself and ineffective as a professional.

See the terrain from the point of view of your boss. This is both an opportunistic and a humane approach to the workplace. Your boss, no matter his or her deficiencies, is not your enemy. Your boss has to get a job done. So before you decide that your boss has no grasp of the territory, you should at least know how that territory looks from the executive suite. You might be surprised. If you put yourself in the shoes of your superiors, you will learn a lot about their expectations of you. And if you know what they expect of you, you can get the job done.

The Chinese can teach you things about the professional mind-set. For my money, Laotzu gives outstanding advice from his perspective of 2600 years ago. Try this: "He who knows others is wise; he who knows himself is enlightened." Or this: "To know that you do not know is the best. To pretend to know when you do not know is a disease." Or this: "The way of the sage is to act but not to compete." And finally, my favorite quote from Laotzu: "When armies are mobilized and issues are joined, the man who is sorry over the fact will win."

Time is worth much more than money, so don't waste it—your own or anybody else's. The awful secret of our lives today is that we live in a workaholic culture. Most of us have too many commitments, too much to do and precious little time in which to do it. So the true professional guards his time. More important, he does not steal time from others. His written memos are brief and to the point, his phone conversations are neither chatty nor windy, his statements in meetings are compact and organized. Few things can get you fired faster than a selfish use of someone else's time.

The professional mind-set is built on common sense, rationality, cold logic and a shrewd understanding of the business process. On the battlefield and in the marketplace, our emotions are perpetually attacked, manipulated, courted and torn. But the real professional is the person who can overcome all of the glitter and distraction, all of the melodrama and posturing. The true pro stays within himself, analyzes the chessboard, thinks ahead, stays cool and keeps this constant goal in mind: *Just get the job done.*

That is the professional's eternal bottom line. And there is often virtue in it. So good luck. And get to work.

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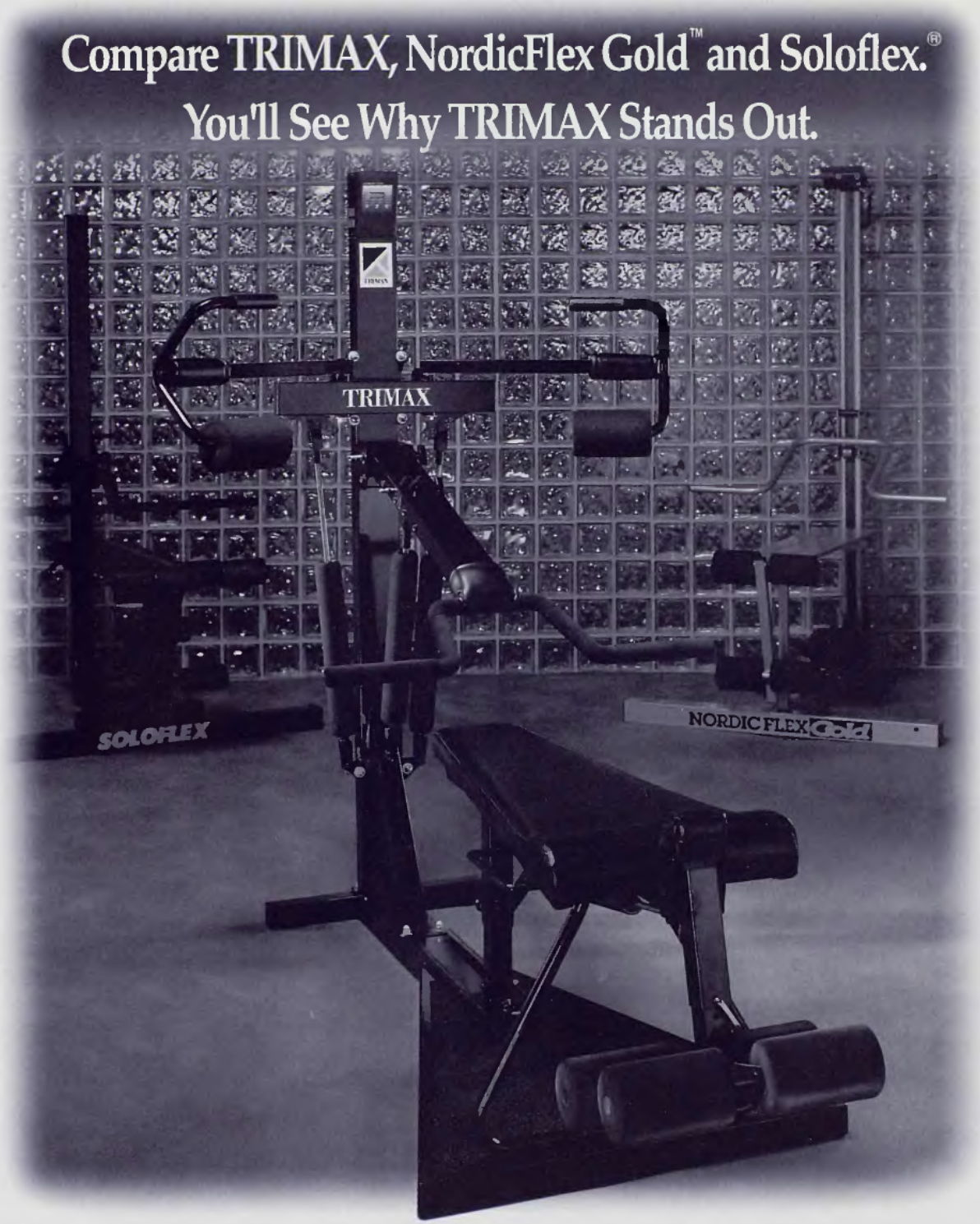

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

DIARY OF A SINGLE MOTHER

Herewith, the condensed diary of a single mother:

1970: I don't think I can make it. The Lamaze breathing is useless. I'm pushing, I'm screaming. "Just once more!" the doctor prompts. I give a mammoth push. It's a boy! A perfect boy! Too many babies are born at once, so there are not enough recovery rooms. My baby and I are pushed into a hallway where I nurse him for two hours. The hospital has forgotten us, we are in our own little world.

1971: My baby walks and talks and laughs. My husband doesn't. He's depressed, I'm depressed. Mounds of dishes are in the sink. Yesterday I found an ancient half-eaten sandwich under the bed. My baby speaks in clear sentences, my husband and I speak in baby talk. My life has been one long preparation to be a wife and mother, and now I am. But I can't get out of bed. This is all wrong.

1972: My parents hate me, my in-laws hate me, my husband is catatonic, but too bad. I took the baby and left, and now I live with another mother in another town. Eve has two girls. I'm working and give Eve half my salary to care for the kids and run the house. She is, in effect, my wife (without sex). And I've joined a consciousness-raising group to find out about this newfangled women's lib. It seems I've been oppressed and thus depressed. But now I love working and coming home to a happy, fed toddler. I love living the man's role. I love this feeling I have that anything is possible.

1973: Spring. Eve has left me for some guy. I'm working two jobs, one to make a living, the other to pay for the baby-sitter. I come home from my day job, sleep for a couple hours, then cook at a gambling club all night. I'm so tired I cry all the time. My mother wants me to go home, live with her. Never.

1973: Autumn. Living with my mother makes me feel dull and colorless. She wants to shoehorn me into the life I left, wants me to find a man to take care of me. I'm working as a temporary secretary. I meet a man, a freckle-faced med student who asks me out. My mother is ecstatic. When I tell him about my child, he stares out a window. My kid is anxious and unhappy. He wears his pacifier on a string around his neck. My mother wants me to take it away from him.

1973: Winter. New York! I'm living in a loft with my married friends Sam and Ellen and their baby. We're sleeping on mattresses on the floor and making art and working at home for an ad agency. The babies wear goofy, colorful clothes and we take movies of everything they do. My son paints giant pictures and pretends he is a train and sings to me all day.

1974: January. I've been standing in the welfare line for three hours. My son is in the "nursery," 20 children trying to play with one truck. I have to pee but hate using the toilets—they are filthy and have no seats. The welfare clerks are trained to treat welfare mothers like scum. I'm cringing with fear and shame when I get to the front of the line, which is just as well, because they will send you away unless you have a full-blown sobbing fit. They haven't sent my check in a month, some problem with the terms of the lease on my dingy slum apartment. It's arbitrary, just to get me to give up. I would go away, but we need to eat, so I cry for ten minutes and finally get a check and some food stamps. I wish I could find a day-care center without a huge waiting list. I wish Sam and Ellen hadn't broken up and the ad agency hadn't gone out of business. I really wish I didn't believe the welfare workers are right when they treat me like scum.

1974: February. My son cut his leg and within hours blood poisoning has set in. We're in the emergency room. He's frightened, so I'm telling him a story about the two of us being alone in a boat trying to reach a magical island.

1974: August. We're walking down the street, my son to day care, me to work. He loves his day-care teacher, a gay man with long hair and many plaid shirts. I love my secretarial job; now I can afford a telephone and self-respect.

1975: My son's in kindergarten, so I take him to school in the morning, leave work at three, run with him over to the day-care center, run back to work, run to the day-care center at five-thirty. I don't have a love life, but we have a TV.

1977: At one of those alternative newspapers, the boss took a look at all the single parents, realized how much time was spent running to and from child-care facilities and hired a teacher. The teacher picks up the kids after school and brings them to work: There's a big room with toys and books. I love being lost in my work and then seeing my son's little round face appear over my shoulder.

1979: My son goes to visit my ex-husband's parents for a summer of Little League and catching fireflies. I'm left on my own in New York to run amok. The first month he's gone, I catch myself every ten minutes thinking, Where is he? Don't I have to get home? Then I remember he's gone.

1984: I am a successful writer! We move from our tiny hovel to a huge apartment.

1985: My son gets into the High School of Music and Art, the *Fame* school. His friends are funny and sane; all come from single-parent families.

1988: He goes away to college. I'm destroyed.

1989: I get a dog.

1992: I go on *The Tonight Show*. "I was a welfare mother," I tell Jay Leno. He's uncomfortable and quickly changes the subject before I can add, "And yet my kid just graduated from college magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa. Welfare mothers are persecuted and reviled for not working, even though only the rich can afford day care. Our country just loves punishing its victims."

1993: My son can't find a job and has moved back home. We're getting along great, though the little bastard could do a dish once in a while.

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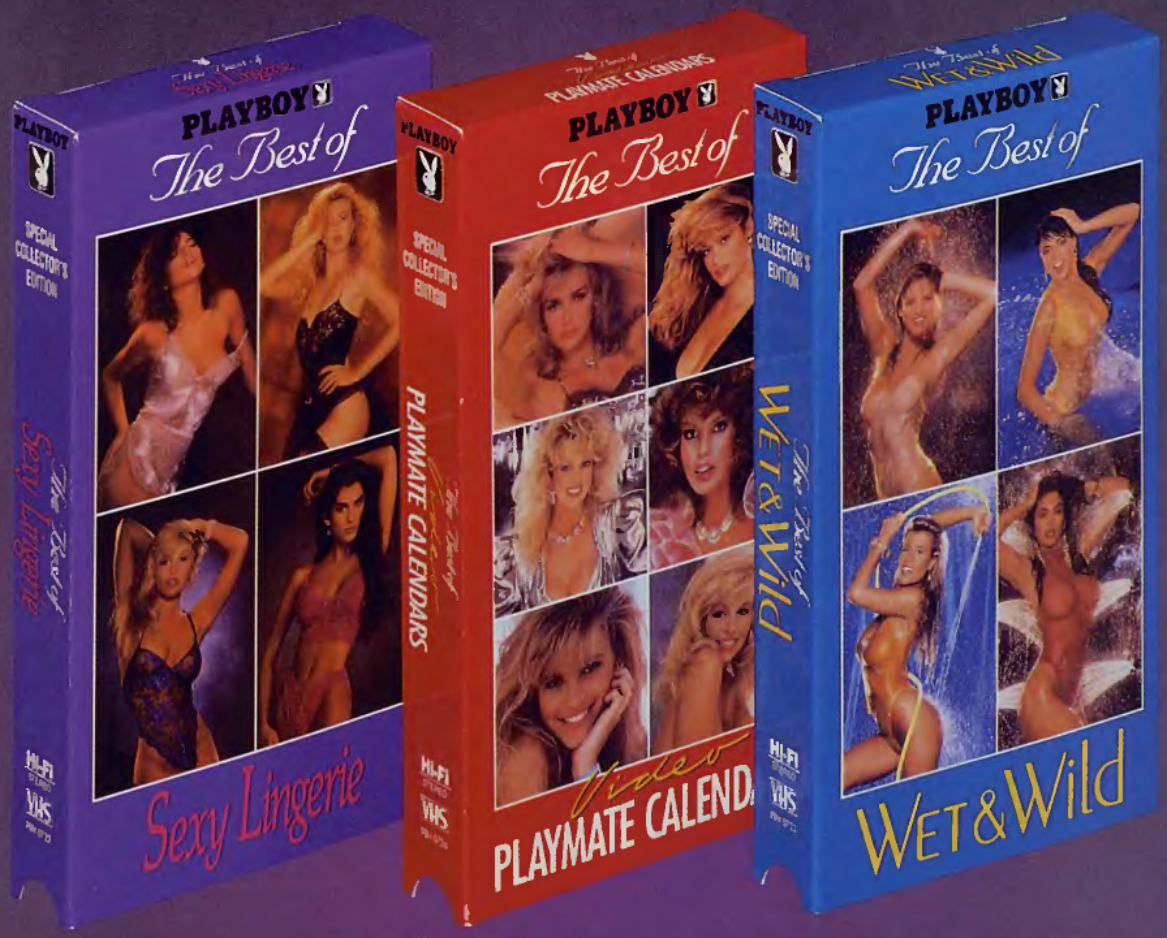

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I recently met a rather kinky and intriguing 28-year-old professional guy who lives in the condo next to mine. I am 26 and quite sexual. I find my neighbor interesting and challenging. We haven't had intercourse yet because I don't want to rush things, but we have had intense oral and phone sex on several occasions. In one particular instance his best friend called while we were fooling around on the sofa. My neighbor handed me the phone. His friend proceeded to ask me to take off my clothes, touch myself in various spots and describe the outrageous oral sex that my neighbor was suddenly performing on me. I agreed to all of this and climaxed while on the phone, which obviously turned the friend on immensely. Now the two of them want to have a threesome, saying that they have done this twice in the past with significant others. My problem: Am I being manipulated, or is this just a *9½ Weeks* variation on potentially good sex that I should consider an experiment?—J. D., Newark, New Jersey.

We've seen this scenario in quite a few X-rated flicks ("The Seduction of Mary," "Cat and Mouse," "Firestorm"). Maybe Ma Bell has a new campaign: Reach out and ask someone to touch herself. Before you try the real thing, perhaps you ought to have an obscene conference call to work out the details. (Condoms? Spermicidal foam? Safe sex?) For now, this telephonic turn-on seems harmless and horny. On the other hand, none of their significant others are still around.

You've had some letters about vasectomies over the years, but one question remains unanswered. What kind of sex do people have after the man has a vasectomy? Does a vasectomy change semen in any way detectable to the partner—taste, texture or quantity? Can a woman tell if a man has had a vasectomy?—R. W., Springfield, Massachusetts.

A woman cannot tell whether or not a man has had a vasectomy. There is no significant change in the volume, color or odor of the ejaculate. The kindest cut simply eliminates sperm (about two percent of the normal come shot).

Do I need fat speaker wire? My audiophile friends tell me I should use special wire as thick as a boa constrictor. Will I hear a difference?—F. K., New York, New York.

At least a dozen companies profit from selling expensive, often exotic speaker cables that provide, at best, minimal sonic improvement. There's plenty of good-quality, reasonably priced wire on the market to serve as a

superb pathway from amplifier or receiver to speakers. Choose wire in the range of 12 to 14 gauge, about the circumference of a garter snake. Many reputable companies sell this cable for $1 to $2 a foot. It's worth the extra cost over the 50-cents-a-foot lamp cord from the hardware store.

At different times I've read about erotic swings—devices that you hang from ceiling hooks for gravity-free sex. Can you tell me where to find such items?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

We've seen ads for the Love Hammock (or Honeymoon Cradle)—a modified hammock available from the Xandria Collection ($119.95; call 800-242-2823). The Good Vibrations catalog (1210 Valencia Street, San Francisco, California 94110, 415-550-7399) offers a well-thought-out hanging chair called the Pleasure Swing for $235. The ad copy suggests the reason these things are so popular: "As any hammock fan can testify, there's nothing like being suspended in midair to create a relaxed, receptive state of mind and body." You can enter your partner and let the swing do the work. The swings also work for oral sex—the rush of blood to the head can make for dizzying debauchery. We've also seen some intriguing variations on this theme: A dance troupe in San Francisco uses rock-climbers' harnesses for aerial ballet. Imagine Wendy and Peter Pan doing it and you'll see the possibilities. We know one woman who suspended an entire platform bed from the rafters—the earth didn't move, the bed did. These devices run about the cost of a night in a hotel, and they are worth it. (Of course, you could just use the swings at the local park and let your tax dollars work for you.) Be sure to mount the device you choose to rafters or studs. Can you see the guys on "This Old House" being asked to locate studs for a love swing?

Does it make sense to pay more for a new-model car so you can have the first one in your area, as in the case of a car such as the Dodge Viper RT/10? Will the first-year models be worth more in the long run?—R. K., Shreveport, Louisiana.

When a new car is hot, some auto dealers are able to charge well over sticker price. People who want the cars first ante up and pay the premium. Some collectors and speculators still believe that early models of a particularly exciting car may be worth more in the long run. But that's not always true. Buyers who paid over sticker for Mazda Miatas and ZR-1 Corvettes have found, to their chagrin, that after supply caught up with demand, these cars were simply not worth the extra money they paid. And although several speculators have paid double for early Dodge Vipers at vintage-car auctions, it's likely that as soon as Chrysler can supply their brawny roadsters at a rate of 3000 per year, there'll be plenty of Vipers at sticker or below. Our advice: If there's a hot new car in your plans, wait until supply has caught up with demand, then make your best deal. On most cars, you'll have to endure several decades before making a profit. Frankly, there are faster ways to make a killing than speculating on new-car futures.

I say I had an orgasm. My girlfriend says she orgasmed. Is orgasm a verb?—W. S., Portland, Oregon.

It is if you do it right. Our trusty "Webster's" claims orgasm is a noun. The dictionary also says it's derived from the Greek word organ—to grow ripe, be lustful—and that it is akin to a Sanskrit word, ūrjā, meaning to sap strength. Turning it into a verb may reflect the way we view sex—that orgasm is something we do, not something we obtain.

I'm tall and angry. Airplane seats get closer together every time I fly. Where are the best seats on a plane and how do I get one?—R. W., Herndon, Virginia.

First class, of course. And it takes a lot of money to get one unless you know how to play the game. Frequent fliers know the joys of free and low-cost upgrades to first class. Always join an airline's frequent-flier program. You stand a much better chance of an upgrade or choice of seat in coach. If you're stuck in back, beg for an emergency-exit row. On narrow-body planes you get a few extra inches, while on jumbo jets you stretch out in yards of legroom. Some airline reservations agents and well-versed travel agents know which rows these are on each plane. You can keep a step ahead by subscribing to the "Airline Seating Guide" from Carlson

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Publishing Company of Los Alamitos, California. Carlson publishes both domestic and overseas editions four times a year showing the exact layout of every plane on every airline. Seat width varies little from airline to airline, airplane to airplane. Coach seats are a fairly standard 17–18 inches wide. What airlines sell is space between seat rows, called pitch. The current standard is 31–32 inches between rows in coach, while minimum in first class is 38 inches. Some MD-11s and 747SPs on American and 767-200s and 747-200s on United have 34-inch pitch in coach. Once you pick your seat, ask the reservations agent to take pity on you. If that doesn't work, check in early and be very nice to the gate agent. Many airlines save the exit-row seats till boarding.

My girlfriend and I both had several lovers during the year before we met, so in addition to her taking the pill, we agreed to use condoms in case either of us had picked up a sexually transmitted disease. Now we've been monogamous for four months. We've both tested negative for HIV, gonorrhea, syphilis and chlamydia. And neither of us has ever had herpes or genital warts. Can we stop using condoms now?—T. H., College Park, Maryland.

What is this? Did you meet in line at an STD clinic? Either you are politically correct (excruciatingly so) or paranoid. But since you've played so close to the vest so far, you may as well know how to go all the way. Here's everything you still need to know: Testing negative for gonorrhea, syphilis and chlamydia means you probably don't have to worry. You're also probably—but not positively—HIV-negative. Just about everyone with HIV turns the test positive within three months, but a fraction take up to six months. If you want to be sure, wait another two months. Finally, having no history of herpes or warts probably means that you're both free of these sexually transmitted diseases, but you can't be absolutely certain. The viruses that cause herpes and warts typically cause the sores that enable them to be diagnosed within a few months, but in rare cases the viruses can hide in the body for up to several years before causing symptoms.

My testicles seem to disappear shortly before I come and don't reappear for several minutes afterward. Should I see a doctor?—E. K., Hanover, New Hampshire.

No need. Each testicle is attached to a muscle, the cremaster, that controls its hang. When the cremasters relax, the testicles hang low in the scrotum. When they contract, they pull up the testicles close to the body—and sometimes into the inguinal area of the lower abdomen. Fear, cold and ejaculation trigger the cremaster reflex, which pulls up the testicles. After ejaculation the cremasters relax and the testicles descend.

I'm traveling to Europe this summer, and rather than buy travelers checks, I'm hoping to use my bank card at automated teller machines over there. How easy are foreign ATMs to use and is there any special protocol involved?—A. K., Skokie, Illinois.

Using ATMs abroad makes a lot of sense. First, you save money. You avoid the one- to two-percent fee charged by travelers check vendors, and you avoid bank fees or commissions when converting the checks overseas. Additionally, ATM transactions are carried out at the wholesale exchange rate, which is usually reserved for transactions of $1 million or more. (This is true almost everywhere except Japan, where the government sets the exchange rate for all transactions.) Before you go, make sure your bank card is affiliated with either the Cirrus or Plus systems. Cirrus has 30,000 ATMs on line overseas and Plus has 24,000. Neither charges for ATM transactions, but some banks charge up to $2 for each use. Your bank should have a directory with locations of overseas ATMs linked to your network. Also, make sure your personal identification number will work abroad. Some domestic banks employ up to eight numbers or a combination of letters and numbers; foreign banks accept only four-number PINs. Double-check with your bank. Cirrus and Plus ATMs offer bilingual instructions on-screen or have English instructions posted elsewhere on the machine. Some overseas ATMs are not accessible 24 hours a day and withdrawals are generally available only from checking accounts, so you should park your cash in that account before leaving. You'll find that, just as in the United States, cash machines are popular meeting places—and you may see many of your fellow countrymen standing in line.

Now that many police departments use instant-on radar, should I leave my radar detector at home? Are there ways to beat the cop who's using instant-on?—M. L., Toledo, Ohio.

There are ways around everything. Instant-on radar differs from conventional radar in that the patrol officer using it need only snap a switch to get an immediate speed reading. The instant-on feature gives a radar detector user almost no warning if he or she is driving the only car in sight of the police. If you are listening carefully to your radar detector, you may hear a faint signal—that's the policeman sampling traffic ahead of you—and that may be all the warning you'll get. Here's a tip: If you do hear faint signals, or even see the officer far ahead, pump your brakes as you slow down. That action may contribute to an erratic reading, though it may also telegraph that you have a detector. Better still, if you know or suspect there's instant-on in use, stay with packs of cars and trucks for cover. Listen carefully and be prepared to act on any signal, no matter how faint. Know your own area well. Most policemen find a spot that works, and then use it again and again. Also watch ahead for flashing light signals from oncoming motorists—those lights or a CB warning may be a good line of defense. The only guaranteed defense, of course, is to stay within the speed limit.

Since my girlfriend and I have been using sex positions—doggie style and woman on top—that leave my hands free to caress her clitoris while I'm inside her, we have simultaneous orgasm quite often. But I find I don't enjoy that as much as taking turns. I thought coming together was the brass ring of fucking. But now that we've grabbed it, I find I don't want it. What gives?—B. V., Framingham, Massachusetts.

Simultaneous orgasm is overrated. Sure, it can be fun, but the intimate sharing involved in taking turns reaching climax is often more enjoyable. Men who strive for the Holy Grail of simultaneous orgasm often wind up sacrificing their own pleasure for the sake of timing their orgasms to match those of their lovers. Masters and Johnson advised that sex works best as a "my turn, your turn" proposition, not to mention vice versa. The old folks were right again. We think you'll turn your love-light back on when you help your partner to her orgasm and then indulge yourself in your own.

My new girlfriend douches. I thought I read somewhere that it's dangerous. Is it?—M. G., Austin, Texas.

Quite possibly. A study at the University of Washington in Seattle has linked douching three or more times a month with significantly increased risk of pelvic inflammatory disease, a potentially life-threatening infection of women's reproductive organs and a leading cause of female infertility. Other studies have linked frequent douching to an increased risk of cervical cancer and ectopic pregnancy, another potentially fatal medical emergency. Douching is medically unnecessary, and the vagina is a self-cleansing organ. Ask your girlfriend not to douche.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

PAWNS IN THE GAME

society—not biology—defines adolescence

By MATTHEW CHILDS

Forget what you've been told. Adolescence doesn't exist. Or at least it didn't until society had the bright idea that a gap should exist between puberty and adulthood.

Before the 1800s, families lived and worked together. But industrialization, and the labor force needed to fuel it, changed the family structure. Women stayed at home and children were at school while the head of the household left the family to go to work. With this change came a new attitude toward sex. To keep the family intact—and to keep their husbands from visiting young prostitutes—these idled women created such organizations as the Women's Christian Temperance Union to promote the ideal of a pure and virginal natural state that could be defiled by men.

By the late 19th century, the women's social-purity movement had begun asking lawmakers to raise the age of consent to protect the innocence of young girls from the corrupting power of men. "Between 1886 and 1895," according to John D'Emilio and Estelle Freedman, authors of *Intimate Matters: A History of Sexuality in America*, "the social-purity campaign succeeded in raising the age of consent from as low as ten years in some states to between 14 and 18 years in 29 states."

The consent laws signaled a separation of sexuality from human behavior. Sex became something men did to women. "Female chastity," says Linda Gordon in her book *Woman's Body, Woman's Right*, "was a woman's destiny, as a naturally asexual being."

By the turn of the century asexuality had attached itself to adolescence in general. The biology of puberty and procreation be damned; neither young women nor young men were deemed adult enough to handle sex.

Not until the Sixties would society acknowledge that adolescents had sex. By then, these supposedly asexual creatures were having babies and illegal abortions at rates that couldn't be ignored—and catching venereal diseases in epidemic proportions. Common sense dictated that they have access to the same sexual health care as adults.

A report by the Alan Guttmacher Institute tracks the result: "A growing trend has emerged over the last 20 to 30 years [giving] teenagers wider authority to make decisions for themselves. . . . The trend toward giving minors greater freedom to make their own decisions about health care has generated little controversy and has aroused little organized opposition." There was one notable exception.

The AGI study looked at sexual and health issues across the nation. It analyzed minors' autonomy by activities that did not require parental consent and found that in the majority of states:

Minors can buy condoms, birth-control pills and most other types of contraceptives as needed.

They can go for diagnosis and treatment of sexually transmitted diseases and HIV infection with only a few restrictions.

Minors can ask for and receive treatment and counseling for drug abuse, alcohol abuse or emotional problems.

They can authorize general medical and surgical care in nonemergency situations.

A pregnant unmarried minor can even choose prenatal care, deliver her child and, if she chooses, place it for adoption.

The one exception the study found to adolescent autonomy? Abortion. Yes, a pregnant unmarried minor can decide to have a child, but she can't decide not to have a child. Roughly two thirds of the states insist that a parent or a judge authorize an abortion. And in June 1992, the United States Supreme Court affirmed a Pennsylvania law enforcing this hypocritical stance.

As the AGI study makes clear, the Court's ruling is logically inconsistent with abortion viewed either as a medical procedure or as an issue of sexual autonomy. The Court can't be concerned with teenagers' health care, either: Experience shows that minors receive better health care results when they don't have to let their parents know about their private lives. Another study shows that more than 45 percent of teenagers choose to include a parent in the abortion decision, anyway. As for morality, the AGI study puts it succinctly: "If abortion is immoral, it is no less so if a parent or a judge sanctions the decision."

The Court's sole interest is a conservative agenda. In order to promote family values, the Court has chosen to perpetuate an unrealistic notion of adolescence—and a Victorian concept of the parent-child relationship. Yes, families do help develop emotional maturity. But laws don't create families or relationships—people do. The Court has become the new social-purity league.

READER

HEF

I agree with Hugh Hefner's article "Just Say No" (*The Playboy Forum*, November). I believe the government has been picking on the wrong people for the past two decades. The Republican administrations made criminals of individuals who support sexual expression. It is great to hear from Hef again. The current generation of readers should seek out back issues of PLAYBOY from the Sixties and read *The Playboy Philosophy*. Hef's ruminations will give many a better understanding of sexual expression.

R. Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

Hugh Hefner is absolutely right: Our government has put many honest, hard-working, otherwise law-abiding citizens in jail. These citizens have lost homes, families, jobs and more simply because they smoke pot. You know pot—the plant that can be used for food, clothes, paper, gasoline, building materials, etc. I believe that the punishment should fit the crime, and in this case the punishment for this crime does a lot more harm than the drug ever will. Thank you for saying what many people believe but don't dare risk speaking about.

S.P.
Peoria, Illinois

Hefner fancies that many people serving time "for sex and drug crimes are actually political prisoners." No, they are "actually" nothing of the kind, certainly not by Amnesty International's test. A teenager picked up for marijuana possession should not be puffed up to the level of China's real political prisoners. After all, the American kid doesn't regard himself as political.

P. Javier
West Vancouver, British Columbia

According to Amnesty International, political prisoners are persons "imprisoned for their beliefs." People convicted for using drugs are political prisoners. They believe drug use is harmless, a private act. The government does not believe that. Through increasingly draconian laws it has managed to imprison thousands of dissidents. The exercise of political will has done nothing to curb drug use and much to cripple the country. Maybe President Clinton will consider amnesty for users.

FOR THE RECORD

THE LIFE ENERGY

In *Muses from Chaos and Ash: AIDS, Artists and Art* (Grove Press), novelist Edmund White contributes this take on American society and the pressure it puts on people with AIDS to disavow sex:

"I think one of the biggest struggles if you're positive, as a person and as an artist, is to keep sex in your work. Everybody wants you to get rid of it. They all think there's something unseemly and horrible and nasty about it. Basically, the idea is, 'You got yourself into all this trouble in the first place because you were so promiscuous, plus you infected other innocent people. Can't you please just stop all that nasty behavior? Haven't you learned your lesson yet?' I remain sexual in my work and it gets me in trouble with everybody, but I'm going to keep on doing it. People don't want to hear about it and they don't like it. [But] it's the life energy."

LIFE PRESERVERS

Popular health-care policy is against the research and development of spermicides as a defense against HIV. Some argue that advocating the use of spermicides will irresponsibly discourage women from using condoms. The irresponsibility lies in ignoring current test results, which find that spermicides kill the virus 50 percent of the time, or in not paying attention to the studies that show condoms are used consistently in only about 20 percent of cases—probably less in poorer communities, where partners are more likely to resist using them. No preventive method is 100 percent effective. When it comes to a life-preserving choice, 50 percent is better than nothing at all.

Jean Marshall
Washington, D.C.

SPEAK EASY

The U.S. Supreme Court recently voided the conviction of a man prosecuted under a Minnesota hate-crimes ordinance, forcing prosecutors to bring charges against the man under federal laws. If prosecutors have to jump through loopholes to get a conviction, what's the point of having these ordinances on the books in the first place? Hate-crime convictions will continue to be thrown out until the conflicting interests behind hate-speech ordinances and free speech come to an accommodation.

Ross Phillips
Detroit, Michigan

Hate-crime ordinances are largely the result of the efforts of well-intentioned liberals. By their nature, such ordinances threaten the constitutional right to free speech. Existing laws addressing trespassing, assault, etc., are sufficient for indictment.

SINS OF THE FATHER

James R. Petersen's article on sex abuse among priests ("When the Church Sins," *The Playboy Forum*, December) was right-on about the cover-up and stonewalling within the Catholic Church. Father James Porter's 1973 letter to Pope Paul VI asking for release from the priesthood before he committed more sexual offenses is clear evidence of the deception behind the Roman collar. Rather than admit to an aberration within its ranks, the church shuffled Porter from parish to parish, effectively playing Russian roulette with the lives of the children he came into contact with. After more than ten years of sexual offenses

covering five states and scores of children, the church finally released Porter from his vows. Is this what they mean by sacrificial lambs?

Marti Woods
Las Vegas, Nevada

FIREARMS

Many Americans seem to think that the Constitution is an à la carte menu from which the tyrannical majority chooses which amendments to keep and which to repeal. One can vehemently defend the rights of the press and of speech but deride the Second Amendment right of Americans to defend themselves with firearms. Gun ownership ultimately puts the teeth in our liberty.

Scott A. Wimmer
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

CHURCH AND STATE

I read with dismay the article "The Myth of Church and State," by Bob Howells (*The Playboy Forum*, October). It does much to further the ignorance already surrounding the provisions of the First Amendment and does nothing to promote any brand of democracy. How is Pat Robertson so different from the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who more publicly wields his religious title and has done much the same as Robertson in mobilizing a voting force that agrees with his agenda? The beauty of a federal system is that it allows communities to decide what is best for their particular region. People must be encouraged to know the candidates and their positions and to elect people who share their beliefs. The importance of religion in political office must ultimately be left to voters to decide. A paternalistic national government hiding behind a twisted Constitution cannot and should not take on the burden of deciding how much religion is too much religion.

Frank Conley
Gainesville, Florida

When I was young, it was not unusual to hear proposals to make the Ten Commandments part of the Constitution. I thought this idea died a natural death until I read "The Myth of Church and State." A surprising number of people seem to react favorably to this concept. I cannot believe that very many of them have actually read and thought about what those commandments say or what they would do to our society. For example: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any likeness." There goes nearly all art or religious statuary. What about photographs? Movies? Anatomical text illustrations? Or how about "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy." Blue laws, anyone? A criminal code based on theology? No, thank you.

Clyde Wilkes
Bisbee, Arizona

MAKING THE GRADE

Drug testing is a big issue in the workplace, and promotions may be lost and job offers withdrawn on the basis of a test result. I haven't seen a single article on the accuracy of such testing, which I assume means that they have a large margin of error. My company instituted a testing policy last year. So far, so good. But too many of my co-workers were given pink slips rather than the benefit of the doubt, and I do not want to be next. Until total accuracy has been achieved, employee drug testing should be suspended.

Roy Gray
Memphis, Tennessee

RAPID FIRE

The editors of *The Playboy Forum* should watch their backs: RAPID is on the move! Billing itself as a new direct-action group, the Revolutionaries Against Pornography's Inhumane Destruction recently stormed the ACLU's headquarters and staged a bit of guerrilla theater in response to the Union's 1992 Arts Censors of the Year awards. RAPID, it seems, was offended by inclusion of hyperfeminists Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon among the awardees. To symbolize the silencing of women, two RAPID participants' mouths were duct-taped shut and the group recited a litany of "lies used by pornographers and the ACLU to distort the reality of pornography: Pornography is art! Women are never raped in pornography! Women always choose to be in pornography! Women enjoy seeing their bodies dissected and on display! There is no connection between pornography and violence against women! The ACLU is doing the right thing by trying to destroy Andrea Dworkin!" And so on. With enemies like these, there's no need to rely on friends. Insanity will ultimately burn itself out.

Harry Rodgers
New Haven, Connecticut

Welcome to the fanatic fringe. RAPID is approximately 12 refugees from Women Against Porn and Men Against Porn. Troubled with the lack of direct action by these groups, RAPID "courageously" attacks neutral defenders of the First Amendment, their wake littered with irrational propaganda.

BUSHWACKED

In what proved to be a bizarre political year, the most ridiculous statement made by anyone during the entire campaign surely had to be Barbara Bush's assertion to Larry King that "sex is death." She might like it to be death, especially for people who don't share her "family values," but the obvious fact is that sex is life, and always has been. To say, with apparent sincerity, such a preposterous and transparent untruth underscores the moral bankruptcy of the Bush administration and, indeed, of the Republican Party. Good riddance to this sanctimonious old bat.

Robert Borden
Jemez Springs, New Mexico

I would like to personally thank George Bush for being pro-life. If he had been pro-choice, he might have had a chance of winning.

Terry Moore
Hollywood, California

THE JANUS REPORT: THE TWO FACES of SEX

a survey of sexuality in america today

by Dr. Samuel Janus and Dr. Cynthia Janus

This nationwide study reported on the views of almost 3000 people to determine the sexual attitudes and behaviors of several sociological and ideological groups. The investigation, from 1983 to 1992, looks at the country after the discovery of AIDS. Dr. Samuel Janus is an associate professor of psychiatry at New York University Medical College, and Dr. Cynthia Janus is a former associate professor of obstetrics, gynecology and radiology at the University of Virginia. From their book "The Janus Report on Sexual Behavior" (John Wiley & Sons), PLAYBOY *excerpts the findings of two chapters, "Religion and Sex" and "Politics and Sex."*

Both the questionnaire responses and our in-depth interviews confirmed that different political associations do authentically represent varying frames of mind and different attitudes, and that these attitudes are significantly contrasting across the political spectrum. However, values and attitudes cannot be assumed automatically to give insights into behavior. What people say is not always what they do, and we wanted to explore possible differences in behavior. One social issue associated with conservative political agendas has involved limiting the easy availability of contraceptives and opposing the teaching of contraception in school. The conservative reasoning is that easy contraception leads to ease of and implied approval of sexual relations outside of marriage, and such ease is strongly condemned as antithetical to family values. One should see a rejection of the use of contraceptives for themselves. However . . . the facts [66 percent of ultraconservatives, as opposed to 55 percent of ultraliberals, use contraception] suggest otherwise.

Talking dirty is:

	normal	kinky
ultra-conservative	42%	50%
ultra-liberal	65%	35%

To successfully function sexually, I fantasize:

a lot

ultraconservative	ultraliberal
16%	33%

I've had extramarital affairs:

often

ultra-conservative	ultra-liberal
23%	16%

Have you had full sexual relations? If yes, by age:

	14	18
ultra-conservative	19%	70%
ultra-liberal	14%	58%

"I would rather have my lover be my partner than a servant. I think that it is not just women who are being liberated. In the liberation process, men are being freed also. My experience is that the quality of sexual pleasure is much higher between free people."

—A 49-YEAR-OLD PROFESSOR

Should sex education be taught in schools?

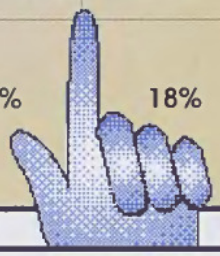
yes

ultra-conservative		ultra-liberal	
men	women	men	women
88%	91%	95%	97%

Have you ever had sex for money?

yes

ultra-conservative	ultra-liberal
19%	18%



Compared with three years ago, my sexual activity is:

	ultraconservative men	ultraliberal men	ultraconservative women	ultraliberal women
more	59%	24%	52%	28%
less	14%	40%	31%	48%

"I love doing conventions, particularly the Republicans'. . . . Not only Republicans, almost any very conservative group, for example, religious or economic, at business shows. Many come to these functions without their wives, but even if they have their wives, they sneak around and they serve up sex action like you wouldn't believe. They are intense about sex. Somehow, being forbidden makes it more exciting."

—A 31-YEAR-OLD HOSTESS AND DEMONSTRATOR

ABORTION

	ultraconservotive		independent		ultraliberal	
	men	women	men	women	men	women
ABORTION IS MURDER:						
strongly ogree ond agree	34%	46%	29%	34%	16%	5%
disagree ond strongly disogree	40%	32%	51%	51%	70%	89%
I HAVE HAD AN ABORTION:						
		27%		22%		30%
POSTABORTION REACTION WAS:						
relief		62%		41%		23%
sadness		9%		29%		60%

Religion & Sex

FORUM

Only recently in Western history has the state approached the traditional role of religion in legalizing marriages, registering babies and legislating whether certain contraceptive practices, abortion or heretofore unnatural sex acts are permissible. However, although the state has indeed assumed some of the prerogatives of religion, the church and the state often coexist as social regulators. . . . A major impact of religion on social behavior is effected through the mechanism of guilt; that is, when placed in a possibly compromising sexual situation, one is able to retain self-control by somehow feeling the sexual act is wrong. Interestingly, many of the individuals that we interviewed felt that, without at least a bit of guilt, sex loses some of its appeal; for some, the defiance of authority was a turn-on. With the sexual revolution has come personal sexual choice, a concept that is anathema to religion.

"Thirty-two percent of the very religious and thirty-five percent of the religious believed that women should have sexual experience before marriage."

Oral sex is:

	normal	kinky
very religious	77%	23%
religious	84%	16%
slightly religious	89%	10%
not religious	94%	5%

Pain and pleasure go together in sex:

	agree	disagree
very religious	20%	70%
religious	15%	73%
slightly religious	13%	76%
not religious	10%	81%

KELLY JACKSON

"I have a girlfriend now. . . . We both feel it is a beautiful thing for a girl to be a virgin until she is married. . . . When we are going to have intercourse, I always use a condom, and I enter her, but I withdraw before I ejaculate. . . . Most important of all, she is still a virgin, because I haven't come inside her, and therefore she is pure."
—A 24-YEAR-OLD SALESMAN

To successfully function sexually, I fantasize:

	a little	a lot
very religious	65%	18%
religious	76%	25%
slightly religious	76%	21%
not religious	79%	26%

I've had extramarital affairs:

yes

very religious	religious	slightly religious	not religious
31%	26%	36%	44%

"While primarily equally active on a broad range of sex practices, religious people have some difficulty enjoying their sex lives. There is a need to manifest a well-defined set of values for the public and for raising children, but many religious people live by another set of values privately."

Compared with three years ago, my sexual activity is:

	very religious	religious	slightly religious	not religious
more	52%	45%	44%	33%
less	24%	25%	30%	33%

FORUM

A large variety of sex techniques is a must for maximum pleasure:

	agree	disagree
very religious	40%	46%
religious	37%	44%
slightly religious	44%	39%
not religious	49%	38%

Do you use contraception?

	yes
very religious	61%
religious	66%
slightly religious	65%
not religious	66%

For the woman, sex experience before marriage is:

	important	unimportant
very religious	32%	53%
religious	35%	46%
slightly religious	52%	28%
not religious	59%	29%

Sensually, I feel that sex is:

	very sensuous
very religious	89%
religious	86%
slightly religious	89%
not religious	92%

Should sex education be taught in schools?

	yes
very religious	79%
religious	88%
slightly religious	92%
not religious	93%

"Sex is wonderful, but it doesn't come easily or cheaply. I believe that those people, like myself, who have the solid fiber to feel the strength and even the pain of sex are bigger people."

—AN INDUSTRIAL WORKER IN HIS 40S DISCUSSING SADOMASOCHISM

ABORTION

	very religious		religious		slightly religious		not religious	
	men	women	men	women	men	women	men	women
ABORTION IS MURDER:								
strongly agree and agree	59%	64%	41%	41%	23%	24%	15%	9%
disagree and strongly disagree	25%	26%	39%	41%	56%	59%	73%	82%
I HAVE HAD AN ABORTION:								
yes		18%		21%		27%		32%
no		77%		74%		69%		64%
no answer		5%		5%		4%		4%

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BOOB TUBE

SEATTLE—*Rock concert promoters discovered that instead of engaging in rowdy behavior, fans were amusing themselves*

between performances by showing off for closed-circuit video cameras. According to the promoters, images of the bare breasts of exuberant female concertgoers appeared to soothe the rowdy crowds. Orders issued to police at a recent concert advised the cops to expect "females will be boosted onto the shoulders of companions, where they will expose their breasts to a camera that projects the image on the big screen. This form of entertainment has served to keep the crowd in check." Long live rock and roll.

SHARK ALERT

LIBREVILLE, GABON—*The Gabonese government has prohibited persons with AIDS from swimming in that country's coastal waters for fear the sharks might eat them. Shark fishing is important to the national economy, and the fear isn't for the swimmers but for the sharks. Some fishermen worry that if a shark ate an AIDS victim, the disease could destroy the entire shark population.*

COMPASSION PLAY

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—*The prosecution tried to portray the defendant as a drug dealer pushing morphine and codeine, but the jurors felt differently. The circuit court jury acquitted an AIDS activist of illegally supplying AIDS patients with the drugs for use as painkillers. The defendant said he had learned one lesson from the experience: In the future he would hire a doctor to make sure that he was helping legitimate AIDS patients and not undercover cops.*

REVIVE WITH . . .

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Tiny transdermal patches are big business. They've been used to release nicotine for smokers trying to quit and scopolamine for seasickness sufferers. Their latest application is in increasing men's testosterone levels. Testosterone is the male hormone associated with energy level, competitive instincts and sexual activity. Two patches are on the way. One has to be worn on the scrotum; the other can be worn in a less sensitive place.*

GAY RIGHTS, EH?

TORONTO—*The Federal Court of Canada overruled a military policy that barred recruiting gays or promoting those already in service. Following the decision, General John de Chastelain promised full compliance and the elimination of all restrictions aimed at gays.*

OTTAWA—*A human rights tribunal ordered the Ontario government to extend survivor-pension benefits to spouses of its homosexual employees. The ruling opens the way for challenges to the discriminatory pension policies of all businesses.*

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE?

NAKHODKA, RUSSIA—*When her younger lover tried to end their relationship because of their ten-year age gap, the 35-year-old woman offered him one last romp as a goodbye gesture. He lived through the experience. Doctors, however, were unable to reattach his penis and testicles that the girlfriend chopped off to remember him by. After finding nothing in Russian law books that specifically addressed such a crime, police charged the woman with "organ sabotage."*

FREE SPEECH AFFIRMED

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY—*A state circuit court judge here ruled that it's a motorist's constitutional right to give the finger to a Kentucky law enforcement officer. Even an obscene gesture may be a form of free speech, according to the judge. Common sense, however, suggests not exercising your right on a lonely road.*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

BALTIMORE—*Safe-sex education isn't getting the message out to everyone, according to a Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine study. In Baltimore's STD clinics, patients who believed their sexual behavior could have put them at risk and were worried enough to get tested do not always change their high-risk sexual practices. The study found that within a six- to 23-month period, about nine percent of both the HIV-negative and HIV-positive groups were back with at least one new sexually transmitted disease that resulted from unsafe sex. The report's conclusion: Onetime counseling isn't effective.*

HELPING HANDS

TORONTO—*Without affirming the medicinal benefits of masturbation, an Ontario court cleared a Toronto doctor who had used masturbation and sexual holding to treat patients. Three judges restored the*

therapist's license after studying a lengthy brief on his theories and practices and noting the many patients who came to his defense. The court slapped the doctor's wrists and made him promise he would keep his hands to himself in the future.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

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1st PRIZE: $1,000

2nd PRIZE: $500

3rd PRIZE: $250

RULES: 1. Competition is open to all full- and part-time students. There is no age limit. Playboy Enterprises, Inc., employees, agents, affiliates and their families are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your original artwork with a 3"x5" card listing your name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and telephone number to Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Design Competition Office, 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Only one entry per person. All entries must be the entrant's own original works of art, not in the public domain, and never before published or reproduced in any manner whatsoever. Entries must be postmarked by April 2nd, 1993. Mutilated or illegible entries will be disqualified. 3. Winners will be selected by a qualified panel of judges, and the decisions of the judges will be final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standards. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and/or telephone during the week of April 26th, 1993, and will be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance with this time period, alternate winners may be selected. Any notification letter or prize returned to Playboy as undeliverable may be awarded to an alternate winner. 5. All winning entries become the sole property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. Winners will be required to sign whatever documents Playboy may reasonably request to evidence Playboy's ownership of all right, title and interest in and to the artwork, including all rights of copyright. 6. Entry authorizes use of any prize winner's name, photograph and biographical information by Playboy without further compensation to the winner. 7. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of winners. Void where prohibited by law. 8. For return of non-winning entries, entrants must specifically request return of artwork in writing and supply a self-addressed, pre-paid envelope in which artwork will be returned in. While Playboy will make every reasonable attempt to return the artwork if requested, Playboy will not be responsible for lost or damaged artwork. © 1993, Playboy

BEYOND CHOICE

abortion was the litmus test of moral rectitude. with the day won, the women's movement must focus on more basic needs

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Where is the women's movement going? This column may appear a strange venue for raising the question, though I am reliably told that 2 million women read this magazine. Men, in any case, need to know about this. The startling demonstration of women power in the last election, in which the gender gap provided Clinton with his margin of victory, means women have a lot to do with setting the national agenda. So men, too, had better wonder again: What do women want? For example, living in California, as I do, both of my senators are now women, and all I know about them for sure is that they are pro-choice.

Up to now, that's been a pretty clear litmus test. For the past decade, being pro-choice was like having a beard back in the Sixties: It said quite a bit about where someone was coming from, culturally as well as politically.

By that measure, the yahoos were on the other side. Pro-choice people tended to be more tolerant, generous and in other ways opposed to repressive forces, be they pro-military or pro-censorship. Of course, that oversimplified matters. There were pro-choice people who wanted to preserve their tax breaks and screw the poor. And yes, I know about the neofeminist fringe that equates all heterosexual sex with rape.

People such as me tended to vote for pro-choice women not only because it was obvious that individuals should control their bodies but also because such people tended to be more enlightened. But the choice battle is over. It was settled with the results of the last election.

The Republicans now know that the cost of rousing the primitives among the fundamentalists is too high. It worked only so long as no one was looking.

The abortion issue was invented by political operatives in the Republican Party to split poorer voters, many of them working-class Catholic and Southern evangelicals, from their natural allegiance to the Democratic Party. I had many conversations over the years with such GOP operatives as Lee Atwater and Stu Spencer, and they all said the same thing: The abortion issue works for us so long as we don't win. What they meant was that you could pick up the pro-life votes without losing the pro-choice votes because the latter didn't think you were serious. For example, where I spent this past decade, in solidly Republican Orange County, California, we consistently sent a rabidly pro-life delegation to Congress even though well over 60 percent of the voters always polled as pro-choice.

Until recently, the pro-lifer stuff was just political noise. Women thought the laws would never be changed. The government might deny abortion in some ghetto clinics, but no one was going to tell women in the suburbs what to do.

Then the Clarence Thomas hearings highlighted the packing of the Supreme Court. The mad rhetoric of the two Pats, Robertson and Buchanan, frightened millions of moderates into getting serious about the threat from the fringe right. Suddenly, being pro-life became a big loser for politicians of either party.

The women's movement will no doubt have a major impact on the personnel and policies of this administration. Rest assured that the Democrats, who didn't even allow the pro-life governor of Pennsylvania to speak at their convention, will finally settle the issue with new presidential directives, laws and the appointment of some 100 federal judges. But that is no longer enough. What else will those judges believe in? Will they favor civil liberties and oppose censorship, or will they cater to the puritanical wing of the women's movement represented by Tipper Gore and her record-labeling crusade? Where will they stand on so-called hate or harassing speech? Any nominee for the Supreme Court will be for reproductive choice, but where will she or he stand on our right to listen to rap music or to buy this magazine? Clinton already has indicated that his nominees will have to pass muster on abortion. What other litmus tests will be applied?

Just being correct on abortion is unlikely to suffice as a clue to safeguarding other key rights, particularly if choice moves off the front burner as an issue. True, not a single woman friend believes that the choice debate is over, but it's always hard to declare victory. The problem is, what do you do next? How do you keep a single-issue coalition together when you no longer have the issue? What are women's issues and where is the consensus?

As I discovered one day last year at a Sunday brunch at Betty Friedan's house, these are not easy questions to answer. I thought I was going to a party, but my feminist host had something else in mind. She was pushing a candidate for Congress, the well-coiffed and superrich Jane Harman. This woman, who had lived for most of the past 20 years in Washington, D.C., had suddenly returned to southern California to run as a pro-choice candidate. Innocently, I asked her about a vicious welfare-reform bill the state's Republican governor had put on the ballot. It would have taken away one out of four dollars going to poor women. I assumed she would be against these attacks on poor women. But no, this rich matron was suddenly telling me that poor women would have to become more "responsible" and would have to "get jobs."

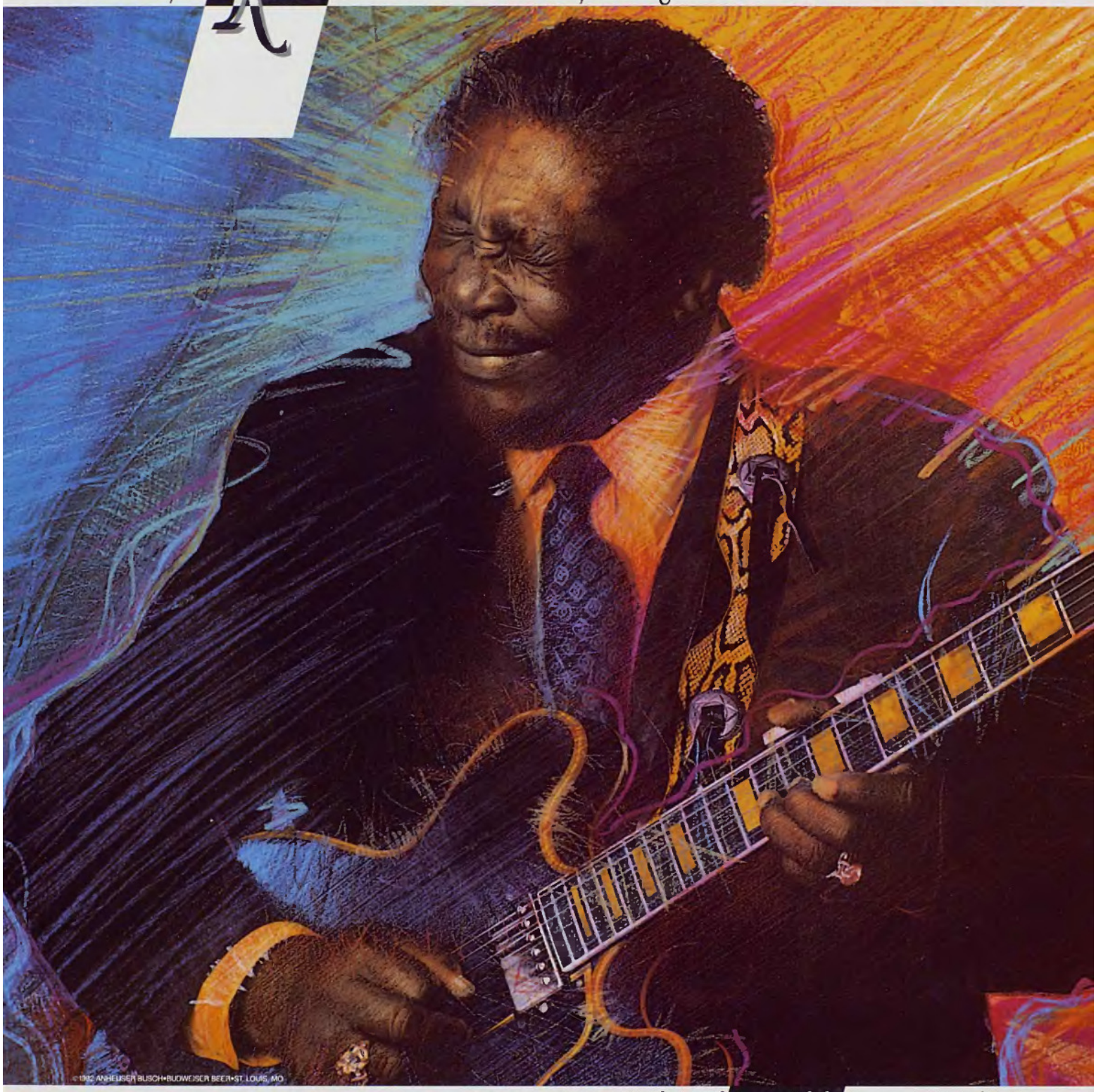
The voters understood that the jobs didn't exist and defeated the initiative. But Harman won. She took full advantage of the Year of the Woman and her own considerable bankroll. (She dropped nearly three quarters of a million of her own money.) I asked Friedan, whom I much respect, how she could possibly support someone so mean-spirited about poor women? Bless her heart, Friedan seemed troubled and warned the assemblage that the "welfare mother is becoming this year's Willie Horton."

Still, she supported Harman because of the choice issue. That stance has now become less viable. The abortion issue allowed us to ignore the fact that rich professional women may not face the same problems as poor out-of-work women.

Take the dirt-poor region of eastern Arkansas, where I happened to be watching television one day when Hillary Clinton came on, speaking at the Children's Defense Fund benefit dinner. I couldn't help noticing that she was wearing a split-seam skirt that opened smartly as she mounted the stage. Very trendy. No dowdy Barbara Bush here. Hillary is a great role model for every wanna-be liberated woman—a first lady befitting the Year of the Woman.

The other aspect that struck me is that she didn't say anything. She's getting pretty good at politicobabble with all those *(concluded on page 163)*

Of The 30,000 Records In His Personal Collection, B.B. King Has A Number Of Favorites.



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His Choice Of Favorite Labels, However, Is Limited To One.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANNE RICE

a candid conversation with the author of "the vampire chronicles" about sex and violence, gays and bloodsuckers, and her helpful fans from the s&m scene

In 1976 Anne Rice came upon the literary scene with an extraordinarily innovative novel called "Interview with the Vampire." Critics were not sure what to make of her richly imagined, deadly serious portrait of Lestat de Lioncourt—an 18th century vampire who poured out his tale of centuries on the run, of the eternal struggle between good and evil and of the meanings of death and immortality. But readers had no trouble seeing this vampire as an ultimate outsider—a symbolic figure for teens, gays and lonely urban apartment dwellers. It became an instant cult classic and the basis for a series of novels, "The Vampire Chronicles"—including "The Vampire Lestat," "The Queen of the Damned" and, most recently, "The Tale of the Body Thief"—which have sold nearly 5 million copies.

The handful of critics who condemned "Interview with the Vampire" as a clever literary stunt could not have guessed how profoundly Rice identified with her fictional character's emotions. For two years, she had watched helplessly as her only daughter, Michele, battled leukemia, dying before her sixth birthday. In her grief and frustration, she turned to alcohol and to marathon binges at the typewriter. The novel—which features a six-year-old vampire—emerged as a sort of catharsis. Prior to this crossroad in her life, Rice had been a "perpetual student" and aspiring writer who lived in the heart of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district during the rock-and-roll revolution of the Sixties.

Born on October 4, 1941, at Mercy Hospital in New Orleans, Anne was given the unusual name Howard Allen Frances O'Brien, incorporating her father's first name and her mother's maiden name. When she entered first grade in the Redemptorist Catholic School, she promptly announced that she would be known as Anne. Ghost stories and twilight walks through the cemeteries of New Orleans with her father made strong impressions on her as a child. So did the 1936 movie "Dracula's Daughter," which she recalls as the most vivid vampire imagery from her youth. She met her future husband, poet and artist Stan Rice, while both were working on a high school newspaper. After a long courtship, they married and went to San Francisco to attend college.

Her second published novel, "The Feast of All Saints," explored the New Orleans settings of her youth. Focusing on the relatively little-known experiences of the gens de couleur libre—the 18,000 blacks who lived as free men and women prior to the Civil War—Rice wove a mesmerizing tale of love affairs and family intrigues into the historical setting of the 1840s. "Feast" incorporated her penchant for psychologically complex characters and used her intimate knowledge of Louisiana lore.

If the literary world had been stunned by Rice's philosophical meditations on vampires, it was flabbergasted by her third novel, "Cry to Heaven" (1982). Set in 18th century Venice, it is a dreamlike tale of love and treachery among the castrati, the boys who were castrated to preserve the purity of their soprano voices. The bizarre settings, androgynous characters and explicit scenes of diverse sexual activities shocked many readers—but only presaged what would be an even more amazing turn in Rice's literary career.

In a move that might have appeared suicidal for a successfully published literary author, Rice decided to write a series of explicitly erotic books—what she straightforwardly calls her "pornography." In the first work of this trilogy, "The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty," the Prince awakens Beauty both literally and sexually in a sadomasochistic

"I do love violence. I absolutely love it. If we cleanse all the violence out of our work, we will have the "Saturday Evening Post" short story triumphant. That will be our art. We've nearly done that, and it's pretty dismal stuff."

"I really see vampires as transcending gender. If you make them absolutely straight or absolutely gay, you limit the material. They can be either one. They have a polymorphous sexuality. They see everything as beautiful."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE CRUM

"Now my pornographic books are in the suburbs. They're everywhere, and women come up with babies in strollers and say, 'We love your dirty books.' They put it right in the stroller with the kid. I think that's great."

fantasy version of the fairy tale. Her editor at Knopf refused to publish the books, and they were sold to another house, E. P. Dutton, where they appeared under the pseudonym of A. N. Roquelaure. (A roquelaure is a type of French cloak worn in the 18th century.) Despite the pseudonym, Rice has always happily admitted that she is the author of the Beauty books. In fact, in their paperback editions, her real name is the largest type on the cover.

In addition to the two other books in the Beauty trilogy—"Beauty's Punishment" and "Beauty's Release"—Rice wrote another pornographic novel with a contemporary setting. "Exit to Eden," published under the pseudonym Anne Rampling, concerns the love affair that develops between a man and a woman at an unusual sex club on a Caribbean island.

Almost a decade after "Interview with the Vampire," Rice returned to the character of Lestat. In "The Vampire Lestat," he is awakened in 1985 by a rock band and becomes a singer. Rice had based part of Lestat's style and voice on the Doors' Jim Morrison. The concept of the vampire as a contemporary rock star and the fascinating story of Lestat's early life made it an immediate best-seller.

Rice then went back to an erotic theme she had toyed with for years. In "Belinda," she wrote her own version of "Lolita." The novel was largely ignored in hardcover and was packaged in a romance format in paperback under the Rampling name, but it remains Rice's best written and least appreciated book.

Another vampire book, "The Queen of the Damned," the third in the series, further enhanced Rice's reputation as a brilliant literary stylist. In it, borrowing freely from Christian, Greek and Egyptian mythology, she develops a tapestry of vampire mythology that reaches back 6000 years to explain Lestat's origins. What readers can hardly help noticing in the third vampire volume is the marked increase in sensuality and violence from her previous books. It is almost as if Rice had moved to a new level of intensity in "The Queen of the Damned." As the characters whirl around the world in an apocalyptic frenzy of mass killings, the intimate encounters among vampires—and between vampires and humans—become more sensual. The giving of the dark gift of immortality is as erotically riveting as any scene in Rice's pornography. The brutality of the embrace, the penetration of vampire teeth, the sucking of hot blood, the passionate moment of transformation—this is sexy stuff, indeed.

Rice made some important changes in her personal life, too. After spending some time in her second home in the city, Rice and her family moved back permanently to New Orleans in 1988 and took up residence in a large historic mansion (reputed to be haunted) in the Garden District. Her husband, Stan, retired as chairman of the creative writing program at San Francisco State and devoted his time to painting and writing poetry. Their son, Christopher, 15, attends the nearby private school. Anne Rice is cochair of the New Orleans Preservation Society and has recently purchased an 1880 mansion (also supposedly haunted) on St. Charles Street for renovation. The annual Coven Party of the Vampire Lestat Fan Club was held there last year.

The move altered neither Rice's productivity nor her penchant for variety. In "The Mummy, or Ramses the Damned," Rice switched to a playful, campy tone. And "The Witching Hour" is a more subdued, intellectual exploration of the supernatural set in Rice's house in New Orleans.

"The Tale of the Body Thief," the fourth and latest volume of "The Vampire Chronicles" (and her lucky 13th novel), takes place in contemporary settings such as Miami, Georgetown and aboard the Queen Elizabeth II. In this story, Lestat is given the opportunity to give up his immortality and return to a human form. Naturally, he chooses to remain a vampire. We wouldn't want it any other way. How else could we continue to read about his adventures in volume five, which Rice promises to provide shortly?

To learn more about Anne Rice and her world of ghosts and vampires, we dispatched PLAYBOY*'s book columnist,* **Digby Diehl,** *to New Orleans, where by day he visited with Rice in her home and by night searched for Lestat on Bourbon Street. Diehl's report:*

"When I spoke with Anne on the telephone prior to our meetings, she was terse and businesslike. There were no restrictions on what we would talk about. But she made clear that she would only be available for four hours each afternoon for four consecutive days. No lunch, no cocktails, no socializing. As she promised, our talks were interrupted only for periodic refillings of diet Coke and the afternoon arrivals of her son from school.

"What surprised me a bit more each day was not only Anne's energy but her subtle chameleon ability to shift intonation and delivery as the conversation changed. Anecdotes about her youth were told with a charming sparkle. Ghost tales were offered in a spooky, slightly lowered voice, and denunciations of censorship came booming out angrily.

"In the end, I realized that her initial formality was a way of protecting herself from her own warm nature. There is an openness, a generosity of spirit about her that would make it easy for a visitor to impose upon. It is better she should set limits and save the time to spend at her word processor."

"I am not a dominatrix. I have almost no interest in acting it out. That was never what mattered to me."

PLAYBOY: You are a feminist and yet you have written explicit sexual fantasies. How do you reconcile those two things?

RICE: I believe absolutely in the right of women to fantasize what they want to fantasize, to read what they want to read. I would go to the Supreme Court to fight for the right of a little woman in a trailer park to read pornography—or write it, if she wants to. I think one of the worst turns feminism took was its puritanical turn, where it tried to tell women what was politically correct sexually. I mean, we had that for thousands of years. I got that from the nuns at school: what you were supposed to feel as a temple of the Holy Ghost, what you were supposed to allow. And to hear the feminists then telling me that having masochistic fantasies or rape fantasies just isn't politically correct, I just thought, Oh, bullshit. You're not going to come in and politicize my imagination.

PLAYBOY: Not all feminists agree with you. The Los Angeles chapter of the National Organization for Women called for a boycott of most Random House books because it published Bret Easton Ellis' *American Psycho*, which featured the murder and mutilation of men and women.

RICE: I was outraged by the boycott. If Random House doesn't have the right to publish a disgusting book, then young editors all over New York will never get radical books through their publishing houses. Those women are treating Random House as if it were a great big, monolithic publishing house. It's not. Publishing has always been made up of courageous individual editors fighting for individual books. I was furious. I hate censorship. I hate it in any form. Can't those people see that if they could win that battle and force the book not to be published, other interest groups could then force all kinds of other books not to be published? I was just horrified. I would have defended Random House with a wooden sword in front of the building.

PLAYBOY: Have you had problems with censorship of your own books?

RICE: Not really very much. Knopf didn't want to publish my pornography, but that was the individual decision of my editor, Vicky Wilson. She read the first book and said, "I can't publish this." But she recommended Bill Whitehead at Dutton, who published it. So I stayed at Knopf as Anne Rice and went off to Dutton and wrote the A. N. Roquelaure books. Vicky really is a dedicated editor, but she can't publish something she doesn't understand. She really just didn't get it. It is pornography. She said, "If I were to publish this, all the sex slaves would have to fight to be free and to escape." I just said, "Oh, Vicky, I don't

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want to do that. This is a sex fantasy about being a slave. They don't want to get away."

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to write explicit erotic fiction?

RICE: First of all, I think the masochistic fantasies explored in my pornography, and rape fantasies in general, are fascinating things. They have to do with our deep psyche and they transcend gender. Both men and women have these fantasies. And to pretend that they don't exist is ridiculous. I don't believe the old argument that people read pornography and go out and commit crimes. The vast majority of crimes are committed by people who aren't reading anything. They don't need *Beauty's Punishment* to go attack some old woman in Oakland, steal her welfare check and rape her. It doesn't work like that. I'm fascinated by sadomasochism. I'm fascinated by the way that the fantasies recur all over, in all kinds of people from all kinds of lives. I'm not particularly interested in the people who act them out. I have nothing against them, and I've found them interesting when I've run into them. They come to my book signings sometimes and say, "Do you want to come to our demonstration of how to tie all the knots?"

PLAYBOY: They invite you to bondage demonstrations?

RICE: Yes. There are groups in northern California that believe in healthy, safe-sex S&M. They'll give a lecture on how to tie up your lover but make the knots so that you can get them undone quickly. Or if you're going to use locks and chains on your lover, to be sure that all the locks use the same key, so that you can unlock them quickly. An organization up there invited me to their demonstrations. One night they had a dungeon tour: They were going to visit this one's dungeon and that one's dungeon, this one's torture chamber and that one's room. The organization was mainly made up, as I recall, of people who just liked to practice S&M. There were married couples in it, there were a lot of lesbians in it and there were a lot of professional women. The women did this professionally, largely for male customers. They were very hygienic.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "professionally"?

RICE: They charge money. Dominatrixes. What fascinated me about them was that there were no males who did it to women for money. If you wanted to go to San Francisco and say, "I would like to be dominated by a pirate for sixty minutes in a completely safe atmosphere, where he'll just take over but never get really rough," you can't do it. But men do it all the time. They go in and get dominated for an hour in a safe context. It's amazing to me. So my books are for the women who can't get that.

PLAYBOY: Did you go on the dungeon tour?

RICE: No, I didn't go. I'm shy. I did go to the house of one of the people, and I did see all of the whips and the chains that she had. The little phalluses and everything. She was dedicated. This was a gay activist who wrote all the time for gay publications. She's very much an S&M dyke, I believe she would call herself. She showed me all of these beautiful leather handcuffs and stuff that she had made, this entire lovely armoire filled with them. And a drawer filled with all these little dildos and things. I was fascinated, but that was enough. I mean, I really am a retiring person. I don't show up dressed in black leather as Madame Roquelaure. I'm not a dominatrix. I have almost no interest in acting it out. That was never what mattered to me. It was the fantasy, and I have discovered how many of us share that fantasy. Over the years, because of those books, I've run into thousands of people. Now those books are in the suburbs. They're everywhere, and women come up with babies in strollers and say, "We love your dirty books. Are you going to write some more Roquelaure?" They put it right in the stroller with the kid, at the bookstore. I think that's great.

PLAYBOY: What is the answer to their question? Will you write any more explicitly erotic books?

RICE: No, I don't think I will. I wanted to write some top-notch pornography in the genre, material that was just pornography. Where every page was a kick. I think I did it, and it would just be repetitious to write more. Also, I have to confess, since I've grown older and I've lost more friends from AIDS, and just experienced more of life, my vision has darkened a bit. I'm not sure I could put myself in the happy-go-lucky frame of mind I was in when I wrote the *Beauty* books. But I'm glad I wrote them. I'm proud.

PLAYBOY: You're clearly not in sympathy with Catharine MacKinnon or Andrea Dworkin, who have proposed recent antipornography legislation.

RICE: I think they're absolute fools. If two Baptist ministers from Oklahoma came up with their arguments, they would have been immediately laughed out of the public arena. They got away with their nonsensical arguments because they were feminists, and because they confused well-meaning liberals everywhere. But the idea that you can blame a piece of writing or a picture or a film or a magazine for inciting you to rape a woman is absolutely absurd. If you give the woman the right to sue and say that a magazine was the cause of the rape, there's only one step from that for the man to say, "Yes, it was the magazine that made me do it, and it was also the way she was dressed." Why can't he sue her?

PLAYBOY: And her dress designer.

RICE: Good point. Her dress designer and the guy who ran the bar. That MacKinnon and Dworkin don't see this drives me crazy. I think that is the most evil piece of legislation I have ever heard of. We've spent all this time trying to get men to take responsibility for rape. When I was a kid in the Fifties, we knew that half of the time the police blamed the victim. Women didn't want to report it. OK, we've reached a time when we're urging women to report the crime. The man is responsible if he does it. He can't blame it on the woman, he can't say she asked for it, he can't say she shouldn't have been in that bar, or that she shouldn't have gone to his apartment. And those two, MacKinnon and Dworkin, in their madness, want to take that responsibility off the man again and put it on PLAYBOY, or whatever he was reading. That's bullshit! It's not true. We know statistically that pornography does not incite people to commit crimes.

PLAYBOY: Don't women need special protection in some cases?

RICE: Two things have gone side by side throughout the feminist movement: a protectionist idea that women are victims and have to be protected, and the belief that women are equal and have to have equal rights and equal access to everything. The two really clash on this issue. I don't believe women are victims who have to be protected from everything. I believe when someone is a victim of a crime, that person is entitled to protection of the law and the courts. But I don't think that women per se are so gullible or foolish that they have to be protected by legislation like that. These people think that if a woman can be made to have sex with a donkey, like for an erotic film, she can be made to sign a contract. The fact that she signed a contract doesn't necessarily mean that she wasn't a victim. That's absurd. If they can't be trusted to sign a valid contract because they're women, then women shouldn't drive, they shouldn't vote, they shouldn't hold jobs.

PLAYBOY: Rape is another issue, isn't it?

RICE: I think this is a crisis time with regard to rape. I don't think there's ever been a time when women have been so vulnerable to rape and there's been such an outcry against it. As a student of Western civilization and law, I'm fascinated by what's going to happen with the notion that when she says no—no matter when it is—it's over. I think it's important to women's freedom, and important to our dignity and our rights as human beings, that rape be a crime, that nobody has a right to force himself on you, whatever you are.

PLAYBOY: Have you been following some of the public rape trials?

RICE: I didn't think there was sufficient proof in the William Kennedy Smith case to bring an indictment. I thought a real injustice was done to that woman

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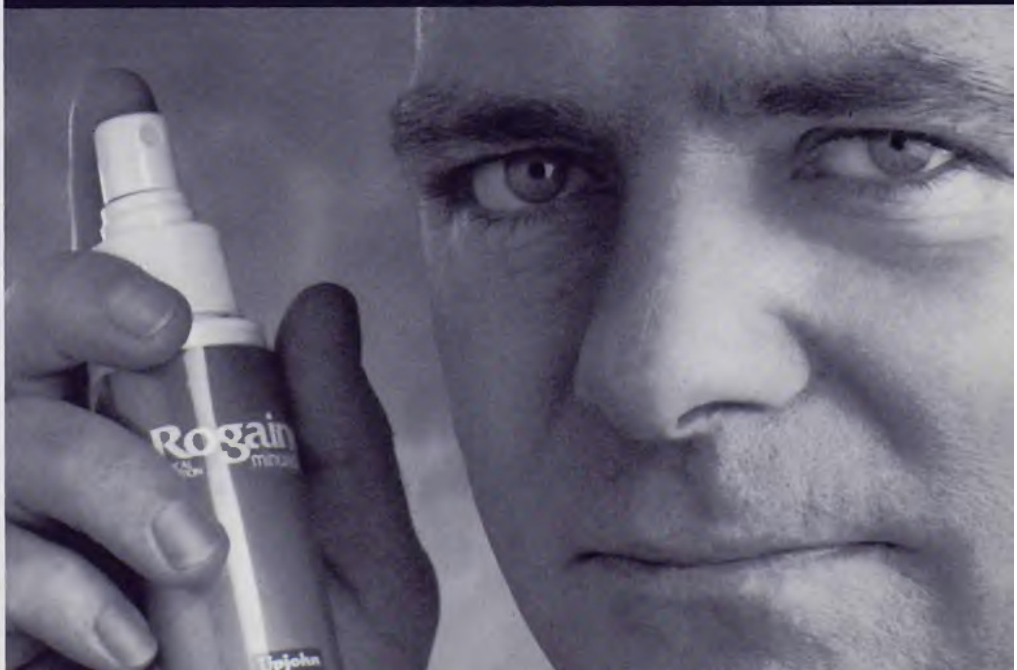

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How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 60% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US medical centers involving 256 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 19% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 7% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away. If the spray applicator is used, avoid inhaling the spray.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE was applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition *or* a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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when she was taken that far by the legal system.

PLAYBOY: What is your reaction to the Mike Tyson rape case?

RICE: Again, you have to extend the protection of the law even to a girl who's stupid enough to go to Mike Tyson's bedroom at two o'clock in the morning. She has the full protection of the law. She may be an idiot, and she may be doing something that none of us would have done when we were her age—we would have had more brains! If Mike Tyson had said, "Come up to my hotel room" to me, I would have said no.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you would have known what to expect?

RICE: From what I could tell, what happened in that case was that she did expect something to happen, but she expected it to be romantic and she expected it to be nice. And what she got was unpleasant and nasty. And she was entitled to the protection of the law against that. You cannot invite someone to your house for a party and then beat them up and say, "Well, you accepted my invitation, and that was the nature of the party: It was a beating-up party." That's what I suspect happened, but I really don't know. I think she was prepared for sex and consummation, but wasn't prepared to be mauled or bullied or hurt. I think she felt outraged afterward, and she had the courage to say that shouldn't happen to someone. That is really what rape is.

PLAYBOY: Are we always stuck with the he-said-she-said problem?

RICE: I think we have to fight each one out. We have to guarantee women this protection. You cannot tell women that the price of equality is that they might get raped. I think that as a culture we're desensitized to how awful rape is. We see it played with so much, and we see it on television in so many forms all the time, that it is hard for us to imagine what an outrage it is when someone has to force himself on a person that way. I think the movie that brought it home to me most honestly was *Thelma & Louise*. I would have shot the guy immediately. If he had done that to my friend, I would have blown his head off. That was so outrageous a violation of that woman's privacy and dignity that I didn't see why Louise waited. I praise that movie because I think it showed how awful rape is. And it's hard to show it without its being sexy because it is sexy. And rape fantasies are part of our brain. They're part of our genetic heritage, and that's not going to go away if you ban pornography. It's an archetypal fantasy.

PLAYBOY: What about the argument that sexual images in movies and TV affect public consciousness?

RICE: When you're talking about the content of programs, I'm leery of anybody trying to turn the media into

propaganda. I feel that we need a creative jungle out there, that we have to put up with some people who use the First Amendment and use free speech in a way we find repulsive. And it's worth it for the price of free speech. Also, I feel that there are certain people whose function is to outrage us. Madonna, to me, is wonderful. She would be the one person to whom I would sell video or film rights to the *Beauty* books. Of course, she has not knocked on my door asking for them, but I would not consider anyone else. I think what she's done in those videos is so courageous, the way she's played with those fantasies and those images. The idea that somebody tried to censor her or keep one of those things off MTV is outrageous. We ought to know that those people are going to stretch the limits and are going to say outrageous things.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the extreme case of child pornography?

RICE: I think the crime there is the making of the pornography, the using of a child to commit a crime. And if what you're watching is a record of the crime, an act that's involved with the commission of that crime, I can see laws against that. A child has certain protections until he or she is eighteen. But you prosecute people for exploiting children. You don't prosecute on the content of the film. I am really pro-freedom. Freedom means that somebody is going to abuse it or use it in a way you don't like. It's not freedom if they don't do that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think pornography has any effect?

RICE: It's almost a superstitious reaction to think that people are going to act out pornography. We know, for example, that thousands of people read Agatha Christie mysteries. They don't try to become Miss Marple. They read Mickey Spillane and they don't shoot one another. The readers of Louis L'Amour do not carry six-guns and tobacco pouches everywhere they go. So to think that for some reason the readers of erotic fiction are going to be different, that they're going to jump right up and act out everything in the book, is absurd. It doesn't work that way. They're taking a mental trip with that book, just like the readers of Agatha Christie. And good pornography does what good mystery fiction does or good Western fiction or good science fiction: It takes you to another place. It allows you to enjoy that place for a little while, and then you come back. If it's really good, you know something you didn't know before you went.

PLAYBOY: On what kind of mental trip are you taking the readers of *The Vampire Chronicles*?

RICE: What interests me about vampires are their mythic qualities. They're characters in our literature, and they're great. But I have never met anyone who was a real vampire. I do believe in a lot of the rest of the occult. I think that there probably are ghosts. There's an abundant amount of proof that there are some sorts of apparitions and spirits and things like that. But a vampire, I think, is strictly a mythic character, almost out of ancient religion. It's like writing about angels or devils. There's a great deal of meaning there. Whether you believe people have ever really seen an angel or a devil isn't the point. What I have done is to take a B-movie image and say that it is as significant as a magical character in the Renaissance and treat it that way. Because the book is a special world—with language, thoughts, ideas, concepts and characters you are drawn into—you forgive the fact that it's basically absurd.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the B-movie image, will we ever see *The Vampire Chronicles* on the screen?

RICE: *Interview* was sold to Paramount in 1976. Richard Sylbert, who was the head of the studio at the time, really wanted to make it. Before the contract was even signed, he left Paramount. Michael Eisner and Barry Diller came in. Then John Travolta came in and made some sort of deal with Paramount. His managers were interested in his doing *Interview with the Vampire*. They took it as part of a package with Paramount, and they took control of that property for a long time. The truth was, Travolta didn't want to do it, so it never got made. Years passed, and more and more was charged to the picture—scripts and so forth—until finally, I think, it had a debt against it of six or seven hundred thousand dollars. They dumped it on the television division about 1984. A television producer then began to develop a script for it. In the meantime, I'd written *The Vampire Lestat*. Because of the sequel rights in my original contract, I had the right to sell the movie rights to *Lestat* if Paramount didn't want them. They didn't. So other people became very interested in developing *The Vampire Lestat*. Julia Phillips, the producer, was particularly interested.

"It's almost superstitious to think that people are going to act out pornography. Thousands of people read Agatha Christie and don't try to become Miss Marple."

PLAYBOY: Thus you came to play a role in her book, *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*.

RICE: Isn't that wild? Julia and I are very different. I wish she had not hurt so many people's feelings. But I do think she's a talented writer. Anyway, she did come into my life being interested in *The Vampire Lestat* because she couldn't get *Interview* away from Paramount. She pitched it to the studios and really started it off on a life of its own. Meanwhile, *Interview* reverted back to me. Julia and I tried to get the properties united with one company. For a while, Julia had a brilliant idea to develop *The Vampire Lestat* as a movie while she did *Interview* on Broadway as an opera or a musical. At that point she began to talk to David Geffen about it. David was kind enough to give me a shot at writing the script, and I submitted a revised version to him. But who knows? Right now, *Interview* is still in development.

PLAYBOY: So *The Witching Hour* will probably be the first of your books to make it to the screen?

RICE: It's supposed to start shooting soon. But *The Witching Hour* is easy compared to *The Vampire Chronicles*. It's mostly humans.

PLAYBOY: And they're going to shoot it in New Orleans?

RICE: They have told the mayor's office that they want to shoot some of the movie in New Orleans. It's exciting. It's never been this close before, it's always been just at the script stage.

PLAYBOY: Do you like dealing with Hollywood?

RICE: I went there a lot at Julia Phillips' behest. Julia dragged me down there enough times that I lost my fear of those people. I sat at so many dinners at Morton's with Julia, meeting Adrian Lyne and Mel Gibson and blah-blah-blah that she really defused that world for me. I realized that these were, in fact, often limited people who had jobs only for short periods of time.

PLAYBOY: What insight did you gain about how to deal with Hollywood?

RICE: My primary insight is don't eat lunch in that town, except with David Geffen. He can make your project a reality. Just don't eat your heart out for somebody who comes back and whines, "I couldn't get them to read it."

PLAYBOY: In your life as a novelist——

RICE: My real life!

PLAYBOY: You've written a breakthrough book. In *The Tale of the Body Thief*, the vampire Lestat finally has the opportunity to be human again.

RICE: A good opportunity. A good shot at it.

PLAYBOY: But he chooses to remain a vampire.

RICE: I always thought that's exactly what would happen, but I was ready to let the book go in whichever direction it wanted to go. I felt he had to confront the fact

that he really loved being what he was. The fourth volume in *The Vampire Chronicles* is really about the ruthlessness, the evil, in us all. You and I are sitting here, and we know right now people are dying horribly in Iraq or in Ethiopia. But we choose to sit here. We've made that choice. We're not going to spend our lives trying to save one village in India. That's what that book is about. Lestat chooses to remain a powerful, immortal being. And I think most people would make that choice.

PLAYBOY: The minute Lestat gets out of his vampire self and into a human body in *The Tale of the Body Thief*, he has exclusively heterosexual encounters—and unhappy ones at that. Some readers identify vampires with gay sexuality. Isn't this going to fuel that stereotype?

RICE: Well, probably. I really see the vampires as transcending gender. If you make them absolutely straight or gay, you limit the material. They can be either one. They have a polymorphous sexuality. They see everything as beautiful. To them, it no longer matters whether the victim is a woman or a man. And I do see Lestat as a real 18th century bisexual. Either the village girls or the village boys, depending on who's around. It was really a middle-class idea that came in with the revolution that homosexuality was a perversion.

PLAYBOY: How do women readers react to *The Vampire Chronicles*' androgyny?

RICE: I would say that there is certainly a kind of woman who finds two men together very attractive, and I have a lot of those readers. But, by and large, most of the women I've known are afraid of homosexual men. We have deep-rooted fears when we see people of the same sex kissing and embracing, no matter how sophisticated we are. There can be a genetic rush of fear. The species is threatened. I have to remind myself of what that's about, because I don't feel it. I've always rather romanticized gay people as outsiders bravely fighting for sexual freedom and being willing to take the slings and arrows from the middle class. Certainly Lestat is an outsider, an immortal who is offered the choice and chooses to remain a vampire.

PLAYBOY: Critics have pointed out that *The Body Thief* is a real departure from the other *Vampire* books.

RICE: To me, *The Body Thief* was the first modern *Chronicle* in that the exploration was inner, psychological. All the other *Chronicles* were really devoted to going back and finding the answers in the past—reading history, finding secrets, crashing into sanctums and discovering truths, and encountering over and over again the statement: "History doesn't really help." You always wind up back where you started. I like it very much, going in this other way, the psychological way. If I hadn't been pleased with this book, I would have thrown it away.

PLAYBOY: Have you thrown away books before?

RICE: Just before taking up *The Body Thief*, I wanted to do this book, *In the Frankenstein Tradition*, about an artificial man. For some reason, that has just not come together. I don't know why. I went back and read Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, and I was terribly excited about it. What an incredible book. What a brain she had at nineteen! I just loved it. I really wanted to do something with those concepts, and I began to see that I couldn't do what I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: Like Mary Shelley, you've absorbed a lot of things that are out there—ideas, things that people are thinking about and feeling. They're not necessarily expressed in a direct way, but they're addressed by your characters and their concerns.

RICE: I always felt that any book that's going to be really good is about everything you know or everything that's on your mind. At least for me that's the way it always works. In the beginning, when I first started having books published, one of the distressing things was to watch critics view them as historical novels and not see that they had to do with the present moment. But American fiction is so influenced by the idea that to be profound a book has to be about the middle class and about some specific domestic problem of the middle class, that it's hard to make your own path. You're really working against that. Unless you're a South American surrealist, you have a hard time.

PLAYBOY: Why do you write serious books about such strange stuff?

RICE: I came of age in the Sixties in California, and the prejudice was that a really profound book dealt with one's own recent experience hitchhiking in Big Sur. Somebody writing books like I wrote was writing trash, basically, according to the conventional wisdom. I sort of had to fight against that because I didn't know any other way to write. I recently have been reading books about what art was like before the Reformation. And what became very clear to me was that the novel today—John Updike, Anne Tyler, Alice Adams—is really the triumph of Protestantism. It's a Protestant novel. It's about real people. People who work, usually, and who have small problems. It's about their interior changes and their moments of illumination. And that is the essence of what Protestantism came to be in America. Out with the stained-glass windows, out with the saints, out with the chants and the Latin and the incense. Out with Faust and the Devil. It's you, your Bible and God. Those novels are personal. They affirm the Protestant vision that everything is sort of an interior decision to make—as you make a good living and as you fit into the community in which you live.

PLAYBOY: Were you aware of feeling separate from the cultural mainstream early in your career?

RICE: Having grown up in New Orleans—the only Catholic city in America—amid all this decadence, I grew up with a completely different feeling. I was nourished on those stories of the saints and miracles and so forth. I really thought it was fine to write a book in which everybody was a vampire and they all talked about good and evil. The industrial revolution and Protestantism came together in America in a way it didn't in any other country in the world, with such force and power. To see our literature finally dominated by things that used to be *Saturday Evening Post* short stories is really the final triumph of the Protestant vision in art. It's basically a vision that says if it's about God and the Devil, it has to be junk. It's science fiction; it's dismissible.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean all fantasy is Catholic?

RICE: If you think back to before Martin Luther about what literature was, the spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius encouraged you to use your imagination. You'd sit there and close your eyes and think about what Christ felt like as they drove the nails through his hands. See, I grew up on that. We *did* those exercises. That was an approach to imagination that was entirely natural to me. All that came to an end with Protestantism. Protestantism put its faith in the less magical, more practical, more down-to-earth and—in this country, ultimately—the more sterile. But I see that now. I love living here, and this really is a Catholic city in the sense that it doesn't fix its potholes.

PLAYBOY: Are potholes Catholic, too?

RICE: They're Catholic because people really don't care that much about progress or cleaning up. Think about it. Go to Venice or go to Mexico. Think of the countries that are Catholic. Think of the people who came to America who have been gangsters. They've almost all been Catholics—Italians, Irish. You don't hear a lot about German gangsters or Swiss gangsters or Dutch gangsters—except for Dutch Schultz. Catholics still live in a world that's filled with dash and flair and color and drama and terrible injustice. There's a sort of acceptance of things. This city moves at its own pace. People here are natural storytellers. They really are spiritual, in a Catholic sense. They really do care more about a good cup of coffee than mowing the grass. In a city like Dallas it's much more important to mow your grass. The cup of coffee comes next. In San Francisco it's more important to go to work, get a job, sweep the pavement. And that's wonderful. I'm glad we live in a Protestant country. I'm

talking about this strictly in terms of cultural movements.

PLAYBOY: Do people in New Orleans have a different vision of reality?

RICE: I have met countless people in New Orleans who have told me their personal experiences of seeing ghosts. I never met these people in California. Not in thirty years have I ever met anyone in New York or California who claimed to have seen a ghost. And since I've been here, people look me right in the eye and describe the ghost's clothes and what it did as it came up the stairs. They tell me absolutely I should come to their house and see this ghost, that it really is there. I'm amazed!

PLAYBOY: When did you break away from the church?

RICE: I didn't know anything about the modern world when I lived in New Orleans. I never read a line of Hemingway until I was twenty. I didn't even know such people existed. I grew up in such a closed, Catholic environment that when I moved to Texas and went to college and discovered things like existentialism, it was like emerging into the modern world. I thought, I have to know what's out there. I have to read Walter Kaufmann's books on existentialism. I have to see who Jean Paul Sartre is. But I wasn't supposed to read all this. It was a mortal sin if I read it. That's when I broke with the church. It was astonishing. I'm thinking about this a lot lately. I guess now that I've come home, thirty years later, I see a lot of it in perspective I didn't before. I was sort of battling these voices and demons and different things, trying to figure out things. Why did everything work for me when I introduced a character who is a vampire? Why did I suddenly start to be able to write about everything I felt when, for other people, the opposite was true? I don't know, but I see it now, and I do think it's this battle of the Protestant and the Catholic.

PLAYBOY: Where would a writer such as Stephen King fit into your cultural division of Catholic and Protestant visions?

RICE: I read all of Stephen King's early books. I have not caught up with his output because I'm a slow reader. But I think Stephen King is a very fine writer, and I learned a lot from *Salem's Lot* and from *Firestarter*. He's the master of talking about ordinary people in ordinary situations and then confronting them with the supernatural or the horrible. That's American and Protestant to take horror and put it in that context. He did a kind of genius thing. He created a proletarian horror genre. He departed from the European tradition of spooky houses and doomed aristocrats, and he created this wonderful world of horror in middle-class America. It's brilliant!

PLAYBOY: We've never heard anyone

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describe Stephen King quite that way.

RICE: He is absolutely a brilliant, Protestant, middle-class American writer. He's really great at that. But there was one point when I was reading the reissue of *The Stand*—I was into it and I loved the writing—and I thought, No one has survived this flu who is really an interesting person. They're all these wonderful Stephen King people, but I would really like some truly heroic person. Heroism to me is real. People can be heroic. And what interests me in fiction is creating those exceptional people—Lestat, Ramses—people, as I've said, who are bigger than the book. King doesn't do that.

PLAYBOY: In Stephen King's books and in your own books there is a lot of violence. How do you feel about that?

RICE: I love it. It's obvious, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Many people would find your reaction troubling.

RICE: I don't think we can have great art in our society without violence. Everything is how you do it: the context. Prime-time TV really hurts kids because again and again it presents mindless, senseless, motivationless, sadistic people hurting one another. It's horrible. Crimes committed by sneering, tough-job, nasty, snarling criminals. We don't know where they came from or why they're the way they are. Prime time presents them in all these cop shows as the reality of the streets. I think that's been terrible for our morale. But I think when you take a movie like *Scarface*, written by Oliver Stone and directed by Brian De Palma, you have a symphony of violence that's a real masterpiece. It has a beginning, an end, a middle and a moral: the rise and fall of Tony Montana, the cocaine dealer. I love that movie and I watch it over and over again. I wanted to dedicate *The Body Thief* to Tony Montana, but I didn't have the guts. And, by the way, I once had an opportunity to meet Oliver Stone, and I said just what I said to you, that I love violence, and he said, "So do I." We laughed. I think he was being honest.

PLAYBOY: Are the people who oppose violence less than honest?

RICE: We Americans are such hypocrites about violence. Maybe there are a few Americans out there who really never watch anything with violence in it. But ask them if they've watched *Gone with the Wind*. Everything depends on context. To me, the context has to be really strong. The moral tone of a work is important, the depth of the psychology is important, the lessons, the feeling afterward of moral exhilaration as well as of having been entertained. All that is very important about a work of art. But I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy violence in a strong context, because the best of our art contains violence. *Moby Dick* is violent, don't you think? If we cleanse all the violence out of our work, we will really have the *Saturday Evening Post* short story triumphant. That will be our art. We've gone through phases where we've nearly done that, and it's pretty dismal stuff.

But I do love violence, I absolutely love it. I loved *The Godfather*. I remember people coming home and saying it was too violent, the horse's head, oh my God. I thought it was great. I thought it was a masterful use of violence. That's my field and I love it.

PLAYBOY: You're also a big boxing fan, aren't you?

RICE: Yeah. We had a writer friend, Floyd Salas, who introduced Stan and me to boxing. We got into it and would go with him to the Golden Gloves in San Francisco every year. But the amateur matches in Oakland and Richmond with kids sponsored by the police were really a trip. I'll never forget how sensuous the Oakland Auditorium was. The auditorium is vast, much larger than the crowd. We would get in that audience surrounding the ring, down in the middle of the auditorium. Those two beautiful spotlights would hit it, and out would come these gorgeous bodies and they would start hitting each other. I thought it was terrific. I really developed a love for boxing then that I've never lost.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Salas get you to put on the gloves once?

RICE: Floyd was always helping the boxing team at Cal, and one time I got in the ring with him. I found it a bit too rough. I mean, one blow to the head, even with that mask, is enough. It was a bit too rough, but it was fun. I don't have—well, I do have a killer instinct, I guess. No, I really don't. I think that it was great fun to pretend, until somebody—me—got hurt for a second.

PLAYBOY: Fighters get hurt all the time.

RICE: I remember one awful moment at the Golden Gloves. The place was packed and I was just coming back into the auditorium with a hot dog or something. Two guys were in the ring, one of whom was a medical student. Just as I entered the auditorium, the medical student had been almost knocked out, and he had dropped to his knees. He was clearly dazed—he didn't know what he was doing. At that moment, the whole crowd stood and began to roar. There was something horrible about that moment of seeing that kid. There he was, obviously badly hurt, and that whole crowd was roaring because this is exactly what they had come to see. I realized that we were screaming as much to see these guys go down as to go up. I hadn't quite thought about it that way. I had thought of it as screaming more for the guy who scored a punch, for his triumph over something. Yet here's this med student who really should be protecting his brain, and he's on his knees, dazed, in front of all these people who are screaming as if they were in a Roman arena.

PLAYBOY: Now that you have moved back to New Orleans, do you see yourself more as a Southern writer?

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RICE: I was always a Southern writer. It was good to come home and acknowledge that. Books that I have cherished and loved are books like Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. Reading over and over again the language in that book and loving it. Eudora Welty's short stories, I just pick them up and read words. I don't even have to know what the plot of the story is—if she happens to have one. Sometimes she doesn't. She has a great story about two people who meet in New Orleans and drive south along the river, down the road. I believe that's all that happens in the story. They drive and become almost narcotized by the landscape. Then they go back to New Orleans and they part. I love that story. I feel like my writing has always been very much influenced by these lush Southern writers.

PLAYBOY: There is something about a lot of your material—dealing with the supernatural and time travel—that's fundamentally anti-intellectual. But you're an intellectual. Isn't that a contradiction?

RICE: Well, it's that Protestant–Catholic thing again. I'm a serious intellectual, and I certainly was a serious spiritual person who wanted to be a great writer. I had Carson McCullers and Hemingway and Dickens and Stendahl stacked on my desk, but I couldn't find my way in contemporary literature until I hit the supernatural and its advantages. And then I took everything I had to give and put it in there. That's always been the contradiction of my work.

PLAYBOY: What did you read as a child?

RICE: *The Lives of the Saints*, that's what I read as a kid. Soap operas, yes, they made a big difference. And radio made a big difference. I'm increasingly realizing how much radio was an influence—*Lux Radio Theater*, *Suspense*, Lamont Cranston. I had forgotten. But playing tapes of old radio shows, I'm really beginning to realize how much my work sounds like a radio show. It really does, to a large extent.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the idea of doing *Interview with the Vampire*?

RICE: It was haphazard. I was sitting at the typewriter and I thought, What would it be like to interview a vampire? And I started writing. I was very much a think-at-the-typewriter writer then, more so than now. I would start with a blank page and have no idea what I was going to do that night, except that I was going to write for several hours. And I just started the idea of this boy having a vampire in the room, and the vampire wanting to tell the truth about what it was all about. The vampire explained all about drinking blood and absorbing the life of the victim, that it was sort of a sacramental thing. He talked about being immortal and so forth and so on. I took that story out several times over the years and rewrote it. It was at one of those points when I was rewriting it, to include in some short stories that I hoped to enter into a contest at Iowa, that it took off and became the novel. And, of course, I had encouragement from friends. Friends had said, "I think you really have something with that story; that story is so unusual." I really began to let it go, and something like five weeks later, the novel was finished. I had forgotten the contest. I never finished the short stories. They all went back in the drawer.

PLAYBOY: You really wrote most of that novel in five weeks?

RICE: Yes, but that was the period when my daughter had just died, and I wasn't doing anything except drinking and writing—often all night long.

PLAYBOY: That must have been a terrible time.

RICE: I was just a drunk, hysterical person with no job, no identity, no nothing. There was a two-year period after her death when I just drank a lot and wrote a lot, like crazy. Then I sort of came out of it and wrote *Interview with the Vampire*. My husband had told me, "I really believe in your writing." He was working at San Francisco State. He wasn't chairman yet, but he was a creative writing professor with tenure there. He was the breadwinner. I went out and got a job for a

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while and was miserable. He said, "Quit the job. I believe in you and I believe in your writing. We have my pay, so just write." I've always felt that that was one of the greatest things he ever did for me, other than being his wonderful self.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that in some ways the shock of your daughter's death shaped your literary vision?

RICE: No doubt about it. It had a devastating effect. There's a period after a death like that when you don't think the lights will ever go back on. I mean, you don't like doing anything—vacuuming the floor or cooking a meal or walking out of the house. I remember even in the immediate weeks after her death it was hard for me to swallow food. I felt a disgust for everything physical. I kept thinking of her in the cemetery. And even though I don't believe she's in that body, I couldn't get it off my mind. That went on for a long time, as a matter of fact. Particularly late at night. Until very recently, I've had thoughts about the fear of death and thoughts of her. In fact, only on the return to New Orleans would I say I let go of that. I felt that I could perhaps have her in another way. It doesn't have to be such a painful thing every night. I think we cling to these things because we don't want to lose the person. It's a form of fidelity to keep grieving like that.

PLAYBOY: Was the writing of *Interview with the Vampire* a conscious effort to sublimate your grief?

RICE: An interesting thing to me about *Interview*, in retrospect, is that I never really connected her with it. I remember the night I told Stan the whole story of *Interview*. We went over to the Cheshire Cat in Berkeley and we were having some beer. I had been writing the book and I said there was this little girl vampire in it and she's four years old, and Stan said, "Oh, no, no, no, not a four-year-old vampire. You can't have a vampire that young." I said, "All right, all right, a *six*-year-old vampire!" But neither of us said, "Michele?" If I had done that I would have been blocked. The character, Claudia, was a little fiend. When I look back on it I think, How in the world could I have been so detached? But I really didn't think of that as being about my life. I just thought, I'm writing this thing, and for some reason when I work with these comic-book vampire characters, these fantasy characters, I can see reality. I can touch reality. This is a context. My books before that had been uneasy mixtures of contemporary California and the French Quarter and Garden District in New Orleans. People thought I was making up all this stuff about the South. They thought I was getting it out of Dickens or something, Miss Havisham and her big house. So it never worked. But anyway, that is what strikes me as so strange, in retrospect, that I didn't completely connect it. It's like I had a dream. The novel was a dream of everything that had gone on, but I didn't make the connection.

PLAYBOY: And it really was connected with the deeper reality.

RICE: Yeah, I think it's a novel all about grief and about loss of faith and about being shattered—yet wanting to live, being sensual and wanting to live. And the sensuality of drinking is certainly in there. I don't like to talk about it because I think it's a trivial aspect of the book, but it's about alcoholism. It's about being drunk. The whole experience of the dark gift is like a drunken swoon. It's almost a drug experience. It's like the golden moment of drinking, when everything makes sense. It was a lot of talking about the craving for booze, the need to drink. That wonderful feeling of transcending and everything meaning something when you are drunk, and yet it was crumbling away.

PLAYBOY: You say that it came from your own drinking experiences, but there are people who connected it with drugs.

RICE: Marijuana. I had powerful experiences on marijuana that were so intense that I quit smoking. And I never touched it again. But I had what other people might refer to as psychedelic experiences just smoking grass and drinking beer. I was describing that in *Interview*. I was describing that entire knowledge, you might say, of listening to Bach when very stoned, so that the music is just lapping and lapping. I had absolutely ghastly experiences of perceiving that we were going to die and that there was no explanation, that we might die without ever knowing what this was all about. And I never recovered. I described it in *The Vampire Lestat*. He saw death in the golden moment, and that has exactly happened to me.

PLAYBOY: Is the issue of immortality what *The Vampire Chronicles* are essentially about?

RICE: The *Chronicles* are about how all of us feel about being outsiders. How we feel that we're really outsiders in a world where everybody else understands something that we don't. It's about our horror of death. It's about how most of us would probably take that blood and be immortal, even if we had to kill. It's about being trapped in the flesh when you have a mind that can soar. It's the human dilemma. What does Yeats say in the poem? "Consume my heart away; sick with desire/And fastened to a dying animal." That's what I feel it's really true to. People are shaken by those things.

PLAYBOY: For your fans, I understand that there's a lighter side to the vampire fantasy, too.

RICE: Yeah. I have some readers who go to the dentist and they get these little fangs made that fit on their teeth. They get them fitted by the dentist and made the same color as the rest of their teeth. In fact, I heard that I have a whole gang of fans in Los Angeles who do that. They put on their teeth and go out at night and sit in cafés, show their fangs. They've come to my door, the people with the fangs. They come to the coven party. They call me on the telephone. Let me emphasize again: All of these people know this is fiction. We're talking about people in their thirties and forties. This is fun to them. This is almost a hobby to be part of the fan club, to dress up like a vampire and to love vampire movies. They're vampire groupies. It represents the romance in their lives. They're wonderful people. I have never met a single one who's been a sinister Satan-worshiping person or anything like that. They just exude goodwill and cheerfulness and laughter. Lots of laughter. It's all fun. Even when they won't step out of their vampire persona, they're just pretending to be vampires and they won't answer questions as anything but a vampire, they're laughing. It's all a gag.

PLAYBOY: You said people call. How do they get your number?

RICE: It's listed, with the address, in the phone book.

PLAYBOY: You're sure you want to say that in print?

RICE: Yes, that's fine. It is listed, but only a certain type of person takes the trouble to find your number and call you, so it tends to be very similar people who call. They're usually young, they're usually college students and high school students. They're enthusiastic about the books and they're nice. They just want to talk for a minute. They just want to say how they enjoyed the books, or they just want to know if there's another one coming out.

PLAYBOY: What books can we expect after *The Body Thief*?

RICE: I've completed a sequel to *The Witching Hour* entitled *Lasher*, which plunges again into the Mayfair family. I've kind of resigned myself to the fact that it's a hybrid science-haunting novel, because Lasher is here with us on this side. I'm fascinated by genetics and science and DNA and evolution, so I get into questions of a mutation. And then I want to get back to Lestat. Then there are all kinds of other books I want to do. Also, I still don't believe I've really done a great haunting novel. That was my goal with *The Witching Hour*, but it became a witchcraft novel. I'd like to do one really about just pure haunting, like *The Turn of the Screw*. Just have ghosts. I'd love to do that, and I'd love to go back to Egypt. So I have all these stories in my head. I just have to find enough time to spend at the keyboard to write them.

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FEEDBACK

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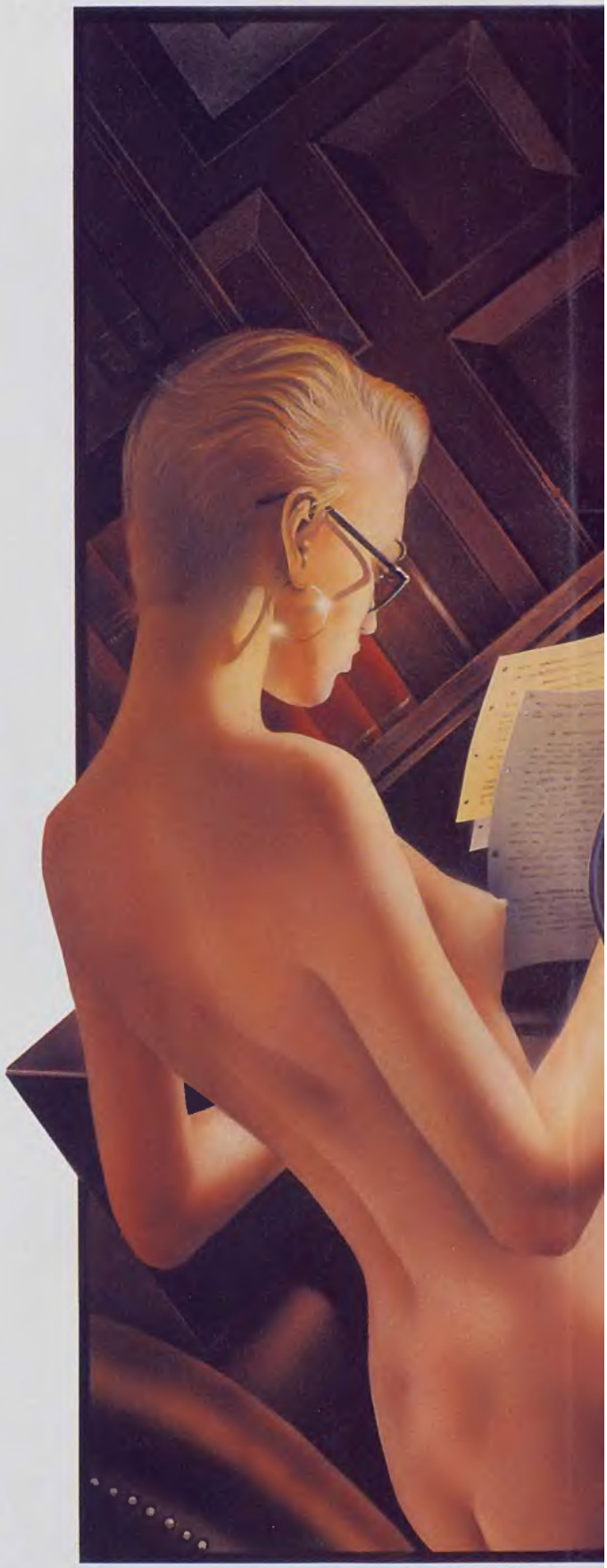
fiction

BY JOE HALDEMAN



THIS GAME was easier before I was famous, or infamous, and before the damned process was so efficient. When I could still pretend it was my own art, or at least about my art. Nowadays, once you're doped up and squeezed into the skinsuit, it's hard to tell whose eye is measuring the model. Whose hand is holding the brush.

I'll work in any painting or drawing medium the customer wants, within reason. Through most of my career people naturally chose my own specialty, transparent watercolor, but since I became famous with the Manhattan Monster thing, a lot of them want me to trowel on thick acrylics in primary colors. Boring. But they take the painting home and hang it up and ask their friends, Isn't that just as scary as shit? That's the stylistic association with the Monster, usually, not the subject matter. Most people's nightmares stay safely hidden when they pick up a brush. Good thing, too. If the customer is a nut case, the collaboration can be truly disturbing—and perhaps revealing. A lot of us find employment in mental institutions. Some of us find residence in them. Occupational hazard.

At least I make enough per assignment now, thanks to the notoriety of the Monster case, so that I can take off half the year to travel and paint for myself. This year, I was leaving the first of February to start off the vacation sailing in the Caribbean. With one week to go, I could already feel the sun, taste the rum. I'd sublet the apartment and studio and already had all my clothes and

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP CASTLE

gear packed into two small bags. Watercolors don't take up much space, and you don't need a lot of clothes where I was headed.

I was even tempted to forsake my schedule and go to the islands early. It would have cost extra and confused my friends, who know me to be methodical and punctual. But I should have done it. God, I should have done it.

•

We had one of those fast, hard snows that make Manhattan beautiful for a while. I walked to and from lunch the long way, through Central Park, willing to trade the slight extra danger for the beauty. Besides, my walking stick supposedly holds an electric charge strong enough to stun a horse.

The man waiting for me in the lobby didn't look like trouble, though you never know. Short, balding, old-fashioned John Lennon–style spectacles.

He introduced himself while I fumbled with overcoat and boots. Juan Carlos Segura, investment counselor.

"Have you ever painted before?" I asked him. "Drawn or sculpted or anything?" Some of the most interesting work I produce in collaboration comes from the inexperienced, their unfamiliarity with the tools and techniques resulting in happy accidents, spontaneity.

"No. My talents lie elsewhere." I think I was supposed to be able to tell how wealthy he was by upper-class lodge signals—the cut of his conservative blue pinstripe, the gold mechanical watch—but my talents lie elsewhere. So I asked him directly, "You understand how expensive my services are?"

"Exactly. One hundred thousand dollars a day."

"And you know you must accept the work as produced? No money-back guarantee."

"I understand."

"We're in business, then." I buzzed my assistant, Allison, to start tea while we waited for the ancient elevator.

People who aren't impressed by my studio, with its original Picasso, Monet, Dali and Turner, are often fascinated by Allison. She is beautiful but very large, 6'3" but perfectly proportioned, as if some magic device had enlarged her by 20 percent. Segura didn't notice the paintings on the walls and didn't blink at her, either. Maybe that should have told me something. He accepted his tea and thanked her politely.

I blew on my tea and studied him over the cup. He looked serious, studious, calm. So had the Manhattan Monster.

"There's half a page of facilitators in the phone book," I said. "Every single one of them charges less than I do." I believe in the direct approach. It sometimes costs me a commission.

He nodded, studying me back.

"Some people want me just because I am the most expensive. A few want me because they know my work, my own work, and it's very good. Most want a painting by the man who released the Monster from Claude Avery."

"Is it important for you to know why I chose you?"

"The more I know about you, the better picture you'll get."

He nodded and paused. "Then accept this. Maybe fifty percent of my motivation is because you are the most costly. That is sometimes an index of value. Of your artistic abilities, or anybody else's, I am totally ignorant."

"So fifty percent is the Monster?"

"Not exactly. In the first place, I don't care to pay that much for something that so many other people have. And I don't like the style. Two of my acquaintances own paintings they did with you in that disturbing mode. But, looking at their paintings, it occurred to me that something more subtle was possible. You. Your anger at being used in this way."

"I have expressed that in my own paintings."

"I am sure that you have. What I want, I suppose, is to express my own anger. At my customers."

That was a new wrinkle. "You're angry at your customers?"

"Not all of them. Most. People give me large amounts of money to invest for them. Once each quarter, I extract a percentage of the profit." He set down the cup and put his hands on his knees. "But most of them want some input. It is their money, after all."

"And you would prefer to follow a single strategy," I said, "to use all their money the same way. The more capital you have behind your investment pattern, the less actual risk—since I assume that you don't have to pay back a percentage—if an investment fails."

"For an artist, you know a lot about money."

I smiled. "I'm a rich artist."

"People are emotionally connected to their money, and they want to do things with it, other than make more money. They want to change the world."

"Interesting. I see the connection with my work. My clients."

"I saw it when I read the profile in *Forbes* a couple years ago."

"And you waited for my price to come down?"

"Your price actually has come down nine percent, because of inflation, since the article. You'll be raising it soon."

"Good timing. I like round numbers, so I'm going up to one-twenty when I return from vacation in August." I picked up a stylus and touchpad and began drawing close parallel lines. It helps me think. "The connection, the analogy, is good. I know that many of my clients must be dissatisfied with abstract smearings that cost them six figures. But they get exactly what they pay for. I explain it to them beforehand, and if they choose not to hear me, that's their problem."

"You said as much in the article. But I don't want abstract smearings. I want your customary medium, when you are working seriously. The old-fashioned hyperrealism."

"Do you want a Boston School watercolor?"

"Exactly. I know the subject, the setting——"

"That's three weeks' work, minimum. More than two million dollars."

"I can afford it."

"Can you afford to leave your own work for three weeks?" I was drawing lines very fast. This would really screw up my vacation schedule. But it would be half a year's income in three weeks.

"I'm not only going to leave for three weeks, I'm going exactly where you are. The Cayman Islands. George Town."

I just looked at him.

"They say the beach is wonderful."

I never asked him how he'd found out about my vacation plans. Through my credit-card company, I supposed. That he would take the trouble before our initial interview was revealing. He was a man who left nothing to chance.

•

He wanted a photo-realist painting of a nude woman sitting in a conference room, alone, studying papers. Horn-rimmed glasses. The conference room elegant.

The room would be no problem, given money, since George Town has as many banks and insurance buildings as bikinis. The model was another matter. Most of the models in George Town would be black, which would complicate the text of the painting, or would be gorgeous beach bums with tan lines and silicone breasts. I told him that I thought we wanted an ordinary woman, trim but severe-looking, someone whose posture would radiate dignity without clothing. (I showed him *Olympia* and *Maja Desnuda* and some Delacroix, and a few of Wyeth's Helgas that had that quality.) She also would have to be a damned good model to do three weeks of sittings in the same position. I suggested we hire someone in

(continued on page 118)

"I know what you want, Wang. I can read you like a scroll."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHEL COMTE

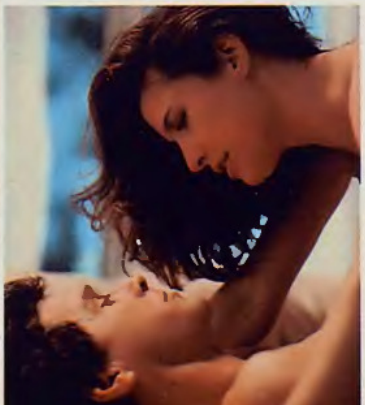
SCREAMING MIMI!

WHEREIN WE SHARE SUSHI, AND MUCH MORE, WITH MIMI ROGERS, THE FUNNIEST, SMARTEST TOTAL BABE IN HOLLYWOOD

By MICHAEL ANGELI

WRITERS must be willing to go anywhere and do anything to get a story. Where I am, at the moment, is under a table in a Los Angeles sushi bar, surveying Mimi Rogers' lower half. Wouldn't you, if you had the chance? "What are you looking for, a potbelly?" Mimi's voice comes from up above, a retrograde drawl, slinky and unflexed, like a hand dangled in the water beside a rowboat. We've been swapping life stories. Hers is the more interesting of the two, composed of some great movie work (*The Rapture*, notably), hilarious turns on TV (her flirtatious guest shot on HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show*) and a tumble through the gossip mags as Mrs. Tom Cruise. Anyway, there I am with my head under the table. (I am a gentleman and wouldn't have done it had she not been wearing jeans.) I had gone below, I suppose, because I sensed the presence of a secret weapon—face it, she has an arsenal. Although I didn't really expect to find the weapon under the table, there's no harm in looking. When I am topside again, Mimi has me in her cross hairs. "How much do you really know about me?" she asks with a smile that could draw rivets from the Golden Gate Bridge. "Let's talk honestly about preconceptions. Tell me what you expected." All right. The Mimi I envisioned was the one who shared a bed with Tom Berenger in the 1987 suspense thriller *Someone to Watch Over Me*. In that film, she is a static beauty, cool and detached, icy and mannered, elegant and stoic. Her emotional access is metered, her sophistication imposing, having been cured by the lazy smoke of privilege, liberated from the heartbreaking associations the rest of us have to make. While she shares the same startling eyes, pupils suspended in pearly angel's plasma, the Mimi presently dangling tempura over her mouth is none of the above. "After that film, there was a

Mimi and Garry Shandling (bottom left) did some serious flirting—on and off the talk-shaw couch—in a memorable episode of HBO's *The Larry Sanders Shaw*. Mimi can do hedonism as well, as she praved in a big way in the 1991 cult hit *The Rapture*, with David Duchovny and Stephanie Menuez (center). In an upcaming NBC mystery movie, *A Kiss to Die For*, Rogers pairs up with Tim Matheson (bottom right).



widespread idea that that was who I was," Mimi says. "And other movie roles would come up and directors would pass over me as being too aloof, too patrician. It was terribly frustrating, because I was acting, for God's sake." She changes gears. "But you never answered me. Come on, how much do you know about me? Tell me some stories about me." The fact is, my misconceptions of Mimi are anemic next to the

Rogers folklore coursing through the Hollywood circulatory system. When she laments that she was acting, for God's sake, there are those who would say, Exactly: Mimi is not what she appears to be. Along those lines, there is the "Mimi Rogers, militant scientologist" rumor. Rogers calmly addresses this aspect of her past: "This is the philosophy I grew up with. My parents were scientologists. It was a religious philosophy that I was shaped and formed by, part of my education. So, in that sense, it will always be there." For those fixated on the image of Rogers as a breast-beating *Dianetics* thumper, I suggest a screening of Michael Tolkin's brilliant 1991 film, *The Rapture*. In a rendering remarkable by anyone's standards, Mimi plays a hedonist prowling for group sex who becomes disenchanted and begins *(text continued on page 161)*

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, SEXUALITÉ!

THE CONQUERING HERO OF *FEAR OF FLYING* CHARGES THE RAMPARTS OF THE NEXT SEXUAL REVOLUTION

ARTICLE
BY ERICA JONG

MOST PEOPLE are not free. Freedom frightens them. They follow patterns set by their parents, enforced by society and by a constant inner dialog that weighs duty against desire and pronounces duty the winner. "Lives of quiet desperation," Thoreau called such existence, though today's version is noisy desperation.

Occasionally, a visionary comes along who seems to have conquered the fears in himself, living with bravado and courage. People are at once terrified of such a creature—and admiring. They are also envious.

Someone who has conquered human fears is recognized as a hero or heroine. We are provoked by the example, but we are also inclined to blame ourselves for living too timidly. So the hero or heroine is often attacked—even killed—because of the envy of ordinary mortals. If we could see the hero as embodying our own aspirations, we would not need to destroy him or her, but could rather emulate and learn.

Henry Miller was such a hero. He did not start out fearless, but he learned to overcome his fears. He wrote a book, *Tropic of Cancer*, that breathed fresh air into American—and world—literature. The freedom, to those who would take it in, was like pure oxygen. For the others—the fearful, the envious, those who refused to breathe—Miller had to be discredited as a pervert or sex maniac because his message was too terrifying. Life is here for the taking, he says. And those who refused to live fully had to blame him for their own failure.

Like Byron, Pushkin, George Sand and Colette, Miller became more than a writer. He became a protagonist and a prophet, the prophet of a new consciousness. His writings and his life mingled to create a larger myth, a myth that embodied the human attraction toward—and fear of—freedom.

Miller's writing, without a doubt, is full of imperfection, bombast and humbug. Sometimes its slovenliness makes it hard to defend. But the purity of his example, his heart, his openness, sets him apart from most American writers.

At present, Miller's reputation still hangs in the balance. Even those who have defended him remain uncomfortable with him.

Miller remains among the most misunderstood of writers, seen

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

TROPIC
OF
CANCER

either as a pornographer or a guru, a sexual enslaver or sexual liberator, a prophet or pervert. All the questions his life and oeuvre raise about the role of a writer in society, the impact of books on sexual politics, the impact of sexual politics on books, the threat of censorship to free speech and written expression, unfortunately, are as fresh today as they ever were.

In his decision to be explicit whatever the price, Miller stands in a tiny crowd: James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and William Burroughs. What did sex mean to Henry Miller and why was he willing to risk everything to describe it in his books?

He answers the question clearly in the first edition of *The World of Sex*:

> Sometimes in the recording of a bald sexual incident great significance adheres. Sometimes the sexual becomes a writhing, pulsating facade such as we see on Indian temples. Sometimes it is a fresco hidden in a sacred cave where one may sit and contemplate things of the spirit. There is nothing I can possibly prohibit myself from doing in the realm of sex. It is a world unto itself. . . . It is a cold fire which burns in us like a sun. It is never dead, even though the sun may become a moon. There are no dead things in the universe—it is only our way of thinking which makes death.

For Miller, this cold fire of sexuality is equivalent to the life force. That is what Miller had in common with Lawrence and why he labored so long (nearly five decades) and so maddeningly over his book about Lawrence. He shares with Lawrence the pagan sense of sex—sex as primal flux, sex as the code of existence, the matrix of all creativity. Miller uses the word sex in a cosmic sense, not a genital sense. And he is almost surprised to discover that the whole world did not see it that way as well.

He did not start at this point, of course. He started in Brooklyn, suffering from the same sexual neuroses and inhibitions that bedeviled many of his contemporaries. Perhaps he even suffered more than his contemporaries, which was why he was so keen to free himself. Only the most enslaved of us longs with such intensity to be free. Working his way through letters and vignettes, through *Clipped Wings*, *Moloch* and *Crazy Cock* and on to the new life of *Tropic of Cancer*, he liberated himself to partake of the cosmic sexual dance and thereby to understand that only by such participation in the dance of life could freedom be won.

Henry could only write, finally, by listening to the dictation of the Voice. He had to write what the Voice dictated or write nothing at all. He did not choose his subject matter; it chose him. He discovered he was nothing but a medium, a channel, and he let language flow through him.

To Miller, sex is the seeming chaos out of which all life springs. If he suppressed it, he would suppress all expression. He had no choice but to write about sex.

Miller's book *The World of Lawrence*, written and rewritten in the early Thirties, abandoned sometime after the publication of the *Tropic of Cancer* and finally published as his last book (rather than his first, as it was meant to be) in 1980, gives us many clues to his understanding of sex and its role in his writing.

Is *Lady Chatterley's Lover* obscene? If so, how is obscenity justified? No justification is necessary, Miller concludes:

> Life is obscene and miraculous, and neither is there any justification for life. Obscenity is a divine prerogative of man and is always to be used carelessly, heedlessly, without scruple or qualms, without religious or aesthetic defense. When the body becomes sacred, obscenity comes into its own. Purity of speech is as much bosh as purity of action—there is no such thing. Obscenity is stomped down when the body is degraded, when the soul is made to usurp the body's proper function.

In discussing Lawrence, Miller surveys the history of civilization and its varying attitudes toward sexuality. He notes how sex went from openness to hiddenness as Christianity overtook the pagan world. He blames Christianity and its dualism for our culture's rejection of the body and all its wants.

"Obscenity," he notes, "figures large and heavily, magnificently and awesomely, in all primitive peoples." Miller observes that in so-called primitive cultures, religion and ritual always have a strong sexual element, as well as a strong element of death. Why? Because sex and death evoke our deepest pleasures and our deepest fears.

Why is sex important? The answer is so obvious that it needs immense obfuscation and denial to be ignored. Sex is important because it is the root of life.

"The savage is not a sick man," Miller writes. "The savage retains his sense of awe, mystery, his love of action, his right to behave like the animal he is."

And the animal puts no veil between itself and sex, between itself and death. Sex just is, namelessly. And therefore, so is death. "Sex is the great Janus-faced symbol of life and death," according to Miller. "It is never one or the other; it is always both. The great lie of life here comes to the surface; the contradiction refuses to be resolved."

Fear of sex is also fear of death, because when we embrace sex, we symbolically embrace our own mortality. For many men, the fear of woman is equivalent to the fear of mortality. It is woman's fecundity that reminds men of the everlasting dance of birth and death.

These ideas have been reinforced in our time by the plague of sexually transmitted diseases that announced itself after the so-called sexual revolution was touted. A causal connection was made between sexual freedom and disease, a connection few ever stopped to question. The sexual revolution was blamed for the AIDS epidemic because such causation fits perfectly with our puritanical notions of retribution for pleasure. Sex has again become the root of all evil—and with it comes a ferocious backlash against women, gays, blacks and Hispanics, against all those who do not conform to a white male ideal of sexless and bloodless spirituality.

Miller understood that the fear of sex projected onto women was one of the major ills of society. Both sexes, Miller felt, were equally to blame for the sexual degradation of modern life. He partook of this fear himself, but then he transcended it. He is really speaking of himself when he says of two of his predecessors:

> [August] Strindberg remained a misogynist, whereas Lawrence (perhaps because of his latent femininity) arrived at a higher or deeper understanding. His abuse goes out equally to man and to woman; he stresses continually the need for each to accentuate their sex, to insist upon polarity, so as to strengthen the sexual connection which can renew and revive all the other forces, the major forces that are necessary for the development of the whole being, to stay the waste of contemporary disintegration.

To Miller, both sexes were equally to blame for the sexual degradation of modern life: "The real cause lies deeper than this surface war between the sexes," Miller writes. "It issues from the evil seed of the Christian ideal."

In this aperçu, Miller prefigured such feminists as Mary Daley (in *Beyond God, the Father* and other books), who analyze the whore–Madonna split

(continued on page 86)

"Hey, Toulouse, is that a brush in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"

THAT'S ITALIAN!

john turturro models and mugs in the latest european looks

fashion by
HOLLIS WAYNE

Since one of Turturro's lotest films, Mac, marks his directoriol debut, we chose severol looks befitting a Hollywood heavy hitter. The one ot left includes a khoki silk/linen/wool blend seersucker three-button single-breasted sports jocket with notched lapels, about $750, ton silk/wool inverted box double-pleated trousers, obout $300, o tan, lavender and peach crepe/linen striped buttondown shirt, $225, ond a silk rep tie, about $80, oll by Vestimenta. At right, he's wearing a khaki linen three-button single-breosted sports jocket with notched lopels, $583, brown linen pull-on pants, about $190, ond o white linen peosont shirt, obout $200, all by Industrio.

UNLIKE the intense characters he has portrayed in such acclaimed films as *Barton Fink*, *Miller's Crossing* and *Do the Right Thing*, actor John Turturro is a laid-back guy who prefers clothing that's comfortable. Lucky for him, we've chosen a relaxed lineup of Italian menswear as the subject of this month's fashion feature. As you can see, jackets are soft and lean and are designed to be layered over vests, banded-collar shirts and even drawstring pull-on pants. The look of the moment is the three-button single-breasted style in natural fabrics such as linen, cotton and lightweight wool blends. Surface texture is important, too. A seersucker jacket, for example, is meant to appear puckered, and a linen one should look slightly wrinkled. That means no over-ironing. *Capisce?*

A vest looks smart under a three-button jacket—especially if the former has a high neckline, at least five buttons and a relaxed, comfortable fit. Here, Turturro wears a tan linen six-button vest, $270, with a mustard linen three-button single-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, about $1160, and a tan linen straight-point-collar shirt, $330, all by Byblos; plus a silk tie, by Vestimenta, $75.

GROOMING BY SARA RAEBURN
HAIR BY NIGEL BARNES
FREELANCERS U.K. LTD.

There are several ways to wear a three-buttan single-breasted jacket: open, as John does here, or closed, with either the tap buttan apen (best for short ar heavyset men), or the battom one open. His autfit includes a charcaal linen/crepe three-button single-breasted suit, $1278, and a black-and-white-checked linen banded-callar shirt, abaut $270. Both are by Giorgia Armani le Colleziani.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAILEY

Where & Haw to Buy on page 163.

SEXUALITÉ!

(continued from page 80)

"What is it about sex that is so freeing? It is an affirmation of I am; an affirmation of life."

that has fed the fires of the sex war between woman and man. This divisive way of thinking has led our culture to a puritanical rejection of both sexuality and woman as merely screens for death.

A new paradigm is in order, one that sees women and men holistically rather than as battling armies. Such paradigms exist, but they have been buried for centuries, buried by Judeo-Christian brainwashing—and now by Moslem brainwashing, too.

No one is really looking at the problem in terms of root causes. Our worldview must change before we can change the world. This is why I fear that the reductive antisexual view of Miller's work—whether by male chauvinist prudes or feminist prudes—is merely another symptom of the distorted worldview he was seeking, above all, to change.

Miller offers his own definition of sex by revealing Lawrence's definition of sex: "A sensuality rooted in a primitive apprehension of one's relation with universe, with woman, with man. Sensuality is the animal instincts, which he wanted to bring out again; sexuality, the false cultural attitude which he wanted to overthrow."

Perhaps we should call that primal force Sex (with a capital S) to differentiate it from the smarmy world of porno parlors and stroke books with which, in our puritanical, sexomaniacal culture, it is nearly always confused. It was the chief irony of Miller's life that he sought to change this debased sort of sexuality and bring it into cosmic perspective. Instead, it was his fate to be confused with this debased sexuality, as if there were no difference at all between his revolutionary writing and the frivolous titillations of sex for sale. Writers are often accused of doing exactly what they are attempting to change.

Miller's cosmic view of sex has never been more needed. We have gone through a decade of backlash against the sexual revolution, against gay rights, against women's rights. During this decade we have also experienced a population boom and a widespread attack on reproductive freedom.

The tide has begun to turn. This decade already looks like a decade of social ferment, change and feminism. Let us not make the mistakes we made in the last decade of social ferment—the Sixties. Let us not equate sexuality with a narrow promiscuity. Rather let us learn to see it in a cosmic Millerian sense as the very dance of life. It is critical that we expand rather than narrow our notions of sexuality. And Miller can guide us. Sexuality need not only depend on an exchange of bodily fluids. It can be an attitude of openness to the world and to the cosmos beyond.

What shall we do with our sexophobia? It manifests itself on both sides of the political spectrum—from Women Against Pornography to the fundamentalist right. Our sexophobia impedes medical research for contraception, impedes needed reforms of women's health care, even impedes our ability to prepare teenagers to enjoy their sexuality safely in an overpopulated world.

When I was 14, kids were terrified of sex because one could die of a backstreet abortion. Now my 13-year-old daughter and her friends are terrified of sex because of AIDS. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Must we conclude that we have made a society in which teenagers are compelled to hate their most powerful urges, their own bodies, their own drives? Must we conclude that the excuses vary but the sexophobia remains constant? Must we conclude that on some deep level we indeed want such a world?

Sexophobia is with us, ever present, stronger every day. We are creating a sexually tormented generation just as our grandparents and great-grandparents did. We no longer say that masturbation causes blindness. We merely say that sex causes death.

Miller saw this sexophobia as early as the Twenties and related it, even then, to money, consumerism and war. As we all know, money drives out sex. The anxiety about getting and spending is an antiaphrodisiac. The more we focus on money, the less free we are, the less lusty and the less revolutionary. As Miller himself said regarding *Tropic of Cancer*, "The problem of the author was never one of sex, nor even of religion, but of self-liberation."

Miller's self-liberation is sexual in the cosmic—not the genital—sense. Yes, Miller wrote of genital sexuality in *Tropic*, in *Black Spring*, in *The Rosy Crucifixion*. But as he explains in *The World of Sex*, the sexual is the first step toward the spiritual:

> In that first year or so in Paris, I literally died, was literally annihilated and resurrected as a new man. The *Tropic of Cancer* is a sort of human document written in blood, recording the struggle in the womb of death. The strong sexual odor is, if anything, the aroma of birth, disagreeable, repulsive even when dissociated from its significance. The *Tropic of Cancer* represents another death and birth, the transition, if I may say, from the conscious artist to the budding spiritual being which is the last phase of evolution.

Miller was wise enough to know that the sexual and the spiritual were as close as twins. He was wise enough to know that by flinging ourselves with utter abandon into the sexual, we find the spiritual beckoning. "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," as Blake said. Or, as Miller said on a similar theme, "Like every man, I am my own worst enemy, but unlike most men, I know too that I am my own savior."

What does sex have in common with salvation for Miller? Both partake of liberation. Miller often said that his only subject was self-liberation. He was right. The sexuality of his books points the way to self-liberation. So does the spirituality.

What is it about sex that is so freeing? It is an affirmation of *I am*; an affirmation of life, and at once an affirmation of flux. Miller writes:

> We go along thinking the world to be thus and so. We are not thinking, of course, or the picture would be different every moment. When we go along thus we are merely preserving a dead image of a live moment in the past. However, let us say we meet a woman. We enter into her. Everything is changed. What has changed? We do not know precisely. It seems as if everything has changed. It might be that we never see the woman again, or it might be that we never separate. She may lead us to hell or she may open the doors of the world for us.

It is this transforming power of sex that led Miller to focus on it in his books. Transformation interests him, and, above all, transformation is what the world of sex offers.

Sex galvanizes the individual spheres of being that clash and conflict. It makes the external world shed its deathlike folds. It affords us glimpses of that stark, durable reality that is neither beneficent nor cruel.

(concluded on page 143)

"Just one minute! That's not us up there!"

HEROES AT THE MASSACRE

twenty-five years later, the soldier who blew the whistle on my lai remembers a few good men

CURIOUS, isn't it, how the first thing you recall about someone you haven't seen in a long time is often the last thing you'd expect to remember?

That's how it was that night at Duc Pho in April 1968, when I ran into Butch Gruver, the only man I ever saw strain rubbing alcohol through a loaf of bread and drink it.

Gruver's bread-to-booze trick, performed during a break in jungle-warfare training in Hawaii, pretty much convinced the rest of us that he wasn't like the rest of us. There was something about him—a lazy, ratlike intensity—that made you pay attention to this hard little man. He said he'd done time in an Arkansas prison, and no one doubted it.

I believed him six months later, too, when we crossed trails on the edge of the road at Duc Pho, outside 11th Brigade Headquarters in Vietnam.

That was when I first heard about what happened at Pinkville, a place the world came to know as My Lai.

Gruver was in full Long-Range Reconnaissance Patrol regalia that evening—tiger stripes, web belt and suspenders loaded with ammunition, a bulging, battle-ready rucksack with everything taped down for silent movement in the jungle. He was with four other guys, also LRRPs—lurps, as we called them. Lurps worked in small teams that got choppered into places where they'd hide out for a few days and watch the enemy. Gruver and his bunch were due to be dropped into the mountains west of us the next morning.

That night, after eating, Butch and I found an empty tent and sat down at a packing-crate table, hot beers in hand. By and by he said, "Hey, man, did you hear what we did at Pinkville?"

I'd heard the name. A month earlier I had been in a firefight as a helicopter door gunner near Pinkville, a collection of several hamlets about 20 miles north of Duc Pho. Pinkville got its name from the color used on Army maps to indicate population density. It was said to be the stomping grounds of a particularly fierce Viet Cong battalion.

"No, man," I said. "What did you do at Pinkville?"

His answer made me remember the question. One month earlier, Gruver said, he and the rest of Charlie Company went through Pinkville and killed everybody they saw—hundreds of men, women, children, babies. Slaughtered them with machine guns, rifles, pistols, grenades, bayonets. Raped the women, burned the houses. Killed the livestock.

One man who took part in the operation, a lieutenant described by Gruver as "that dickhead Calley," seemed to have a special enthusiasm for the killing. He lined up villagers in groups for execution. Screamed at GIs and threatened to shoot anyone who refused to fire.

"Yeah," Gruver said as we sat in the tent. "A lot of people went pretty crazy that day."

I think I must have gone a little crazy myself that night, listening to his story. I knew it was true even as the words came out of Gruver's mouth, one ugly detail after another, and I knew it wasn't some kind of random, accidental act. Whatever happened at My Lai had to have been the direct result of official military policy. There was no doubt in my mind about that. Shit may have rolled downhill in Vietnam, but blood flowed up the chain of command.

I promised myself that I would pursue the story in the eight months I had left of my tour. The facts would be easy enough to check. Several buddies from jungle training in Hawaii had ended up serving with Gruver in Charlie Company. They wouldn't be hard to track down.

I hoped my friends weren't part of the killing. But if they were, well, they were. Whatever was true, was true. Nobody could change that. And I vowed to myself that I would not keep this secret.

We were supposed to be soldiers in the United States Army, not butchers of women and babies. We were not perfect, God knows, but, even left to our own vices—and we had our share—most of us were better than that. Indeed, some of the men who had been at My Lai that day, as I would discover, truly had been heroes.

•

My friend Billy, I was sad to learn, was not one of them.

We trained together in Hawaii, Billy and I. A few weeks after Gruver told me about My Lai, we all ended up in the same lurp unit, living in a camp on the beach at Chu Lai.

Just about everybody was smoking dope by then, but Billy, like a handful of guys in our unit, was into harder stuff. He was one of the few who knew of an opium den in the ville, a Vietnamese camptown, whose cardboard and flattened-beer can shanties began near the main gate on Highway One. I'm not sure when Billy started going there or how he found out about it, only that after a while I came to know that the

article
By RON RIDENHOUR

PAINTING BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

ville was where he always went.

At first he was getting a pass. But pretty soon the captain got wise that something weird was going on, and that was the end of Billy's passes. Fuck 'em, he told me the next day, and that night he was gone. Over the wire.

From then on Billy didn't need a pass. He just left when he felt like it and came back when he was ready.

Sometimes when he got back, he'd come and find me, usually in the unit's small, ammo-crate club. I'd be knocking down 3.2 beer and getting sick—it didn't take much of the half-formaldehyde swill to do it. Come on, man, Billy would say. Let's go sit on the beach and smoke a joint.

The beach at Chu Lai was magnificent then: a clean, white half-moon whose gentle crescent formed a broad, starlit arc on the edge of the South China Sea. Sitting there, facing the horizon, staring out into the eastern distance, dreaming of what we called "the world" that lay beyond it, we passed a smoke back and forth and watched the waves wash in. We'd talk about this and that. The war. Home. Our girlfriends. How the Army sucked. How Vietnam sucked. After a while, though, our conversation would always come back to the same subject. Suddenly it would just be there, the nightmare, Pinkville.

Billy had been at My Lai that day, along with Gruver and the rest of Charlie Company. For him, though, the dead from Pinkville had become his lifelong companions. On those evenings when we sat out there on the beach at Chu Lai, their ghosts always drifted in for a visit.

Billy used to look out across the water, hugging his knees. "All them people we killed, man," he would begin to say after a while, singing out to them over and over again, rocking back and forth to the rhythm of the waves. "All them people we killed."

•

Sometimes it takes forever for the perfectly obvious to crystallize in your mind. Slaughter was the name of our game in Vietnam. Even though I saw it happening all around me from the beginning, it took My Lai to make me understand what I was seeing.

By the time I got to Vietnam just before Christmas 1967, everybody was talking about killing gooks. Gooks this, gooks that. The gooks, the gooks, the gooks. At first there was some confusion. How did you tell gooks from the good Vietnamese, for instance? After a while it became clear. You didn't have to. That's what everybody said. "They're all VC when they're dead." They were all gooks.

I had once overheard two sergeants talking about another massacre a few months before I learned about Pinkville.

"Jesus," one of them said after hearing the details from his friend, "how did you shoot women and kids?"

"Just closed my eyes and squeezed the trigger," said the other man.

I'd been seeing the little massacres right along, the murders of one, two, maybe three or four people at a time, ever since I'd gotten to Vietnam and started flying light air cover for grunt companies. Sometimes, standing on a chopper skid, flitting along 50 feet above a bunch of GIs, you'd see some grunt simply blow a peasant away. Blip-blip-blip. Like that. Nothing to it. One VC KIA, you'd hear the report come over the radio. Got us a gook, captain.

In five separate instances I saw with my own eyes, the offense of the newly dead was that the man happened to be home when the grunts arrived. Wasn't much more to it than that. He was Vietnamese. He was male. He was home. He was adios. Other times, we'd fly over moments after a U.S. Infantry company or Vietnamese patrol had blown holes in a bunch of civilians for no apparent reason. They'd be lying there, three, four, maybe as many as a half dozen, bleeding and dying, some piece or another of them flopping around in the road. If they had weapons, I never saw them. Travel was hazardous for civilians. Being alive was hazardous.

What was happening all around us in Vietnam was not a strategy that went awry, or one that had unforeseen and regrettable consequences for a few unfortunate civilians. It was one in which the deliberate military aim was to lay waste to the countryside.

Yes. Kill them all. Let God sort 'em out. The brass knew what they were doing. They knew what we were doing. We were doing what they wanted us to do. We were killing people, and, as we soon discovered, the brass didn't care who we killed, so long as there were a lot of them.

•

Every fifth round in my M-60 machine gun was a red-tipped tracer. When I pulled the trigger, it was like drawing a flaming orange line through the air, marking the hot, bucking edge of a jagged scalpel. That's what we used them for, to slice people into multiple parts. It's not like cutting up a chicken, of course. People come unglued from the business end of a gun in tiny little bits that splatter all over everything. Very messy.

Although I eventually transferred to the Americal Division LRRPs, I spent the first four months of my tour in Vietnam as a door gunner, standing on the skid of a helicopter as it whipped and twisted and turned just above the treetops and rice paddies, zooming over a hedgerow or tree line into a surprised village or placid paddy, searching for armed Vietnamese men to slice into bloody little guerrilla specks.

The ships we used in Primo, my chopper outfit, were those small police-like jobs with the Plexiglas bubbles and barely enough room for three people. In ours the pilot sat in the middle and the door gunners stood on either side, balancing M-60 machine guns and 200 rounds of ammunition, which were suspended from the top of the door frame with elastic bungee cords. Dressed in large armored ceramic bulletproof vests, flak jackets, fully hooded helmets, high boots and gloves, we must have appeared to the Vietnamese like men from Mars, descending from the sky in our clattering machines, noisy ray guns spitting red death.

We called ourselves hunter-killer teams, a term later softened to aero-scouts. We traveled in pairs, usually at first light or last light—sunup or sundown—looking for guerrillas on the move. Two choppers right on the deck. One ship always flew low, no more than 50 feet off the ground and usually lower, hopping hedges, offering itself as a target while the other ship flew above and a little behind the first, circling, keeping the lower bird covered. It may sound as if we had a lot of moxie to stand out there, swooping around, waiting to be shot at. But the truth was that any peasant revolutionaries who challenged us in small numbers were inviting death.

They did not call us hunter-killers for nothing. It was our game, even if it was their country.

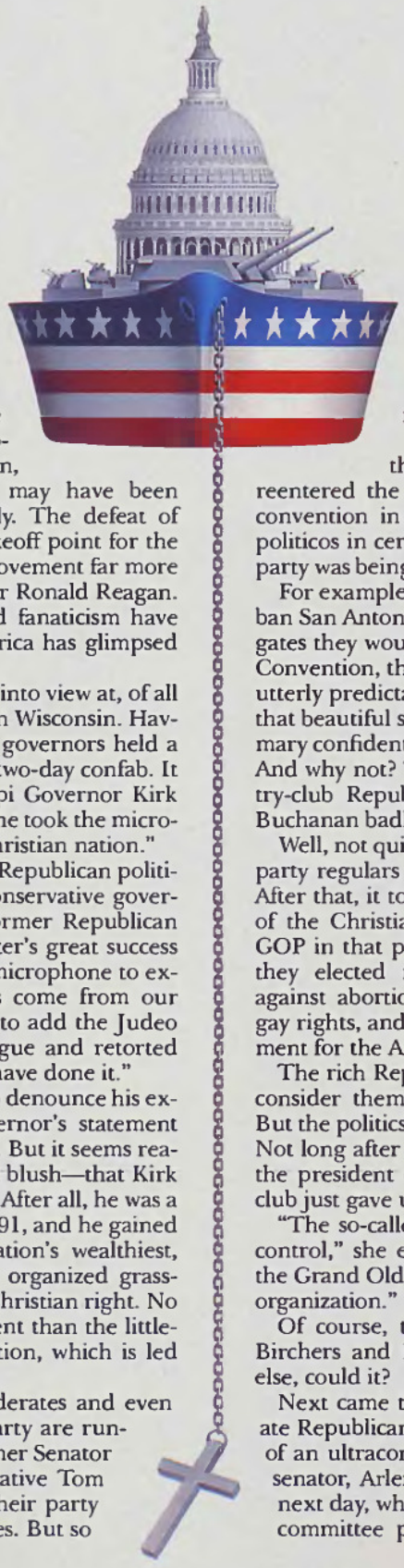
When it happened, it happened quickly, in the blink of an eye. We would be zooming along, bobbing and weaving above the rice paddies, popping up suddenly over the tree line or a hedgerow, and there they were. Two, three, four—sometimes more—small men trapped in the open, with rifles in hand.

One morning, I remember, things did not go according to script. That day—it could have been the same morning that Charlie Company started work at My Lai—we found a lone guerrilla. Or perhaps I should say he found us. He was a small man, well hidden and dressed only in purple shorts and flip-flops, armed with an M-2 carbine and a handful of rounds. We had not

(continued on page 144)

WITH GOD AS THEIR CO-PILOT

under cover of a devastating republican defeat, pat robertson's operatives hope to hijack the ship of state



article by Joe Conason

A WIDE RANGE of Americans celebrated lustily the night the Republicans lost the White House. Breaking out the champagne after 12 years of GOP rule were the old left, the new Democrats, the pro-choicers, the environmentalists, women, minorities and gays. But those corks may have been popped in vain, or at least prematurely. The defeat of George Bush may mark only the true takeoff point for the increasingly powerful religious right, a movement far more ominous than any represented by Bush or Ronald Reagan. It is a movement whose intolerance and fanaticism have been festering for years, but which America has glimpsed only in recent months.

Two weeks after Election Day, it reared into view at, of all places, a Republican governors' meeting in Wisconsin. Having gathered to nurse their wounds, the governors held a brief press conference at the end of their two-day confab. It should have been a dull affair. Mississippi Governor Kirk Fordice unexpectedly livened it up when he took the microphone and declared that America is "a Christian nation."

Such sentiments are anathema to most Republican politicians, including Carroll Campbell, the conservative governor of South Carolina, who is one of former Republican National Committee chairman Lee Atwater's great success stories. Governor Campbell leapt to the microphone to explain that of course the nation's values come from our "Judeo-Christian heritage. I just wanted to add the Judeo part." Fordice glared at his Dixie colleague and retorted sharply, "If I wanted to do that, I would have done it."

The following day, as people lined up to denounce his exclusionary rhetoric, the Mississippi governor's statement blew up in his face. He swiftly apologized. But it seems reasonable to note—as he himself did at first blush—that Kirk Fordice meant what he said the first time. After all, he was a political novice when he was elected in 1991, and he gained his high office with the help of the nation's wealthiest, fastest-growing, most powerful and best organized grassroots political movement: the resurgent Christian right. No group is more important to that movement than the little-known 300,000-member Christian Coalition, which is led by televangelist Pat Robertson.

It was one more example of why moderates and even many conservatives in the Republican Party are running scared. A few of them, including former Senator Warren Rudman and former Representative Tom Campbell, are now organizing to keep their party from being taken over by Robertson forces. But so far their Republican Majority Coalition, founded last December, is little more than a fund-raising letterhead, and they are scared because they know it may already be too late.

Although most Americans first noticed that a strangely authoritarian tone had reentered the nation's politics during the Republican convention in Houston last August, local Republican politicos in certain key states began to realize that their party was being taken over as early as the spring of 1992.

For example, when the upright Republicans of suburban San Antonio, Texas got together to choose the delegates they would send to the 1992 Republican National Convention, they probably expected the usual staid and utterly predictable proceedings. They had gone to sleep that beautiful spring night of the Texas presidential primary confident that all was well in their neat little world. And why not? Their president, the quintessential country-club Republican George Bush, had whupped Pat Buchanan badly and that was the end, wasn't it?

Well, not quite. At the delegate selection meetings, the party regulars began to notice a lot of unfamiliar faces. After that, it took only a few hours for the new activists of the Christian right to blow away the country-club GOP in that part of Texas. With laser-beam precision, they elected new chairmen and passed resolutions against abortion, sex education, AIDS education and gay rights, and for the abolition of the National Endowment for the Arts.

The rich Republicans of San Antonio's Bexar County consider themselves very conservative. And they are. But the politics of this new crowd gave them a bad scare. Not long after the Christian rightists staged their coup, the president of the Alamo City Republican Women's club just gave up and quit.

"The so-called Christian activists have finally gained control," she explained in her resignation letter, "and the Grand Old Party is more religious cult than political organization."

Of course, that was Texas, a traditional hotbed of Birchers and Bible jocks. Couldn't happen anywhere else, could it?

Next came the Pennsylvania primary, where moderate Republicans slept soundly after cheering the defeat of an ultraconservative challenger to their incumbent senator, Arlen Specter. For them the shock came the next day, when the votes for obscure Republican state committee positions were *(continued on page 156)*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE PIETZSCH

BANK
MUSIC TELEVISION
MUSIC TELEVISION
MUSIC TELEVISION

INSIDE

DUFF, THE GORGEOUS MTV VJ, is in her room at the Daytona Beach Marriott, hanging out with her equally gorgeous new friend, Whitfield Crane, lead singer from Ugly Kid Joe. She's fresh from a string of photo shoots for fashion magazines. His first record is zooming up the charts. They're in Florida for MTV's coverage of Daytona's Spring Break festivities, he to perform, she to host. A little celebration seems in order.

Duff, 30, calls room service and orders champagne and a giant batch of pancakes—50, at least. No butter, no syrup, just pancakes. The waiter rolls in this humongous cart. The scene is like a Three Stooges movie. Duff and Crane open the window and look down to the hotel's sprawling patio, the beach and the MTV stage beyond. The VJ and the rock star sail pancakes one by one out onto the teeming masses of horny college students far below.

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Poor Duff doesn't realize it, but rock-and-roll excess has become politically incorrect at MTV. The channel is in the process of redefining itself for the Nineties, and a downshift to humility, and relevancy, is in progress.

MTV recently completed a major research study that revealed, as have other studies, a deep-seated malaise among young people between 14 and 24 years old. "The baby-bust generation is not held in very high regard by the baby boom–controlled media," says MTV Networks chairman Tom Freston. "People think they watch too much MTV, they don't read, they don't write, they don't give a shit. It's very far from the truth."

He's asked if it isn't true that 18-to-24-year-olds have the lowest voter turnout of any age group. "Yeah, well, nobody's talking to them," Freston quickly answers. "And they're inheriting a world that is, by and large, fucked. They can't have a lot of sex, they can't drink and drive, the environment's totally fucked up, everybody's getting cancer. The economy sucks. There's a lot of despair out there."

This discovery that America's youth is on a serious downer happened to come at a time when MTV found itself in a bit of a funk. Judy McGrath is MTV's creative director, a job that makes her, as a corporate bio puts it, "essentially the creative guardian of MTV's image." She's fulfilled that responsibility over the past seven years with considerable wit, intelligence and taste. The fact that MTV's channel IDs, promos and "art breaks" are usually far more interesting than its music videos attests to that. A 40-year-old woman who manages to be funky and elegant at the same time (her office furniture includes handmade maple chairs by Dialogica and a ceramic table lamp in the shape of Michael Jackson's head), McGrath recalls that sometime in 1991 an uneasy notion set in that MTV had gone awry.

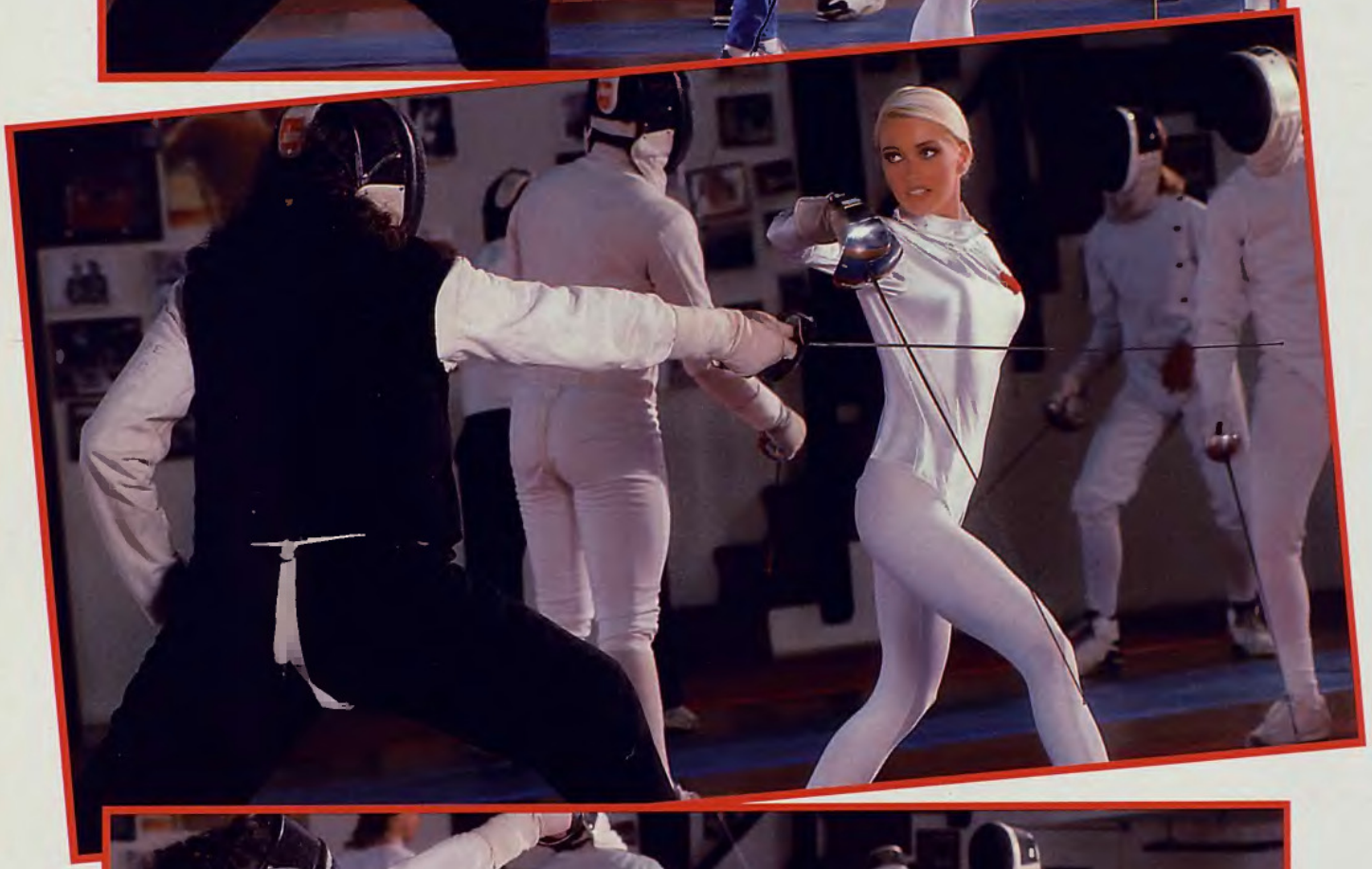
"We were all saying, 'How come we don't like the IDs anymore?' and 'How come I'm tired of the promos?'" Pondering the situation with MTV's marketing consultant Fred Seibert, it was decided that the problem was a sort of groundlessness that had allowed MTV to drift into inner space. "I think we were starting to get into art for art's sake," McGrath says. "In the Eighties we were definitely into totally produced, totally slick, total wizardry. We were almost to the point of being for our own entertainment instead of for the audience's. It lacked some sense of purpose."

Searching for a reason for MTV's being, McGrath and Seibert came back to the despair identified in the research. They realized that they were dealing with nothing less than a disenfranchised generation. No one, including MTV, was taking a stand for today's youth. In a world filled with disdain, no *(continued on page 138)*

AS THE MUSIC CHANNEL STRUGGLES WITH MATURITY, IT'S FACED WITH THE TWO CHALLENGES EVERY TEENAGER KNOWS WELL: GROWING UP AND MAKING MONEY

ARTICLE BY DOUG HILL

SCULPTURE BY DON BAUM



EN GARDE!

miss march, kimberly donley, makes her point perfectly

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN is hard to resist. She will pitch your boat, make your compass needle go haywire, have you begging your friends to tie you to the mast. But a beautiful woman with a gift for laughter will put you on the rocks as sure as a Londonderry fog. Here, then, is Kimberly Donley, faithfully demonstrating the fencer's classic stance, balancing her weight

Kim takes a few pointers on thrust, parry and defense from an L.A. fencing master. "Some people have the notion that fencing is for sissies," she says, "but it's really very competitive—all balance and positioning."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

"One thing about me that almost bothers me is that I am so sensitive to people. Once I walk into a room, I can feel if people like me or not. What do you coll that?" she osks. We call it somebody with o roomful of friends.

on the coil of her long legs. "I can do the moves, but I don't know their names yet. It's all in the wrist," she divulges with a whisper and a bounce, then cracks up completely. Her laughter is a joyous reflex, hinting at capitulation with the right joke. Prepare to abandon ship. "I laugh a lot," the 27-year-old Aurora, Illinois native concedes. "Maybe I should take life more seriously." Certainly, adult life for Donley started out in a more somber direction. After completing instruction in computer science, Kim sought high fame in the insurance industry. "Some time ago, I went to a product liability seminar, and that's when I said to myself, 'What am I doing? This is not me. I'm going to die of boredom in the insurance world.'" Swapping her low deductible for a chance to break into modeling and acting, Kim now divides her time between Arizona's painted deserts (she leases a condo in Phoenix) and the shrink-to-fit hysteria of Los Angeles, where her boyfriend has a local following as a guitarist and songwriter. "I come to L.A. to relax, can you believe it?" she asks, laughing again. "All my friends are back in Phoenix and the phone's constantly ringing. Something's always happening. I come here, kick back in Benedict Canyon to visit my boyfriend and watch the crabgrass grow." Perhaps more stunning than her classic Gaelic features is the fact that until her foray with PLAYBOY, Kim had no modeling or acting experience. "I don't see myself as the voluptuous Playmate type," says our duelist with a modest shrug. "And I'm probably too short to be a model. I think I have a lot of beauty within me. I did go to charm school—learned how to eat, how to sit, how to answer the phone. All of it has really paid off, can't you tell?" And there's that surrender-your-vessel laugh again. But let's not dismiss this woman's charm. After all, her ex-boyfriend remains devoted enough to feed her cats when she's away from home. Just another willing victim of Kim Donley's siren call—her infectious laughter. Hear it once and you're stuck for life.

"My boyfriend was incredibly supportive during the photo shoot," notes Kim. "If I felt I hadn't done my best, he'd advise me to 'do better tomorrow—knock yourself out.'" Consider it a TKO, champ.

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kimberly Donley

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kimberly Donley

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 12/15/65 BIRTHPLACE: Aurora, Illinois

AMBITIONS: Continuing my education, Working with Children and Animals, Acting in a thriller movie.

TURN-ONS: Having my back tickled, L'Auberge in Sedona, Guitarist Dan Wexler, A pastrami sandwich at Gaux d'Delt

TURN-OFFS: Dirty fingernails, Chewing gum, men who act tall, people who exercise too much, Racism.

I'M JUST WILD ABOUT: Wishes being granted, Dreams coming true, Fantasies becoming Realities!

IF I HAD MORE TIME: I would sleep late, travel the World by sea, air and land, and start a Quest for the perfect man!

MY TYPICAL DAY: Read the Arizona Republic newspaper, Work, Watch old Jimmy Stewart movies and spend time with my Cats

MY ANTIQUE COLLECTION: I love anything old - dolls, toys, clocks!

FENCING IS: An Art in itself! Romantic, dangerous and penetrating!

Contestant in the Miss Illinois Pageant

A Modeling Job

Me and Big Bear

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An investigation into the fire that had destroyed Brown's warehouse took almost a year, so when he received word that the case had finally been settled, Brown immediately headed to his lawyer's office to collect the insurance money. Once there, he was shocked to learn just how large a percentage the lawyer was retaining to cover his services.

"Face it, Mr. Brown," the attorney crowed, "I've earned it, haven't I?"

"Jesus," Brown muttered under his breath, "you'd think *you* started the fire."

Two Irishmen were digging a ditch directly across from a brothel. Suddenly, they saw a rabbi walk up to the front door, glance around and duck inside.

"Ah, will you look at that?" one ditchdigger said. "What's our world comin' to when men of the cloth are visitin' such places?"

A short time later, a Protestant minister walked up to the door and quietly slipped inside. "Do you believe that?" the workman exclaimed. "Why, 'tis no wonder the young people of today are so confused, what with the example clergymen set for them."

After an hour went by, the men watched as a Catholic priest quickly entered the whorehouse. "Ah, what a pity," the digger said, leaning on his shovel. "One of the poor lasses must be dyin'."

Times must be worse than we thought. A friend overheard two Wall Street types discussing the economy. One summed up his feelings this way: "Charlie, there ain't no free brunch."

A multimillionaire was so pleased with his broker's expertise that he asked him what he'd like as a token of appreciation. The broker said a set of golf clubs.

"Great," the millionaire said. "I'll get them. By the way, how many clubs are in a set?"

"Oh, eight or ten," the broker replied.

Months went by and the broker was sorry he hadn't asked for a watch. Then he got a call from the millionaire. "Sorry to take so long with those clubs. I've managed to get eight so far," he said, "but only six have swimming pools."

What's the first thing a Hollywood mogul does after rear-ending someone? Hangs up the phone.

After taking his date to a movie and a nice dinner, the smitten young man drove to a quiet spot and parked. The couple began to neck, and when things got steamy, the fellow asked, "How about getting in the back seat?"

"No," she said.

He began to kiss her again and started running his hand up and down her body. "Now will you get in the back seat?" he asked.

"No," she said more firmly.

He went back to kissing and rubbing and finally, between clenched teeth, pleaded, "For God's sake, get in the back seat, will you?"

"No."

"Well, why the hell not?"

"Because," she replied sweetly, "I want to stay up here with you."

How do you define a real music lover? That's a guy who hears a soprano in the shower and puts his ear to the keyhole.

An unsuccessful furniture salesman finally gave up and joined the police force. A few weeks after pinning on his star, he met a friend for a drink. "So, how's the new job?" the friend asked.

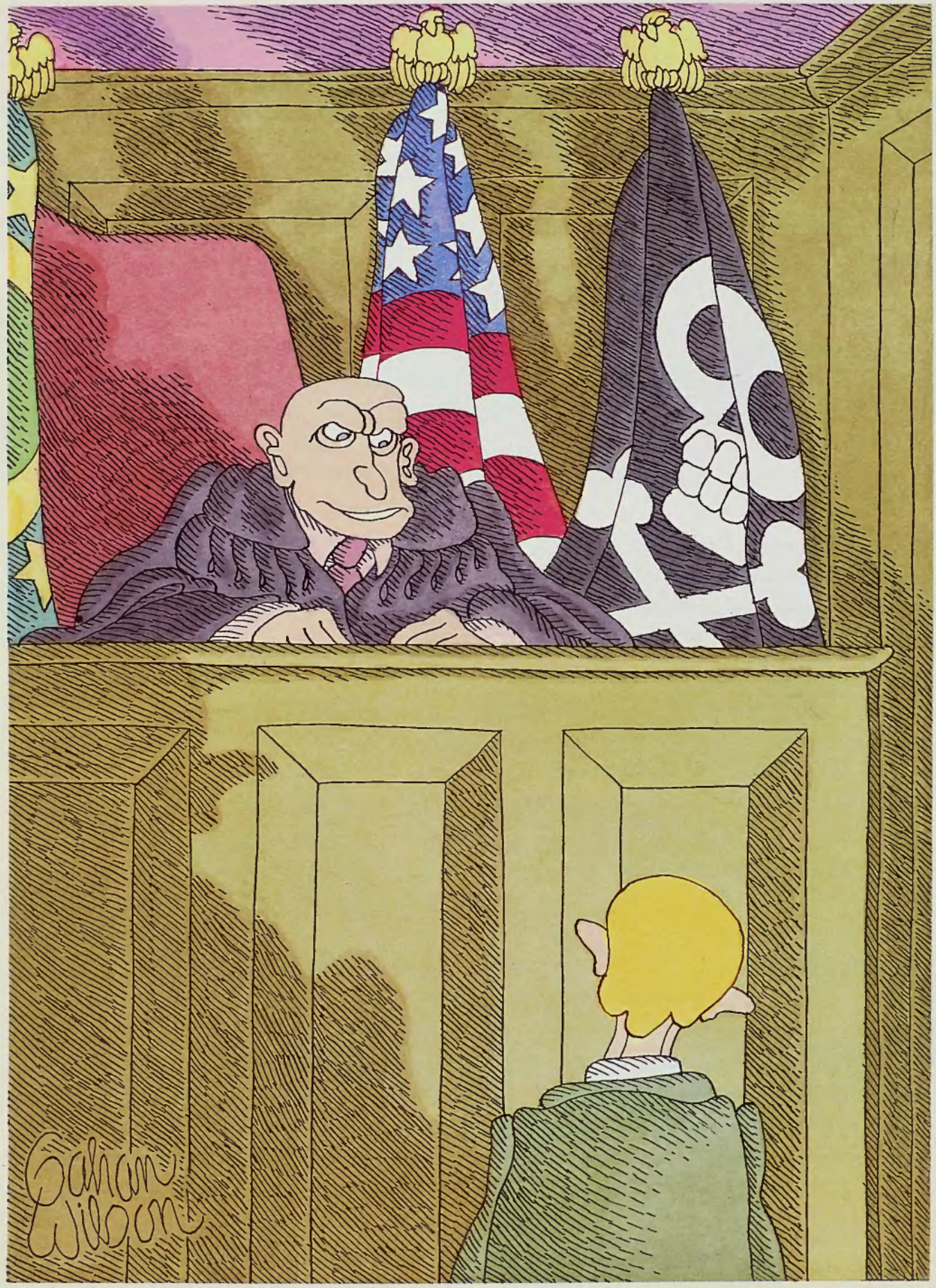
"Oh, just great. What I like best about it," the cop said, "is that the customer is always wrong."

What did the postcard from the blonde say? "Having a great time. Where am I?"

An old man woke up in the middle of the night and found, to his utter astonishment, that his pecker was as hard as a rock for the first time in two years. He shook his wife by the shoulder until she woke up and showed her his enormous erection. "You see that thing, woman?" he happily exclaimed. "What do you think we ought to do with it?"

With one eye open, his wife replied, "Well, now that you've got all the wrinkles out, this might be a good time to wash it."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"The one to the far right happens to be my own personal flag."

a searing look at how danny glover, francis ford coppola and lots of other famous folks are once again seeing red

food

By PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER

MEN AND THEIR MEAT

ENOUGH WITH chicken and fish, already. Red meat is back—in leaner cuts, we're happy to announce. In fact, the average American consumes about 65 pounds of beef each year. Some guys broil their steaks, some barbecue them and PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Denis Boyles even cooks them with two blowtorches. It takes him 20 minutes to get the meat just the way he likes it—a thin, crisp sear on the outside and a blood-red center. But that's not the strangest cooking technique we've discovered. In their humorous book *Manifold Destiny*, authors Chris Maynard and Bill Scheller use a car engine for cooking. Dwight David Eisenhower Pepper Steak, for example, calls for four tablespoons of peppercorns per half pound of strip steak, crushed using a tire iron and pressed into the meat. The meat is then wrapped in foil and taken for a half-hour ride (per side) atop the engine.

Danny Glover has been known to improvise for meat's sake. A few years ago, while he was filming *To Sleep with Anger* in South Central Los Angeles, the crew and cast were hassled by neighborhood gangs. Glover tried to make peace by cooking everybody a hearty gumbo. Between scenes, he would adjourn to a tiny kitchen to stir the pot filled with thick chunks of sausage, crab, chicken and spicy rice mixed with peppers and onions. The filming went on without a hitch.

Menno Meyjes, Academy Award nominee for the screenplay adaptation of *The Color Purple*, likes his meat thin, as he had it growing up in Holland. "Americans eat steak too damn thick," Meyjes says. He pounds his with the side of a hammer to quarter-inch height before searing it in butter or barbecuing it with red torpedo onions that are sprinkled with salt and pepper and then twisted in aluminum foil and thrown onto the coals for about an hour.

Harold McGee, author of *The Curious Cook*, disagrees with the idea that searing meat over high heat seals in the juices. "The analogy is cauterizing a wound," he says, "but it's just not the same thing. Seared flesh actually loses more liquid than meat heated at a steady temperature—the rarer, the juicier." The debate is still cooking.

If you really want rare, talk to Football Hall of Famer Bob St. Clair, formerly of the San Francisco 49ers. St. Clair acquired a taste for uncooked meat as a boy when his grandmother threw him scraps while she was cooking. "In training camp we used to play a little trick on the rookies," St. Clair says. "I'd take my plate of raw meat, covered with a napkin, to their table. They'd be flabbergasted that the captain of the team was sitting with them. Then I'd remove the napkin and start eating. The table cleared out fast."

Morgan Entrekin, Tennessee native and publisher of Atlantic Monthly Press, prefers his meat cooked but insists that barbecue is a noun and grill is a verb. (*Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary* says barbecue is both.) "Barbecue is what comes off a pig or a cow that has been cooked for hours in a pit. If you want to find *(continued on page 160)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE DEEN

The Biodome Chronicles

wherein our econaut goes econuts

FAX TRANSMISSION

From: Biodome I, Hopewell, New Mexico

Ecoday 2

Dear roomie:

How they hanging, Pincus, you old dorkface?

Inside the Biodome at last! I still can't believe it. Out of 32,917 applicants, they pick Hairy Larry Sherbrook of U. of South Idaho for the crew of the high-tech, self-sustaining ecosystem of the future, as Dr. Riger calls it. (He's our co-captain, our analytical systems officer and the oldest bionaut—by about a century and a half. Hope the guy loosens up or it could be a long two years.)

You still pissed at me? I can't really blame you, Pinc. Hey, you're the genius biochem major and I'm the jock, and you know I applied only because you did. I'm sure there had to be some kind of computer glitch. But whatever it was, I forgive you for calling me a lousy brain-dead backstabbing creep and heaving my boom box through the window. You just got slightly deranged, so no hard feelings. Could happen to anybody.

Anyway, yesterday we marched inside to John Denver tapes (ewww!), all ten of us looking *good* in our dress jumpsuits, and there was more cheering than at the Utah Tech game. Everything feels moist and green in here, even the air. We each have our own Biocapsule in the Human Habitat and mine's really great, except for the Visitor Interactivity Notch (that's biobabble for window), where tourists videotape me picking my nose. But I guess I can stand it if they can.

One of the six biomes—the artificial environments we work in?—is a little ocean. That's right, 25 feet deep, with real fish, mechanically driven waves, plus—get ready to retch from jealousy—a

satire by *Lewis Grossberger*

beach! Better believe I'll be catching many rays. It's only ten minutes from my hab—in fact, everything is. Dome sweet dome!

Also better believe I'm checking out the biobabe population. None of the five's exactly Kim Basinger, but Li Yiu—she's our wetlands expert from Taiwan—is semicute. After we all passed through the air lock and they officially sealed us in, I go, "Don't worry, babe, I smuggled in a six-pack in my shorts." She gives me this icy look and says, "You're a rare specimen." Girl's playing hard to get, Pinc, but I can tell she's hot for the Sherbster. I give her a week.

Hey, buddy, modem me a fax or something. I may be locked in a glass bubble, but we got communication gizmos up the wazoo! Old E. P. Bozell, our weird biozillionaire founder, went deep pocket on his little ecotoy here. Like $165 million worth.

Interactivity & Kisses,
Lar

•

Ecoday 94
Dear roomie:

Is it three months already? Man, the time is roaring by. You see, I have been engaging in many stimulating ecosynergistic activities. Yeah, right. Actually, what I'm doing is working my butt off.

Every morning at 6:30, right after Biocouncil, we head for the agri biome. Course, you know that everything we eat in the Biodome we grow ourselves, right? Well, when they told us in orientation about "maintaining a totally self-contained life-support biosystem," it sounded super space-age. Know what it really meant? *Slaving in the fields!*

Problem is, my nine little biopals are all specialists. So we're like weeding the squash? And Carl Radley says, "Oh, I gotta go see if my fruit bats are breeding." And Mona Kefauver goes, "Gee, I gotta check on whether my ocotillo shrubs are aggressing into an alien biome." Pretty soon, I'm the only one singing ee-i-ee-i-oh.

"What am I, ecoserf?" I scream.

So Riger pats me on the back and says, "Nutrient support is our most vital mission, Larry." Then he says he's gotta make his daily co-captain inspection round and he's gone. Mostly he seems to inspect the marsh biome (your basic swamp), where Li Yiu works. This keeps up, Pinc, my ecofist may need to interface with his biomouth.

All this toil has really cut into my beach time, but that's OK because lately the water smells kind of like cat litter. I mentioned it to Todd Glaberson, Mr. Ocean, but he copped an attitude and said it was just a simple matter of algae adjustment and none of my concern. Dude's a little intense, if you ask me. Yesterday he gets in Carol Parr's face and says, "Hey, your damn lemurs are throwing guava rinds into my lagoon and threatening the integrity of my fragile coral reef." So she yells, "Are not!" Pretty soon it's Battle of the Nerds and I gotta jump between them to avert bloodshed. I mean, total grade school!

So how's things at oldUSI? You been expelled or what? C'mon, drop a line.

Your pal,
Larry, Man of Science

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Ecoday 156
Dear roomie:

Whoooo! Slap me five! Eeehooooo! Finally, some bionookie for ecoserf! And I didn't even have to play my Megadeth tapes. No, not Li Yiu. Swamp Gal is practically married to that geek Riger, though they're trying to hide it for some reason. Maybe the 85-year age difference.

No, I was in the medical hab, stripped down for my monthly physical (face it, Sherbrook, you're a lab rat), and Marcy G. Fenton, our mediconaut, tells me, "Look, keep this confidential, but we need to measure stress levels during copulative spasm." I'm like, *What?* But she starts pasting sensors all over me and next thing I know we're thrashing around on the treatment table like we're starring in *Basic Instinct*.

It was unbelievable, Pinc. Two minutes later it's all over and Fenton's back in her whites, jotting down readings off instruments and telling me to suit up, like all I got was my blood pressure checked. "Hey," I say, "how'd I register on the dickometer?" She says, "Oh, grow up, Sherbrook. It's just research."

God, I love research.

Larry

P.S. My job situation's much better. I made a big stink in Biocouncil about being stuck in the fields, so we took a vote and I won. Now I get to recycle human and animal waste.

•

Ecoday 224
Dear roomie:

Hope everything's OK with you, Pincus, and I wish you'd get off your high horse and answer my faxes. For a bright guy, you always were a self-righteous stiff.

Biodome-wise, we're having our second HSM—high stress month—in a row. Lotta conflict-resolution sessions going on.

Everybody's lost 20 or 30 pounds. Seems we had a mite infestation (we bionauts don't believe in bug spray—in fact, that's our religion) and the bean and peanut crops crashed, so rations are low. Our diet is more nutrient rich and low cal than ever, which is great if you happen to like sorghum and papaya sandwiches.

The hummingbirds have gone deranged. They fly up too high, slam into the glass and—splat!

Marcy G. Fenton hasn't even looked at me since we had research. I mentioned it to Carl Radley and he goes, "Yeah, this month I was the research assistant."

Had our first emergency. Li Yiu left the Biodome for a week. Mission Control's telling the media it was a gastrointestinal problem, but between you and me, Pinco, Riger's not as old as he looks. And word is, on her way back Li smuggled in a duffelful of Mars bars.

Glaberson's weirder than ever. His poor ocean looks like the world's biggest dish of rancid lime jello, and the more he putters, the gloppier it gets. The gunk has seeped into Li Yiu's marsh system and now her catfish are glowing. Everyone was bitching at Glaberson in Biocouncil. Suddenly, he starts screaming, "Do not trifle with Poseidon's domain!" and stomps out of the room, and nobody sees him for three days.

Then yesterday Carol Parr's studying carpenter bee pollination patterns when—boo!—Glaberson jumps out from behind a bush, naked and howling. Today I found five pygmy goat heads arranged on the beach in a semicircle. Now Riger's in a big powwow with Mission Control about what to do. (This stuff is totally hush-hush, so keep a lid on, huh? The media would love to crucify us.)

Not much action on the babe front. I got Pam Bowles—she's quiet and mostly keeps to her Antarctic biome—to go on a moonlight stroll on the glacier. Just when I shoo the goddamn penguins away and make my move, she lets out a yell. Some tourists were camcording us through a viewing notch and Pam spooked and took off. Well, I gave the goofballs the show they wanted—a full moon in extreme closeup. Bad PR, great cinema.

Be good,
Lar

•

Ecoticotico
Roomie-woomie:

I am biofaced, Pincus, you asshole, totally, synergistically polluted.

Ya ha!

Brewed me up a vat of papaya wine in the lab today, got megawrecked and decided it was time for the Senior Ecoprom. I got Prince pumping across

(concluded on page 150)

"I don't ski. I screw."

PLAYBOY

COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Garth Brooks, Clint Black and Alan Jackson, eat your hearts out! Pictured here are a pair of hand-made calfskin-and-kidskin cowboy boots with an Indian design, by Rocket Buster U.S.A., $550; and a New Mexico–made all-wool cowboy hat with ersatz stains, by Grey Mouse Medicine Hat, $190.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

This checkbook-sized Rolodex Personal Planner combines a paper appointment calendar with an electronic organizer for storing notes, business contacts, etc., about $130.

The stainless-steel CoPilot knife with a 1.75" blade is legal to carry aboard most airplanes, plus it doubles as a money holder, by Spyderco, $52, with a plain or serrated edge.

Softride's chrome-alloy 21-speed Powercurve mountain bike incorporates a unique design that offers three inches of front and five inches of rear suspension travel, $1400.

These Carl Zeiss-Jena EDF 7x40 binoculars are the same as those once used by East German border guards; features include a range finder, an illuminator and more, $500.

SkyTel's credit-card-style pager, the Message Card, has a built-in memory, an LCD readout and a clock that doubles as an alarm, about $75 per month, including 200 messages.

At ease, Colonel. Pictured here is a teak-and-cane Planter's Moongazer Chair featuring swing-out arms on which you rest your boots, from the John Rogers Collection, $570.

Where & How to Buy on page 163.

Get a whiff of these scents for men: Cartier's Pasha Eau de Toilette, $180; Cacharel Pour l'Homme, $40; Ralph Lauren's Safari, $49; and Calvin Klein's Obsession, $39.

FEEDBACK (continued from page 68)

"I disliked Rhonda on sight for the way she looked at me—her expression a prim gash of disapproval."

New York and fly her down with us. He agreed.

Allison had been watching through the ceiling bug, part of her job. She came in when he left and poured herself a cup of tea. "Nut case," she said.

"Interesting nut case, though. Rich."

"If you ever took on a charity nut case, I wasn't watching." She stirred a spoonful of marmalade into her tea. Russian style. She does that only to watch me cringe. "So I should get tickets to the Caymans for me and M&M?"

"Yeah, Friday."

"First class?"

"What's it worth to you?"

"I don't know. You want a cup of tea in your lap?"

"First class."

•

Finding the right model was difficult. I knew two or three women who would fill the bill in terms of physical appearance and sitting ability, but they were friends. That would interfere with the client's wishes, since he obviously wanted a cold, clinical approach. Allison and I spent an afternoon going through agency files, and another afternoon interviewing people, until we found the right one. Rhonda Speck, 30, slender enough to show ribs. I disliked her on sight, and liked her even less when she took off her clothes, for the way she looked at me—her expression a prim gash of disapproval. Even if I were heterosexual, I wouldn't be ogling her unprofessionally. That edge of resentment might help the painting, I thought. I didn't know the half of it.

I told Rhonda the job involved a free trip to the Cayman Islands and she showed as much enthusiasm as if I had said Long Island. She did brighten a little when I described the setting. She was working on her law degree and could study while she sat. That also helped to distance me from her, since I am not a great admirer of the profession.

I called my banker in George Town and described the office that I needed. She knew of a small law firm that was closing for a February vacation, and would inquire.

It had been a few years since I'd painted nudes, and I'd done only two photo-realist studies ever. I didn't want to work with Rhonda any more than I had to, or pay her any more than I had to, so I had a friend with a figure similar to Rhonda's come over and sit. For two days I did sketches and photographs, experimenting with postures and lightings. I took them to Segura and we agreed on the pose—the woman looking up coldly from her papers, as if interrupted, strong light from the desk lamp putting half of her face in shadow. Making the desk lamp the only source of light also isolated the figure from the details of the office, which would be rendered in photo-realist detail, but darkly, making for a sinister background.

Then I spent three days doing a careful portrait of the model, head and upper body, solving some technical problems about rendering the glossy hair and the small breasts. I wanted them to look hard, unfeminine, yet realistic.

I took the portrait up to Segura's office and he approved. His only reservations were about himself. "You're sure I'll be able to produce something with this kind of control? I literally can't draw a face that looks like a face."

"No problem. Your hands will be stiff from using undeveloped muscles, but while you're in the skinsuit your movements will be precisely the same as mine. Have I told you about the time I hired a facilitator myself?" He shook his head. "I was curious about how it felt on the other end. I hired a guitarist-composer, and we spent two days writing a short fugue in the style of Bach. We started with the four letters of my last name—which, coincidentally, form an A-minor-seventh chord—and made up a marvelously complicated little piece that was unequivocally mine. Even though I can't play it."

"You could play it in the skinsuit, though."

"Beautifully. I have a tape of it, the facilitator sitting beside me playing a silent solid-body guitar while I roam around the frets with brilliant sensitivity." I laughed. "At the end of each day my hands were so weak I couldn't pick up a fork, let alone a brush. My fingers were stiff for a week." I wriggled them. "Your experience will be less extreme. Using a brush doesn't involve the unnatural stretching that playing a guitar does."

Segura was willing to part with an extra hundred grand for a one-day demonstration. A predictable course, given hindsight, knowing him to be a man boxed in by distrust and driven, or at least directed, by what I would call paranoia.

He suggested a self-portrait. I told him it would have to be done from photographs, since the skinsuit distorts your face almost as much as a bank-robber's pantyhose disguise. That interested him. He was going to spend three weeks in the skinsuit; why not have a record of what it was like? I pretended that nobody had come up with the idea before and said sure, sounds interesting.

In fact, I'd done it twice, but both times the collaborators produced impasto abstractions that didn't resemble anything. Segura would be different.

By law, a doctor has to be present when you begin the facilitation. After it gets under way, any kind of nurse or medic is adequate for standing guard. A few collaborators have had blood-pressure spikes or panic attacks. The nurse can terminate the process instantly if the biosensors show something happening. He pushes a button that releases a trank into my bloodstream, which breaks the connection. It also puts me into a Valium haze the rest of the day. A good reason to have people pay in advance.

There's a doctor in my building who's always willing to pop up and earn a hundred dollars for five minutes' work. I always use the same nurse, too, a careful and alert man with the unlikely name of Marion Marion. He calls himself M&M, since he's brown and round.

I soaked and taped down four half-sheets of heavy D'Arches cold-press, allowing for three disasters, and prepared my standard portrait palette. I set up the session to begin at 9:30 sharp. M&M came over early, as usual, to have tea and joke around with Allison and me. He's a natural comic and I think also a natural psychologist. Whatever, he puts me at ease before facing what can be a rather trying experience.

(I should point out here that it's not always bad. If the collaborator has talent and training and a pleasant disposition, it can be as refreshing as dancing with a skilled partner.)

The others showed up on time and we got down to business. An anteroom off my studio has two parallel examining tables. Segura and I stripped and lay down and were injected with six hours' worth of buffer. M&M glued the induction electrodes to the proper places on our shaven heads. The doctor looked at them, signed a piece of paper and left. Then M&M, with Allison's assistance, rolled the loose skinsuits over us, sealed them and pumped

mike Williams.

the air out.

Segura and I woke up at the same instant M&M turned on the microcurrent that initiated the process. It's like being puppet and puppeteer simultaneously. I saw through Segura's eyes. His body sat me up, slid me to the floor and walked me into the studio. He perched me on a stool in front of the nearly horizontal easel and the mirror. Then I took over.

If you were watching us work, you would see two men sitting side by side, engaged in what looks like a painstakingly overpracticed mime routine. If one of us scratches his ear, the other one does. But from the inside it is more complicated: We exchange control second by second. This is why not every good artist can be a good facilitator. You have to have an instinct for when to assert your judgment, your skills, and let the client be in control otherwise. It is literally a thousand decisions per hour for six hours. It's exhausting. I earn my fee.

My initial idea was, in compositional terms, similar to what our nude would be—a realistic face in harsh light glowing in front of an indistinct background. There wouldn't be time to paint in background details, of course.

I made a light drawing of the head and shoulders, taking most of an hour. Then I took a chisel brush and carefully painted in the outlines of the drawing with frisket, a compound like rubber cement. You can paint over it and, when the paint dries, rub it off with an eraser or your fingertip, exposing the paper and the drawing underneath.

When the frisket was dry, I mopped the entire painting with clear water and then made an inky wash out of burnt umber and French ultramarine. I worked the wash over the whole painting and, while it was still damp, floated in diffuse shapes of umber and ultramarine that would hint at shadowy background. Then I buzzed Allison in to dry it while I/we walked around, loosening up. She came in with a hair drier and worked over the wet paper carefully, uniformly, while I didn't watch. Sometimes a dramatic background wash just doesn't work when it dries—looks obvious or cheesy or dull—and there is never any way to fix it. (Maybe you could soak the paper overnight, removing most of the pigment. Better to just start over, though.)

I walked Segura across to the bay window and looked out over the city. The snow that remained on the shaded part of rooftops was gray or black. Traffic crawled in the thin bright light. Pedestrians hurried through the wind and slush.

Segura's body wanted a cigarette and I allowed him to walk me over to his clothes and light one up. The narcotic rush was disorienting. I had to lean us against a wall to keep from staggering. It was not unpleasant, though, once I surrendered control to him. No need for me to dominate motor responses until we had brush in hand.

Allison said the wash was ready and looked good. It did—vague, gloomy shapes suggesting a prison or asylum cell. I rolled up a kneaded eraser and carefully rubbed away the frisket. The light pencil drawing floated over the darkness like a disembodied thought.

I had to apply frisket again, this time in a halo around the drawing, and there was a minor setback: I'd neglected to put the frisket brush into solvent, and the bristles had dried into a solid, useless block. I surprised myself by throwing it across the room. That was Segura acting.

I found another square brush and carefully worked a thin frisket mask around the head and shoulders, to keep the dark background from bleeding in, but had to stop several times and lift up the brush because my hand was trembling with Segura's suppressed anger at the mistake. Relax, it was a cheap brush. You must be hell on wheels to work for.

First a dilute yellow wash, new gamboge, over the entire face. I picked up the hair drier and used it for six or seven minutes, making sure the wash was bone-dry, meanwhile planning the next couple of stages.

This technique—glazing—consists of building up a picture with layer upon layer of dilute paint. It takes patience and precision and judgment: Sometimes you want the previous layer to be completely dry, and sometimes you want it damp, to diffuse the lines between the two colors. If it's too damp, you risk muddying the colors, which can be irreversible and fatal. But that's one thing that attracts me to the technique—the challenge of gambling everything on the timing of one stroke of the brush.

Segura obviously felt otherwise. Odd for a man who essentially gambled for a living, albeit with other people's money. He wanted each layer safely dry before proceeding with the next, once he understood what I was doing. That's a technique, but it's not *my* technique, which is what he was paying for. It would also turn this portrait, distorted as it was, into a clown's mask.

So I pushed back a little, establishing my authority, so to speak. I didn't want this to become a contest of wills. I just wanted control over the hair drier, actually, not over Juan Carlos Segura.

There was a slight battle, lasting only seconds. It's hard to describe the sensation to someone who hasn't used a facilitator. It's something like being annoyed at yourself for not being able to make up your mind, but rather intensified—"being of two minds," literally.

Of course, I won the contest, having about ten thousand times more experience at it than Segura. I set down the hair drier, and the next layer, defining the hollows of the face visible through the skinsuit, went on with soft edges. I checked the mirror and automatically noted the places I would come back to later when the paper was dry, to make actual lines, defining the bottom of the goggle ridges, the top of the lip, the forward part of the ear mass.

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The portrait was finished in two hours, but the background still needed something. Pursuing a vague memory from a week before, I flipped through a book of Matthew Brady photographs, visions of the Civil War's hell. Our face in the skinsuit resembled those of some corpses, open-mouthed, staring. I found the background I wanted, a ruined tumble of brick wall, and took the book back to the easel. I worked an intimation of the wall into the background, dry-brushing umber and ultramarine with speckles and threads of clotted blood color, alizarin muted with raw umber. Then I dropped the brushes into water and looked away, buzzing M&M. I didn't want to see the painting again until I saw it with my own eyes.

Coming out of the facilitation state takes longer than going in, especially if you don't go the full six hours. The remaining buffer has to be neutralized with a series of timed shots. Otherwise, Segura and I would hardly have been able to walk, expecting the collaboration of another brain that was no longer there.

I was up and around a few minutes before Segura. Allison had set out some cheese and fruit and an ice bucket with a bottle of white burgundy. I was hungry, as always, but only nibbled a bit, waiting for lunch.

Segura attacked the food like a starved animal. "What do you think?" he said between bites. "Is it any good?"

"Always hard to tell while you're working. Let's take a look." I buzzed Allison and she brought the painting in. She'd done a good job, as usual, the painting set off in a double mat of brick red and forest green inside a black metal frame.

"It does look good," he said, as if surprised.

I nodded and sipped wine, studying it. The painting was technically good, but it would probably hang in a gallery for years, gathering nervous

(continued on page 150)

A Club of One's Own

in the contest to coddle the american man, upscale topless clubs are outstripping the competition

article by D. KEITH MANO Topless has gone Vegas. It's a Bugsy Siegel vision of its former self. What was once just déclassé raunch began to step up in style around 1988. Today the average upscale topless outlet will feature 20 to 30 women you wouldn't mind splicing genes with. And it comes with valet parking, with sound systems so thunderous and sophisticated they would reach the cheap seats in the Sky Dome, with three-star food and with someone you gotta tip in the john. As the clubs go for the top of the market—Miami, Atlanta, Detroit, Houston, New York—they're becoming investment-grade businesses. Even in the recession, topless is a go-go stock—more than just respectable, *expensive* (Visa and Master Card accepted). I predicted this makeover, by the way, while doing research for my novel *Topless*. Since 1982 I've interviewed about 400 of the roughly *(text concluded on page 130)*

It's becoming the nightlife phenomenon of the Nineties: the men's club, where you'll find gourmet food, expensive decor and female entertainment (in accelerating states of undress). PLAYBOY looks at six of the hottest clubs, including Solid Gold (top) in Minneapolis and the Men's Club (above) in Houston.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

Chanel, Leslie Delahoussaye, Jeanne Landacre, Danica Lynn and J.J. (left to right) re-create the flapper era at the Men's Club in Houston. And what do these ladies do for kicks? Weight lifting, jet skiing, traveling and modeling.

Six bucks will get you into the Men's Club, where Tamara Louise Reed (opposite page) is one of 125 topless dancers. What do your dollars buy once you're in? The club boasts six stages, a swimming pool, a boardroom and a restaurant that serves everything from atomic shrimp (four giant ones) to a 14-ounce kick-ass filet mignon. For dessert, try Sex in the Sack. And for an extra $25, you'll get entertainment that's up close and personal—that is, a table dance by J.J. (above) or her friends.

The Cabarét Royale in Dallas (below and right) opened in 1988, thereby becoming the granddaddy of the new breed of topless clubs. A cabaret-style throwback to the Folies-Bergère, the club encourages its 385 dancers—including Sharon (left) and Suzanne Moline (above)—to choreograph elaborate stage productions in eye-popping costumes.

One year ago Stringfellow's in New York decided that disco was dead and reinvented itself as a topless club. Business has never been better. Melissa Williamson (below and far right) and Beth Ann Marrero (right and opposite page) are two of the club's 150 dancers, who can average $300 to $1500 a night in tips. Uncover charge: $10 to $20.

Outdoorsmen will feel right at home at the Colorado Bar and Grill (above) in Houston, where over 150 exotic wildlife trophies—from zebras (in the background below) to leopards, lions and bears—adorn the hunting-lodge setting. Answering the call of the wild is Melinda Sanchez (left) and a flowery and fragrant Rebecca André (right).

Situated in a 100-year-old building with marble walls and a 40-foot domed ceiling, Minneapolis' Solid Gold club has six stages, a restaurant, 50 dancers and a good heating system. Sparks fly when Haley (above) does her electrifying act.

Mary Ann Hillhouse (above and opposite page) and Cassandra Gori (below) are two of 100 all-nude dancers at Atlanta's Cheetah club. We would like to let Mary Ann know that she can take the bar stool next to ours any day.

68,000 topless dancers in this country. I have been to topless what Toulouse-Lautrec was to cancan (only I'm a little shorter), so listen up out there.

Stringfellow's in New York is a good example of what I'm talking about. The club, which was formerly a snob-zoned downtown disco, is now *un cabaret de la femme*. (It's done over in a style known as Euro-Vegas, which sounds like something you might take penicillin for.) Nowhere in its print advertising is the blue-collar word topless mentioned. Women at Stringfellow's are, you understand, "partially nude"—and beautiful enough to short your pacemaker. They remind me of Keats' poem, *Ode on a Couple of Grecian Urns*.

In December 1991 Peter Stringfellow licensed the Pure Platinum topless format from Michael J. Peter, the Ray Kroc of go-go. Peter owns or operates 30 top-seeded breast emporiums from Florida to Minneapolis to Honolulu. Recently, he took over the El Morocco in New York. His employees cross-pollinate: A dancer at Stringfellow's might work at the El Morocco location. Next month she could be escaping her costume in Myrtle Beach.

As one would expect, your less well-endowed topless establishments have to compete against Peter with feature acts: Heidi Hooters, Bobbie Balloons, Candy Cantalopes and, my favorite, Letha Weapons—all 100DDD cup size or bigger. Since mid-1990 or so, New York has been, as they say, pushing the envelope.

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Topless chic began with Cabarét Royale in Dallas—an $8 million establishment that could remind you of the British Museum done over to look like Darth Vader's harem. Upscale go-go had existed before—particularly at the stunning (and all nude) Cheetah Club in Atlanta. But with Cabarét Royale and, later, the Men's Club of Houston (now also of Dallas), you get something only America could whip together: a topless shopping mall.

At one joint or the other, or both, you'd find: an aerobic gym, a swimming pool, a fashion boutique, a unisex hair salon, a tanning bed, massage therapy, terrific dining, a conference room, a fax machine, a photocopier—also a seamstress, a laundry, a makeup person and pedicurist for those 90 to 100 women who dance each night.

You may sniff at the topless game, but it is probably funding welfare for a medium-sized town somewhere in Texas. Between them, these two companies sold nearly $12 million in liquor alone last year. As Teri Jo Nicholson, persuasive marketing director for the Men's Club, told me, "We offer a unique concept, a resort-style club. You just can't spend the night."

All that feels a long way from what I once knew as go-go, not just in rich appointment and fine amenity. Take a look outside the Men's Club door, for instance. Instead of a 400-pound sumo reject wearing his best Chris Mullin gym rat T-shirt and some sociopathic attitudes, you'll find a polite, trim host in black tie.

From the host on up, the topless playbook has been rewritten. Dancer-owner and dancer-client relationships are in flux. In classic topless, two or three women perform a set onstage—most often one half hour—for G-string tip money. When offstage, the dancer must be fully (if provocatively) clothed. Management will encourage her to socialize with clientele between onstage sets—no groping allowed. And, except for tourist traps (where battery-water "champagne" can cost $125), Pandora or Gretchen or Xema will spend the entire down set with you for the price of a $5 tip and one three-buck Bud. In classic topless, many women are local—students, actresses, moonlighting office personnel—with B-plus bodies and youth to squander. Most important: Each dancer is a temp employee, receiving some kind of guaranteed nut ($8 to $10 per set) from management, whether or not you stuff green in her underwear.

With the current incarnation of topless, by contrast, stage time (one song, maybe two) merely constitutes the teaser. Serious business will be taken care of down below. The new topless has refurbished and made acceptable the "table" dance—once confined largely to Canada. For $20 (more if you're feeling generous), that redhead you just saw on stage—she who could fill a car bra—will bathe you in long orange hair, then dance so close you might easily drink shooters from her navel. A real vasoconstrictor, that.

Of course, go-go protocol changes at the state line. Chicago, for instance, is toplessless. In Detroit, though, one gorgeous pop tart began to climb me like her kitchen stepladder. Then she took both church kneeler–size breasts and, using them as a cymbal set, made my ears go *boinnng*! In some sleazy subbasement? No, at B.T.'s, after I had eaten filet mignon off china and linen. This variation is called "lap" or "couch" dancing. Lap women are referred to affectionately as "zipper polishers."

Club topless is, moreover, a free-market enterprise. Your redheaded friend will receive no minimum take-home pay from management. Hell, most likely she laid out $30 or even $50 for the privilege of stripping off cheek to cheek for 19 salivating customers per night. She must maximize volume and turnover in her table-dance trade. So must her competition. One result is positive: Only women radiant enough to distract a heat-seeking missile will survive and prosper.

The down side is, well, Robochick. At first leer, disco topless would seem to be much more intimate than classic topless. After all—look—this spectacular hardbody is grinding away so close to my chair I wanna put on a lobster bib. Yet look again. That dance will most probably be an effective but mechanical event: the generic brand of sex. And small talk means downtime, lost profits, an opening for competition.

In the old days, women were constantly admonished to be sociable. Management was well aware of the built-in tension between good finance and friendliness. But Robochick signed up as a mercenary. Often, she's on tour, under contract to some topless chain, just passing through. She's not that kid from SUNY–New Paltz who will dance for textbook money and knew your old neighborhood. As a male–female experience, New Age topless is, given the tab, somewhat less engaging.

Then again, maybe men prefer it that way. I suspect that this latest topless craze is, in part, an oblique response to the radical feminist agenda. Women have liberated virtually all significant male sanctums. But they cannot liberate Cabarét Royale because it is already full of entrepreneurial women. I'd reckon that men have come to cherish a venue where the rules are understood up front. Where they can exert control: For $20 I can make any woman in this room take off her clothing. That's good to know. And if I admire her body, in look or in language, she will accept my male response and won't call a lawyer.

Classic topless couldn't serve this purpose because it was always outside the culture: underground, proscribed by social convention, not respectable. Men who went there were rogue males, unfit for breeding. Yet I confess nostalgia for the uncouth. And I rather resent having respectable sexual habits. The charm of classic topless lay in its social, not its sensual, intimacy. Where some young woman with maybe cellulite, maybe an asymmetrical bust, would update me on her life. And treat me, in passing, as more than just the gross extension of my wallet.

But let not my yearning for traditional values spoil your fun. We live in *la belle époque* of topless. Investigate it, and bring along your wife or girlfriend. You won't want to miss the great American bust boom.

These Red Packs are known for their great taste.

Viceroy Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. ©1993 B&W T Co.

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But only Viceroy is known for its great price.

Viceroy is always priced lower than Marlboro and Winston.
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Viceroy. The Red Pack at the Right Price.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

*Based on manufacturers' list prices, exclusive of coupons.
Prices optional with retailers.

Viceroy Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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20 QUESTIONS

LAURA DERN

In Laura Dern's cinematic universe, as in real life, saintly schoolgirls are capable of conducting secret lives and chain-smoking tarts can also be pure hearts. In her earliest work—"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Foxes"—Dern is just the daughter of actors Diane Ladd and Bruce Dern, elbowing her way onto a movie set. By 1985 she begins to exhibit her peculiar touch, in "Smooth Talk," as a sulking teenager who disposes of her virginity with equal parts zeal and trepidation. Dern's bits were flawless in two David Lynch films. In "Blue Velvet," clothed and chaste, she showed a remarkable tolerance for weirdness. Unzipped, in "Wild at Heart," she displayed enough confidence to surprise her fans. In "Rambling Rose," which won Golden Globe and Academy Award nominations for both her and her mother, she made unchecked horniness seem beguilingly innocent.

Her showbiz reputation has become that of the self-created siren. It is as if she willed herself, and moviegoers, into believing in her sexiness. Right after Dern finished Steven Spielberg's upcoming "Jurassic Park," Margy Rochlin spoke with her about her new profile in Hollywood. "Laura appreciates the conversational detour," says Rochlin. "Her responses may contain an observation about sex, love, global politics or human behavior. In fact, her only self-conscious moment occurred after a rambling discourse about her fascination with world religion. 'Um, I hope I'm not coming off like a cliché spiritual woo-woo person,' Dern said. 'Because I'm not, really. . . .'"

1.

PLAYBOY: At some point, you made the change from playing the girl next door in a sundress to a sexpot in a halter top. Which are you?

cinema's freshest siren tells us when it's ok to gawk and to moon and shares her remedy for a broken heart

DERN: The wild girl and the innocent virgin are in all of us. I'm most proud of *Rambling Rose* because I think both types of girls are in that character. That to me is what's sexy.

2.

PLAYBOY: In feminist circles much has been made of the male gaze. When is it all right for men to look?

DERN: When I was shooting a film in the Mojave desert, we went to a Tex-Mex club. I was wearing this little red-velvet top and tight jeans and cowboy boots and I got in the middle of the floor and went insane! The music was great and I was surrounded by cowboys. If it had been me alone at a club—forget about it. There were guys leering at me, but somehow it was abstract. I felt completely free, really safe. And I enjoyed that everybody was just looking at me. But yesterday I was wearing a pair of tight workout shorts and a leotard. And I came out of a parking lot and these valet parkers went "Wooooo!" and were just staring at my ass. I wanted to kill. That really pissed me off. As opposed to, "God, she's pretty," there was a sense of disgust in the air, like, "Look at that fucking slut." It was gross. You know, sometimes it's really fun to act like a bimbo. But it's fun to act like a bimbo only when people know that you really aren't one.

3.

PLAYBOY: You were raised by your mother and your grandmother, both of whom are from the South. What are the privileges of being a Southern belle?

DERN: Southern women have grace. They're great listeners, which makes them gracious hosts. My grandmother loves to listen to everybody's stories. She taught me that there's always a dichotomy in people. There's always repression and sexuality, kindness and calculation—there's no person who's just one thing. She's a Catholic woman. Doesn't like cuss words. Very proper. But at the same time, anybody who meets her—and she's seventy-four years old—says, "Boy, she's so much like Marilyn Monroe." She's a doll. She loves to flirt with men and she wraps them around her finger. She's a little sexpot and she makes wild comments every once in a while. I took her to see *Mambo Kings* one weekend. Forget about it. Every time Armand Assante appeared on the screen, she was, like, "Wooooo!" Yet she goes to church every Sunday and is very straight. I love that about her.

4.

PLAYBOY: We understand that you meditate. What's the hardest thing to get out of your mind when you sit down to meditate?

DERN: Everything. I am not gifted at sitting down twice a day and giving myself thirty to forty minutes just to sit. One week I'm completely dedicated to it and the next week I'm crazed. The hardest thing for me to get out of my mind is what I've forgotten to do. Unless I'm going through a major crisis, it doesn't even get into emotional pain. It's just the real piddly stuff. Ultimately, it floats away and you can focus on yourself.

5.

PLAYBOY: In preparation for your role as a blind teenager in *Mask*, you spent some time discovering the world with your eyes closed. How have you applied what you learned in *Mask* to your own life?

DERN: It was definitely true that I was nicer and people were nicer to me. It was because I had to be more in touch with what I was feeling. When you're standing there with your eyes closed and you have to feel if something is in front of you, then you're going to be obviously much more in tune with your and other people's emotions. If I had my eyes closed and I heard you say, "I'm really sad right now," well, all I have to focus on is what I'm hearing you say. Whereas, when my eyes are open and you say to me, "I'm really sad right now," it's, like, "Oh, God, I'm really sorry, but there's the telephone and it reminds me of someone I forgot to call." Or I'm thinking that I'm really thirsty or hungry. There's so much else that I'm taking in. There's much more clarity with your eyes closed. Also, you just have to trust that people will protect you. Once, we were going up in the mountains on horseback and I was on cliffs and the guy who was working with me said, "Just remember, the horse is not going to take you anywhere he doesn't want to go." I had to trust that the horse would lead me carefully through these mountains. It was scary, but it was also an incredible experience. It made me think about what an amazing exercise it would be to blindfold yourself for twenty-four hours and trust your lover or mate to take care of you. I wonder how much it would alter the relationship. I'm sure it would. But that's a whole other story.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK HANAUER

[*In a low, suggestive voice*] "Blindfold me, baby."

6.

PLAYBOY: What do you and your cat have in common?

DERN: Every time my ex-boyfriend calls my house, my cat gets sick. I get a bladder infection, my cat gets a bladder infection. He can pick up the energy from how I react to things.

7.

PLAYBOY: In *Rambling Rose* both you and your mother make out with Robert Duvall. Did you and she compare notes afterward?

DERN: Whoa! I don't think we ever compared notes, because I never really thought about it until this second. We never even talked about it. But Mom and I have always been pretty open about sex. Before I ever had sex, she'd answer any question I had, and that's really cool. And once I started having sex, I didn't want to talk to anybody about it. Or at least not to any parent.

8.

PLAYBOY: Mooning has a proud tradition. But it is not often a female extravagance. We understand that you participated in the multiple celebrity mooning of director James L. Brooks at a restaurant. What premoon thoughts went through your head before you did it?

DERN: It was one of those things where everyone agreed, "When Jim gets back from the bathroom, let's all moon him as a joke." So Jim came back and I saw everybody stand up and I thought, Oh, my God, we're really going to do this. You don't have time to think in that situation. We were at a restaurant in this private room upstairs and we all did it really fast so nobody in the restaurant could see. And Jim goes, "Man, I've never seen such a group of great asses in my life. I didn't know which one to look at first." So then Glenn [Close] and Woody [Harrelson] mooned the entire restaurant. And the restaurant loved it. Then Woody got Jim to play this game. Woody said, "If you lose, you have to moon the restaurant." And Jim said, "Oh, c'mon, you can't do this to me." And I remember Glenn going, "C'mon, Jim, you have to do it. If we did it, you have to do it." And Jim says, "That's easy for you to say, you don't have an L. Ron Hubbard tattoo on your ass!" Which I thought was pretty funny. So Jim walked up to the balcony and he screamed out to the restaurant customers, who at this point were all looking up, waiting, and he said, "I refuse to moon you!" And everybody started applauding. Everybody there had such a good time. In fact, one group of people, a table of six, came up to us afterward and said, "Thanks for a great night."

9.

PLAYBOY: As a follower of politics, tell us: Just how honest do you want a world leader to be? What's the difference between honesty and full disclosure?

DERN: A politician has to be careful about where he places his honesty. And to be discreet about it. It's like being in a relationship: You want honesty with discretion. I always thought people should be honest, no matter what. But I've learned, being the victim of honesty in a relationship, that sometimes it's less hurtful not to know everything.

10.

PLAYBOY: Some women make good decisions about men and some make bad ones. Which of those are you?

DERN: I'm starting to learn that there's no good or bad. My decisions are based on my personal struggles and my issues about relationships. I pull in men that teach me about what I need to learn to get me to another level as a person. I mean, you can't hate a man for being incapable of monogamy and then move on to another guy who cheats on you also. It's not that all men are that way. There is something affected by that in you. What is it that, if a man is unfaithful, makes me say, "Oh, my God. He wants everybody else, he doesn't want *me*"? And "I'm nothing, I'm shit." What is it in me that makes me feel so attached to the need of that man to tell me what my value is? If he wants other people, then he clearly doesn't want me. And I deserve to be with somebody who wants me. That's the healthy, wonderful way I'd like to look at things.

11.

PLAYBOY: You've been romantically linked with actors Kyle MacLachlan and Vincent Spano and producer Renny Harlin. Would you like to talk about the specialness of dating someone outside of the business? Someone who doesn't have anything in development?

DERN: I can't answer that question. I've always dated people who, on some level, were in the arts or in film. I would like to be able to answer that question, so I did know the difference. But I can't.

12.

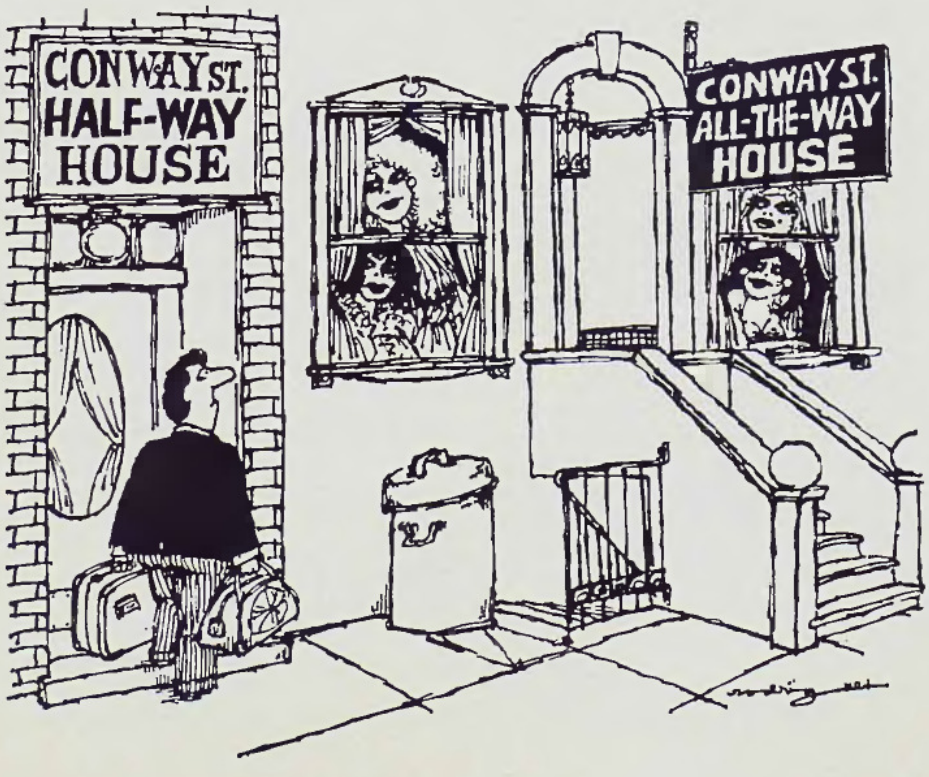
PLAYBOY: How do you mend a broken heart?

DERN: Time. Pampering yourself. Don't get into that "What did I do wrong? I must be unworthy" thing. That gets boring really quickly. Drink lots of water. Meditate. Do lots of yoga and don't eat sugar. It all depends on what makes you feel good. Once, I stayed at Isabella Rossellini's for a couple of weeks and we listened to tons of Billie Holiday. That totally put me in great spirits.

13.

PLAYBOY: What areas of expertise do people think you have that you really don't have at all?

DERN: A lot of people think I speak many languages, and I don't. They start speaking to me in Spanish, Italian, sometimes even Japanese. I speak some French, but I'm not fluent. People also think I wear contact lenses—which I consider an area of expertise, one that I have not acquired at this point in my life. And



people don't know that I do wear glasses—I'm Miss Coke Bottles.

14.

PLAYBOY: What Hollywood affectation are you most horrified to discover yourself doing?
DERN: Being in a situation where I have to find something nice to say to somebody. You go to a premiere of a film, and on the way out the producer or the director asks you, "What did you think?" What I try to do is not lie but find the thing that I feel is good about it. Great performances! That was something, wasn't it? Nobody really wants to hear the truth. So much effort goes into making movies that nobody really wants to hear that their movie is bad. If I'm at your premiere, I'm not going to go, "That was a stinker. And you sucked in it." I have to find something to say. And there are always positive things, like, "You looked great," or "It was a challenging role," or "You guys really went for it." Every movie has talent in it. Even if it's the gaffer.

15.

PLAYBOY: Most children fantasize about changing their name. What did you want to rechristen yourself as?
DERN: I've always loved my name. When I was in the fifth grade, some boys in my class, whom I really loved, kept calling me nerd. They'd say, "Dern spelled backward is nerd, and that's what you are." And I'd cry. Then, in the sixth grade, I was making a painting and one of the boys called that out to me and I wrote it down. It wasn't until that moment that I realized that my name spelled backward was not nerd, but *nred*. It took me an entire year to figure this out.

16.

PLAYBOY: As a serious collector, describe the utility and allure of the G-string.
DERN: I hate panties. G-strings are so much more comfortable. I think they used to be a toy thing, like playing dress-up or something. But now they're common. I mean, Calvin Klein makes them.

17.

PLAYBOY: Some writers wear hats so their ideas don't fly off. Is that why actresses who play sex kittens hold their heads?
DERN: In *Wild at Heart* it was a character choice. It's slightly Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn would put her hand on top of her head, but in a slightly different way. I think that Lula liked feeling her hair. She liked to pose.

18.

PLAYBOY: Shelley Winters is your godmother. Godparents are responsible for a child's spiritual education. Did she take this responsibility to heart?
DERN: She's very supportive. I lived with her in New York for about a month and she let me be an observer at the Actors Studio when she was moderating there. That was great. I got to watch a lot and talk to her about what I loved about acting. She was a great influence.

19.

PLAYBOY: In Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park* you play a paleobotanist involved in a cloning experiment that goes awry. What inspired you to make your action-adventure film debut? Did the promise of working with special-effects dinosaurs play a large part in that decision?
DERN: It was like some weird dream, being in this action-packed Steven Spielberg adventure movie. It's pretty wild: Sam Neill, me, Jeff Goldblum and Richard Attenborough. In a dinosaur movie? Hilarious. When I was mulling it over, Nick Cage said, "I hear they want you for a dinosaur movie. How can you not do a dinosaur movie?" The way he said it made me realize that it was something I just had to do.

20.

PLAYBOY: You were on Kauai when Hurricane Iniki hit. What were you thinking when all the weather in the world was outside your window?
DERN: About nine A.M., I walked out to the beach with Sam Neill, who plays my boyfriend in *Jurassic Park*. The hurricane wasn't supposed to hit until three P.M., but it was getting windy and the waves were getting strong. But it still looked somewhat normal. We were walking on the beach, and I said to Sam, "Do you think this is going to blow over?" And he said, "No, I think this is going to be a horrible catastrophe. Take a picture. Because it may be the last picture of the hotel ever looking like this." And I said, "Boy, are you Mr. Doom and Gloom," not realizing how terrifying the situation was. As we turned around to take a picture of the hotel, a wave came out of nowhere and washed over us, and, suddenly, we were soaked.

"Dear diary: Another day in paradise. Took a walk on the beach, basked in the sunlit canopy of a tropical rain forest, crapped on a couple from Forest Hills."

INSIDE MTV (continued from page 93)

"They exude an odor of triumph. They are special. They are inside. They belong at MTV."

one was saying, "We take you seriously, we believe in you, we know that in ways unwritten, you will change the world."

MTV's mission, it was decided, was to become the voice of the kids.

•

VJ Steve Isaacs has heard the voice of the kids, and he doesn't like it. He's hosting one of MTV's Spring Break concerts in Daytona Beach, and the mood is getting ugly. The concert bill features a range of musical styles—Primus, Ugly Kid Joe, Salt-N-Pepa, Mr. Big—and the crowd is a weird mix of visiting college jocks and working-stiff locals. Almost all of them are drunk; many, for no discernible reason, are hostile. Scary convulsions of pushing surge through the crowd, smashing people against the barriers in front of the stage. Every so often, security guards lift a hysterical girl up over their heads and pass her to safety. A mosh pit opens up for Ugly Kid Joe, but the slam dancing is angry, not fun. Suddenly, people on the edge of the pit are slugging the moshers in the face, and some of the moshers are slugging back. It's mostly whites against blacks. The crowd close by lurches away, the crowd behind presses forward.

Isaacs senses what he calls "that riot vibe"—he is almost sick with fear. Every time he takes his position on the stage, the crowd starts chanting at him. "Steve Isaacs sucks!" hundreds of voices scream. "Steve Isaacs sucks!"

•

Finding a way to bring MTV into its second decade isn't easy, considering that it was one of the defining popular cultural phenomena of the Eighties and that the resources available for reinventing anything in the Nineties are a trifle scant.

One disadvantage Freston faces is that MTV still labors to a large degree under the very Eighties vision of its cofounder, Bob Pittman. In 1981, Pittman, a 27-year-old former radio programmer (and sociology student), helped persuade Warner-Amex to sink $30 million into a rock-and-roll radio station with pictures. Four years later, Warner-Amex sold MTV to Viacom for $550 million. Pittman estimates it's probably worth close to $2 billion today.

Pittman left MTV in 1986. He now occupies a 27th-floor office in the executive suite at Time Warner, having returned to the inner circle of his benefactor, Steve Ross. On one of Pittman's windowsills there's an elegant globe, an appropriate decoration for a man who views the world from a certain conceptual distance.

It was Pittman who conceived the idea that MTV would subsist not just on the music of rock and roll but also on its attitude. Identifying with the kids was part of the channel's profile from the beginning—Freston says that "my" was always the most important word in "I want my MTV." But only up to a point. Pittman's vision had more to do with cool than with connection. The idea was to make MTV the epitome of hip; if the kids watched, the cool would rub off. And what better product to have if you're selling to kids than the promise of hip?

The irony is that the kids, who in real life tend to be gawky, unattractive and insecure, had no place in a video landscape where sophistication, attractiveness and self-confidence counted for everything. Indeed, for years it's been unofficial policy at MTV News not to let anyone under college age—the bulk of its audience—appear on camera. So strongly did Pittman resist breaking what he calls "the spell" of MTV that he refused to license its logo to merchandisers. "You don't want to see MTV T-shirts on fat, pimply-faced teenaged girls," he once said. "That's the danger."

With their voice-of-the-kids campaign, Freston and McGrath propose not only to invite the fat, pimply-faced girls inside MTV but to hand them a microphone and ask them what they think about the election.

•

You want attitude? Stand by the elevators some morning in the lobby of the Viacom Building, just off Times Square in New York City, and watch the MTV people coming to work.

It's not hard to tell them apart from the rest of Viacom's employees—they're not the ones wearing suits and ties or silk blouses and pearls. More like black leather and Ray Bans, tights and combat boots, skull-patterned doo-rags and Pearl Jam T-shirts, ear studs and jeans.

The first thing you see when you get off the elevator on the 24th floor is a neat line of tree trunks stretching from the floor through the ceiling—no roots, no leaves, just trunks. The front desk is a huge plaster rock, so big you can barely see the receptionist seated behind it. Over her shoulder is a bank of five television monitors with JBL speakers (playing, of course, MTV at all times), plus a bubbling aquarium in the shape of the MTV logo. The rest of the reception area is done up in neo-tacky purple and yellow; the pipes and wiring in the ceiling are exposed.

Walking down the halls, you can hear Springsteen or Prince blasting from various offices. Notes announcing concerts are taped to bathroom doors. Few people seem to be as old as 30; interns who can't be much past 18 abound. As they walk brusquely past the job applicants who invariably wait by the tree trunks in reception, they exude an odor of triumph. They are special. They are inside. They belong at MTV.

•

For the past several years, the principal goal of everyone who works at MTV, whether they know it or not, has been paying off the debt of a 69-year-old billionaire from Boston named Sumner Redstone. Redstone owns 83 percent of Viacom International Inc., a media conglomerate that owns five television stations, 14 radio stations, several major cable systems, four cable networks besides MTV, portions of three more cable networks, a pay-per-view company, a movie production company and syndication rights to hundreds of TV programs from *The Cosby Show* to *Roseanne* to *The Twilight Zone* to *The Honeymooners*.

Not many at MTV ever see Redstone, which is probably just as well, since he's known to hate rock and roll. He loves MTV, though. Redstone took on a mountain of debt to buy Viacom—$2.7 billion—and MTV has been a geyser of cash wearing away at that mountain ever since. Media research firm Paul Kagan Associates estimates that MTV produced some $94 million in operating revenues in 1992.

Redstone's debt is by far the most pressing legacy the Eighties left in Freston's lap. Freston doesn't complain—in fact, he talks about how supportive and unobtrusive Redstone is—but the strain shows. A former party animal himself (MTV's Spring Break coverage was his idea), Freston's style is laid-back, unconcerned, ironic. But, at the age of 47, his boyish good looks are more drawn than they used to be, his grin a little less cheerfully wry. Redstone is famous for running a tight ship—"He can watch the dime," Freston agrees—and he sets "pretty aggressive" goals for profit increases every year. Freston has delivered, but not much has been left to plow back into MTV. What investment there has been has gone largely to MTV Europe and to other parts of the MTV Networks division, which includes Nickelodeon and VH-1. McGrath got a slight increase in her production budget last year and expects another small bump this year, but the staff will tell you they're still running thin.

It's unstated policy at MTV that the

"I never knew, Heer Rembrandt, that passport pictures were done in such detail."

looseness of the atmosphere and the cachet of working there compensate for conditions that in other respects are, as Freston puts it, "a couple of cuts above the industrial revolution." The low pay is legendary. Steve Isaacs might be a TV star, but there are months when he's not sure he can cover his rent. Long hours are another fact of life. Old-timers laugh about all the interns who arrive thinking they're going to be partying with rock stars, only to find that they're stuck in the office late into the night, every night. Duff says there was a sign in the studio for a while that read, WORKING AT MTV IS LIKE HAVING A GORGEOUS BOYFRIEND WHO TREATS YOU LIKE HELL.

The drive for profits creates some tension between MTV's need to be hip and its need to be popular. For the sake of image (and for the satisfaction of the music lovers who work there), the channel loves to be thought of as the place where the coolest new acts get discovered. For the sake of ratings, MTV wants to be the place where the biggest stars can always be seen.

It's nearly impossible to maintain that balance. The fragmentation in the music business in recent years hasn't made it any easier. People today tend to listen to one favorite kind of music—anything else is anathema. In response to that, MTV now programs itself much as a political party constructs a platform, laying in planks to attract various constituencies: a little metal, a little pop, a little alternative, a little rap, a little R&B. Put it all together and you have a playlist that is more diverse than it used to be and more adventuresome than many radio stations ever get. But it's still heavily weighted toward the mainstream—depressingly so, in the opinion of many at MTV.

Ted Demme is one of them. Demme, 27, is the white kid who cocreated *Yo! MTV Raps* in 1989. (He's also the nephew of director Jonathan Demme.) *Yo!* was a major success, and overnight it put to rest longstanding charges that MTV would not play black music. Nonetheless, the afternoon weekday version of *Yo!* was cut back from an hour to half an hour, then it was moved to midnight. *Yo!* now appears only on Saturdays from 10 to 11 P.M. Demme says he never got an explanation for the changes; the ratings, he says, were fine. But others say the show was turning too many white kids away from the channel.

True or not, the ghettoizing of what Demme and others at MTV consider the truest alternative music being made today is proof that MTV talks a hipper game than it walks. "MTV is a big money machine now," Demme says, "and the reality is that we have to be ratings-conscious because we have to pull in the bucks. What's frustrating for us is being told by our bosses to continually do alternative programming and not mainstream TV, and then hearing the upper management people go: 'Your ratings are down! You must do something to increase your ratings!' And the next thing you know, you see Michael Jackson on every half hour."

Freston makes no apologies for keeping MTV focused on the hits. It's easy, he says, to get too hip for the room. "When I hear a lot of people at MTV say, 'Man, the network's really looking good now,' I start to worry."

•

It was hard to believe that anyone would go that far to promote a record, but there it was. MTV staff members gathered by their office windows on the 24th floor and looked across the street at the Marriott Marquis Hotel, directly into a room where a naked man was standing at the window of his room, facing outward, obviously involved in a spirited round of masturbation. No way could it be a coincidence that this was happening at the very moment when the Divinyls were pushing their latest single, *I Touch Myself*.

Turned out it was a coincidence, though. The guy in the hotel, who was still at it hours later, was arrested. Too bad, some thought: It was one of the most clever record promotions they'd ever seen.

•

As always, music videos remain the heart and soul of MTV, but there, too, a

Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
I WANTED TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON THE BLAIR VS. BLAIR CASE, SUSAN—NICE WORK!
PAT!
THANK YOU.
GEE, I HOPE GIVING YOU A PAT ON THE BACK WASN'T BEING TOO FAMILIAR.
OF COURSE NOT!
I'D HATE TO THINK THAT I COULD BE SUED FOR SEXUAL HARASSMENT.
DON'T BE SILLY.
I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I DISCUSSED THE SIZE OF YOUR BREASTS OR MY SEX ORGANS.
N-NO...
AND IT'S NOT AS OFFENSIVE AS TELLING YOU ABOUT SOME PORN FLICK I SAW, RIGHT?
R-RIGHT...
GOOD! I'D HATE TO THINK I WAS BEING INSENSITIVE.

downshift to humility is in progress.

After a decade of music videos, not many people in the business question MTV's ability to move product anymore. "I believe if you push anything on MTV it will work," says Linda Ferrando, senior director of national music video promotion for Atlantic Records. "You could take a potted plant and run it in heavy rotation and it will be a major star for a while."

Overstated, but only slightly. Hence the development of a new art form: getting the ear of MTV's music and talent-relations department. Stars such as Hammer and Fresh Prince can, and do, drop by to screen their latest videos for the staff. For lesser-known artists, getting in the door isn't that simple. Each Monday, MTV's 16-person music committee screens new videos. Between 50 and 75 come in each week, to compete for 25 openings on the schedule. The record companies know it pays to have an ally within the company who will help get a buzz going at the Monday meeting, which is why anyone who works at MTV, from Freston to production assistants, is a target for major schmoozing. Amy Finnerty, a 25-year-old music scheduler, carried the video for a little-known alternative band from office to office and insisted that people see it. The band's name was Nirvana.

There are other ways to attract attention. Bands such as Live and Poi Dog Pondering have played in the MTV lobby, and record-company executives have been known to stand by the elevators handing out compact discs. When former Kiss bassist Gene Simmons started his own record label, he had himself carried by two beautiful women into MTV's offices on a stretcher. Once there, he got down on his hands and knees (he was wearing his Kiss knee pads) and crawled around the floor, arms wide in supplication. The point of the joke was pretty clear: Who do I have to blow to get my records played?

The man in charge of MTV's talent-relations department is John Cannelli; second in command is Rick Krim. Both insist that stunts aimed at getting their attention are, if anything, counterproductive. Cannelli and Krim, in the no-nonsense spirit of the Nineties, prefer to keep their relationships with the record labels as professional as possible. Breaking in new bands, taking established bands to a higher level or helping a superstar stay on top is something in which they take great pride. To make it work, they say, takes cooperation and careful planning; they call it a proactive approach. Rather than sit around waiting for the videos to come in, the idea is to hold early meetings with a band's label or management—often months before a record is finished—to chart just how MTV fits into an act's overall marketing

VIDEO VÉRITÉ

Suddenly, real kids are showing up all over MTV. Sometimes you wish they hadn't. Here's the lowdown on the voice of the kids:

- Choose or Lose: MTV News coverage of last year's presidential campaign was by far its most successful exercise in teen populism. Beginning with the primaries, correspondent Tabitha Soren was on the bus interviewing and profiling the candidates, then covering the conventions and the election itself. Her "choose or lose" reports were produced in MTV's trademark style, with a blizzard of quick cuts, lots of flashy graphics and plenty of rock and roll in the background. The high point, as far as proving MTV's clout, was a 90-minute forum with Bill Clinton in June, which proved to be one of the campaign's more informative sessions with a candidate. Clinton stood in a Los Angeles studio and submitted to a sometimes rude, often incisive grilling from a couple hundred young people. Dozens of reports in the mainstream media took bemused note: Not only did the puppy talk, it asked provocative questions.
- Tolerance: Looking for a suitable relevant follow-up subject after the election, MTV News chose a good one: tolerance. The campaign (unnamed at presstime) was to start with a special in January on growing up in South Central Los Angeles, to be followed by a series of biweekly news reports on various aspects of tolerance from MTV affiliates around the world.
- *The Real World:* A big hit last year, this series represented a perfect compromise for MTV: halfway between real life and a music video. Seven good-looking young adults lived together for three months in a spectacular Soho loft while cameras recorded their every move. It wasn't real, exactly, but it was brilliant television. MTV is now in production on a second installment, this one based in Los Angeles. The producers are no doubt hoping that their West Coast subjects will be hornier than the New York group turned out to be. We'll find out in June.
- Make Your Mark: A series of 15-second channel IDs, each urging young viewers to go out and make a difference. As usual with MTV's promos, the visuals are impressive. The messages are esteem-builders: One points out that Einstein was 26 years old when he came up with his theory of relativity.
- *Like We Care:* A daily news magazine for teenagers dealing with issues from hickeys and pimples to curfews and racism. In-studio interviews with kids who were dim-witted enough to make you glad most of them don't vote. Thankfully, *Like We Care* was canceled after only a month on the air.
- *Hangin' with MTV:* Another flop. This three-hour afternoon block brought kids into the studio to watch and occasionally participate in a free-wheeling amalgam of star interviews, appearances by various MTV personalities and whatever else could be thrown into the mix—one producer described it as "*The Today Show* on acid." Every so often the concept worked, such as the day after the Rodney King riots started in Los Angeles, when the producers turned the entire show over to rappers and kids from the streets. Unfortunately, that was the exception, and *Hangin'* gradually degenerated into a shapeless mess. Now it's back to basics as a Top 10 video countdown show.
- *You Wrote It, You Watch It:* A new show takes real experiences from viewers' lives and reenacts them in short films. Among possible subjects: dating horrors, weird relatives and first hearings of *Stairway to Heaven.*
- *Lip Service:* Flop number three. A weekly lip-sync show designed to give kids the opportunity to pretend they're rock stars. What it really gave them was a chance to make fools of themselves on national television. It's history.
- The Regular Guy Quartet: MTV's getting a lot of mileage these days out of four comic characters who serve as onscreen surrogates for all the angry, hapless, coarse and ugly schmucks in its audience. Speed-talker Denis Leary is the most cerebral; space-cadet Pauly Shore is probably the most popular. The newest additions to this motley crew are cartoons, literally: Beavis and Butthead, two cretins. Starting this spring they get to introduce videos on their own show. These guys are such lowlifes they make Wayne and Garth look like Nick and Nora Charles.
- *What's Your Problem?* A new call-in show in which viewers get advice on love, sex and life. The two prerequisites for any modern discussion of these topics—a doctor and visiting celebrities—will both be in the studio.

—D.H.

mix. Depending on how big an act they're talking to, Cannelli and Krim offer a broad menu of promotional tie-ins available on MTV, everything from interviews on *The Week in Rock* to guest appearances on other shows to tour sponsorship to contests. Never, Cannelli and Krim stress, does MTV imperiously tell the labels what to do. "We don't ever want to take the position, 'Fuck them, they need us more than we need them,'" says Krim. "That's not our style at all. It's a partnership with these people. Their success is our success. We would be nowhere without their stars."

Cannelli and Krim's emphasis on cooperation with record labels may well be their way of distancing themselves from the legacy of their former boss, Abbey Konowitch. Konowitch had been MTV's point man with the record industry since 1988. In 1991 Konowitch, pleading a need for change, stepped aside, ostensibly shifting his attention to MTV's special events. In July 1992 he joined Madonna's new record label, Maverick.

According to sources both outside and inside MTV, exercising the daily power to make or break careers ultimately went to Konowitch's head. One industry executive called him "an egomaniac" who managed to offend even those whose videos he did play, as well as those he didn't. "No one could rein him in," the executive said. "He was incredibly abusive." A criticism commonly heard about Konowitch is that he became more enamored with the music business than with the music itself. One source said he was the type of executive who would spend his time at a concert hanging out backstage with a manager instead of sitting out front listening to the band. But it was Konowitch's arrogance that ultimately brought him down. Asked who specifically in the record industry Konowitch might have offended, one source laughed and said, "It would be quicker to tell you who he didn't offend."

Konowitch also offended many of his MTV colleagues. Too often in interviews he seemed to take sole credit for choosing which acts MTV played. The final straw came when allegations of verbal sexual harassment at his previous job surfaced. After he departed, two of his former colleagues laughingly called it poetic justice that he'll now be "fetching coffee" for Madonna and her ball-busting publicist, Liz Rosenberg.

Cannelli and Krim are said to be music guys, as opposed to business guys, who can mend MTV's fences with the labels. How they'll handle all the powerhouses at the labels who want to push *them* around remains to be seen. It's a thin line between being partners with the record companies and being in their pockets. If King's X gets more attention on MTV than a band of its stature usually warrants, who's to say the fact that their manager also happens to manage Madonna doesn't have something to do with it? If MTV runs with a video by Roxette that is (in the words of one staffer) "a stiff," who's to say someone didn't feel they owed the president of Roxette's label a favor? Freston concedes such favors are a part of doing business and that the pleading from record companies has increased dramatically because there have been literally dozens of new labels launched in the past few years. MTV bends over backward to help them when it can, Freston says, because they invest so much money in the videos MTV plays. But he also concedes that favors sometimes hurt his business—the kid with a remote control doesn't care if the video he's about to zap belongs to some big shot who muscled it onto the channel.

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There's more to Duff, of course, than pancake flinging. When she isn't busy with her VJ gig, she works as a volunteer at a nursing home in her neighborhood. "If I left entertainment," she says, "I would be just as happy calling bingo next door."

Sometimes Duff brings her friends at the hospital freebies she gets at work: Aerosmith tour jackets, Run-DMC hats, even (get hold of yourself, Bob Pittman) MTV T-shirts. On warm days you can see them sitting outside on the sidewalk, lined up in their wheelchairs, sunning themselves in their rock-and-roll paraphernalia, watching the world go by.

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As hard as people work at MTV, and for as little money, most will tell you that they do get a chance to develop their talent. Some of the channel's top producers, including Ted Demme, are former interns. There's an exception to that rule, though. It involves MTV's most visible employees, its VJs. The VJs are supposed to be the kids' surrogates, their flesh-and-blood connection to MTV. Yet the VJs get almost as little respect inside MTV as they get from critics outside it. "Absolutely true," says former VJ Adam Curry. "VJs are seen as being on the absolute lowest rung on the programming ladder."

Part of the reason for that was a management decision early on that the VJs should not be allowed to get bigger than the channel. Mark Goodman, one of the original VJs, says that Pittman told them right at the start, "MTV is the star. You are not the star." Goodman says the rationale for that attitude was, from a management point of view, perfectly logical: "He wanted to keep us under control. He didn't want these huge egos on his hands." As a result, the VJs have always been kept on a short contractual leash. MTV controls all outside appearances; moonlighting is not allowed. The VJs who became perhaps the biggest celebrities, Adam Curry and Downtown Julie Brown, were able to negotiate more flexible terms when their initial three-year contracts expired. But both say MTV didn't let go without a fight.

It's likely as well that some of MTV's discomfort with its VJs stems from the inconvenient fact that they're human and therefore tend to grow old. While plenty of people will tell you that VJs aren't required to be under 30—Martha Quinn's comeback at 29 is the proof offered—the likelihood of sticking around that long is pretty remote. When Julie Brown left in 1991, *Club MTV*, the dance show she hosted, had been on for four and a half years. She had hoped to mature the program a little, to make it a little raunchier, to go for a more sophisticated audience. She'd noticed that while the kids gyrating under the disco lights on *Club MTV* were, at most, 20, more of the fans who greeted her on the street were older. "I went, 'Wow! I'm getting older!'" Brown says. "I didn't want to be the kind of girl who was sitting up there with packs of makeup on, dancing around like a sixteen-year-old. I just decided my tits couldn't take it."

Looking back, Brown acknowledges she probably should have realized that MTV wasn't going to be interested in maturing any show, including hers. "MTV works in dog years," she says, laughing. "Every so often it has to clean up, as it were, and head to the target audience." Meaning that anybody much older than the target audience can kiss the channel goodbye.

The current VJs have learned this lesson well. They've seen some of their predecessors disappear from view (Isaacs says former VJs go to "the white noise on the TV channel"), and they're determined it won't happen to them. Isaacs wants to use MTV as a springboard to a career as a songwriter and a musician. Duff plans to write, produce and direct feature films. "Oh, yeah, I don't want to do this forever," she says, chowing down a cheeseburger in a Greenwich Village café. "I'm going to get bored with it and people are going to get bored with me. I don't *want* to have a long tenure. I want to do it and do it well, and master it and have a great time, and then move on."

That's the spirit of the Nineties talking—pragmatic, maybe even a little cynical, determined to survive. VJs come, VJs go. Expendability is a fact of life.

MTV, on the other hand, will remain. Eternally youthful, eternally cool.

MTV is immortal. You're not.

"A real sexual revolution would recognize liberation as the most important role of sex in our lives."

In *The World of Sex*, Miller writes:

> If men would stop to think about this great activity which animates the earth and all the heavens, would they give themselves to thoughts of death? Would a man withhold himself in any way if he realized that dead or alive this frenzied activity goes on ceaselessly and remorselessly? If death is nothing, what fear then should we have of sex? The gods came down from above to fornicate with humankind and with animals and trees, with the earth itself. Why are we so particular? Why can we not love—and do all the other things which give us pleasure, too? Why can we not give ourselves in all directions at once? What is it we fear? We fear to lose ourselves. And yet, until we lose ourselves, there can be no hope of finding ourselves.

This is a message not so different from Dante's, who also found himself lost in a dark wood in the middle of his life and who also emerged to see the stars, having discovered that love is what moves them.

Miller is more mystic than pornographic. He uses the obscene to shock and to awaken, but once we are awake, he wants to take us to the stars.

"I did a service to people," he said to Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*. "That was my motive in writing. I was beating down the barriers."

He did not mean linguistic barriers or publishing barriers; he meant barriers to self-liberation. A real sexual revolution—as opposed to the bogus sexual revolution we had in the Sixties—would recognize this liberation as the most important role of sex in our lives. It would accept it as one of our great revolutionary forces, a force that has the power to open eyes and souls.

Is there a place for such sex in the so-called age of AIDS? Of course there is. But not if we see sex only as a sort of compulsive acting-out, as an accumulation of meaningless experiences and deadly viruses. If we are open to our own sexuality in the cosmic sense, we will also be open to our creativity, our religious sense and our sense of self-liberation.

Back in the days when *Fear of Flying* was the new sensation, I used to argue in vain that I was not advocating promiscuity but rather an openness to erotic fantasy. The novel itself concentrated more on the heroine's erotic daydreams than on her escapades, which often proved hopelessly disappointing because her swains proved impotent or clumsy or mechanical. But the idea of an erotically motivated, actively fantasizing woman was, in itself, so shocking that my protests fell on deaf ears. My denigrators were sexophobic and attacked me for persisting in my belief that sex is a force for life.

How may we be sexual in the age of AIDS? Let me count the ways. We live in a time when telephone and computer sex, costumes, role playing and mutual masturbation are proliferating—along with (good grief!) monogamy.

HOT MONOGAMY screams the recent cover line on a woman's magazine. Apparently, you can get off even with your own spouse if you have a vivid enough imagination. Human sexuality is dazzling in its variety. I know a dominatrix who advertises and sells safe sex—with no exchange of bodily fluids—because the clients can only look and sniff and whip or be whipped. The Sixties equation of sexual revolution with quantitative promiscuity was too innocent. If we are open to the world of fantasy, we can liberate ourselves with one partner or no partner at all. Nicholson Baker's recent novel *Vox* describes a man and a woman who have telephone sex that is, if anything, hotter than sex in the flesh because there is no reality to block the fantasy.

Eventually we will have virtual reality, which will enable us to simulate sex with any famous lover of the past. Women will be able to choose anyone from Mark Antony to Shakespeare to Casanova to Byron, and men, like Dr. Faustus, will have their Helens of Troy. "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" they'll ask their computer screens.

The mind has an infinite capacity for self-liberation and is, after all, our main erogenous zone. Miller himself would have agreed.

"I know he's through for the night when he lets the air out of his shoes."

HEROES (continued from page 90)

"I do not remember his face, except that it was gaunt, white as a ghost and belonged, I knew, to a hero."

seen him and there was no reason for him to think we had. Suddenly, though, there he was, rising from his hiding place, aiming his carbine and squeezing off rounds as if he thought himself to be invisible.

He had no chance, of course. I turned a hose of fire on him and in a split second the little man was awash in a hot metal wake of M-60 tracer rounds that ripped him open, his blood and his life rushing into the ground.

When we landed moments later and I scrambled out to snatch up his weapon, the second bird twirling in tight, clattering circles above us, he was already dead, little pieces of him splattered all over the carbine. Besides his shorts, the flip-flops and the weapon, he wore only a web belt and a two-day ration of rice wrapped in a scrap of plastic. I do not remember his face, except that it was gaunt, white as a ghost and belonged, I knew, to a hero. He had died taking a risk that seemed unnecessary for a cause I did not understand.

That was the day I began to realize we were in a war we could not win. Vietnam was full of these men—and they were almost all on the other side.

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A few miles past where the first fingers of the mountains stretched east, our ships turned away from the valley floor, popped over a ridge and dropped into a small rice paddy nestled in a cup 200 feet below the hill's crest. We were out of the chopper in fewer than five seconds. Six figures in camouflage, boonie hats, grenade-laden web belts and full field packs, pounding heavily through thigh-high grass, lumbering with desperate urgency toward the relative safety of the jungle at the edge of the paddy. Both "sharks"—gunships—and trail ship circled once, and then the insertion bird lifted up to join them and all four peeled out back toward the sea. This was my first lurp patrol.

We set up an observation post maybe a mile away from the landing zone. Our job was to sit there for four days, maybe five, watch the trail, count the North Vietnamese soldiers who came down it and call in some artillery on them if we had the chance.

We rotated three two-man teams: one team watching the trail, one watching our back and one off duty. Silence was the rule, especially at night. During the day, though, everybody had something to read during breaks. I shared a book called *The Passover Plot* with my buddy Mike, taking it in turns to read a chapter.

Mike was an intensely religious Mormon. He had been the state high school wrestling champ in his weight class and had gone on to a full college scholarship. Like me, he got drafted when his class load fell short of the minimum required to maintain a student deferment.

Mike was about 20, and I thought he was the closest thing to a morally pure human being I had ever known. He didn't cuss, lie, cheat, steal or speak badly of anyone. He was enough to make most people sick. He did, too—and he wasn't even that sanctimonious about it. Just sort of determinedly innocent. And Mormon. It eventually infuriated almost everyone. They hated him for his purity—that and the fact that he seemed determined to convert every soul he met to the buoyant, white optimism of the Church of Latter-day Saints.

So Mike the Mormon and I, the agnostic, spent all our off time that mission arguing in whispers about a book that cast Christ as a not-all-that-religious political revolutionary and the impact of that possibility on the faithful. I haven't the faintest recollection what either of us thought about any of it then, only that we sat in the scrub brush on the side of a hill in Vietnam for five days together, reading the book and occasionally arguing quietly about it.

What did it all mean, anyway?

Damned if I knew. I did know one thing, though: When we got off that hill, I was going to ask Mike about Pinkville. He'd been there that day with Calley and the rest of them.

Extraction choppers scooped us up with the last breath of daylight on the fifth day and took us to the nearest firebase, a primitive forward camp called LZ Ross that had been gouged into the mouth of the valley.

When we got there, two companies of grunts, filthy from battle and greasy with sweat and fear, were standing around in clumps, eating from field-kitchen trays, talking wearily. The NVA were dug in at the base of the mountains to the south. One company had walked into an ambush there. We shot the bull with the grunts, grabbed some chow from a field kitchen and decided to turn in.

All the inside space was taken, so Mike and I walked to the outer ring of bunkers near the perimeter, chose one that looked like it had a soft top, climbed up, spread our ponchos and poncho liners and lay down.

Off in the distance we could hear the rumble of battle. Not far away a battery of 155s was belching artillery rounds into the night. But on top of that bunker it was cool, clear, relatively safe and you could see every star in the sky.

It was there that Mike told me what he and Billy did that day after they ate their lunch at My Lai.

•

Most of the killing was over at Pinkville when Mike and Billy stopped for lunch at the infamous ditch. This was where Calley supervised the machine-gunning of dozens of civilians.

Eating at that particular spot could not have been easy. The dead were everywhere. A relentless, sometimes piercing din arose from the ditch: It was the wailing and thrashing of the wounded and dying. Earlier, sometime between 9:00 and 9:30, after Charlie Company's first sweep through the hamlet, Lieutenant Calley had ordered his men to round up the rest of the living and bring them to the bank of the ditch. When dozens of people—some say as many as 200, nearly all of them women, children and old men—were herded into the ditch, Calley ordered his men to open fire. A few soldiers resisted the order, but there were plenty who did not.

It took Calley and two dozen grunts 15 minutes or so to gun down all the people assembled there. With that many people crowded together, however, it was difficult to be thorough. By the time Mike and Billy hunkered down an hour or so later with their C rations, the lieutenant and his triggermen had moved on. The undead in the ditch began to cry out, however, the limbs of many banging about spasmodically, the way those of the seriously wounded sometimes do. It would have been a terrible sound, all that flopping and slapping of flesh, the crying, all that agony out there in the morning sunshine.

At a certain point, after the pork and beans but before the peaches, Mike and Billy checked their M-16s and walked down the ditch, dividing up the survivors and finishing them off. Just the two of them, pacing deliberately along the death pit. There's one moving. Pow! There's another one. Pow! You take that one. Pow! They walked the ditch bank once, back and forth, and no one moved anymore.

Mike's story matched Billy's detail for detail, but hearing him tell it was different from hearing it from Billy.

Mike had been my closest friend in the service. We were drafted on the same day. Our backgrounds were similar, both working class, both athletes, both from the West. For whatever reason, we latched on to each other in basic training at Fort Bliss, Texas and stayed together all the way through advanced infantry training at Fort Ord and jump school at Fort Benning to jungle-warfare training

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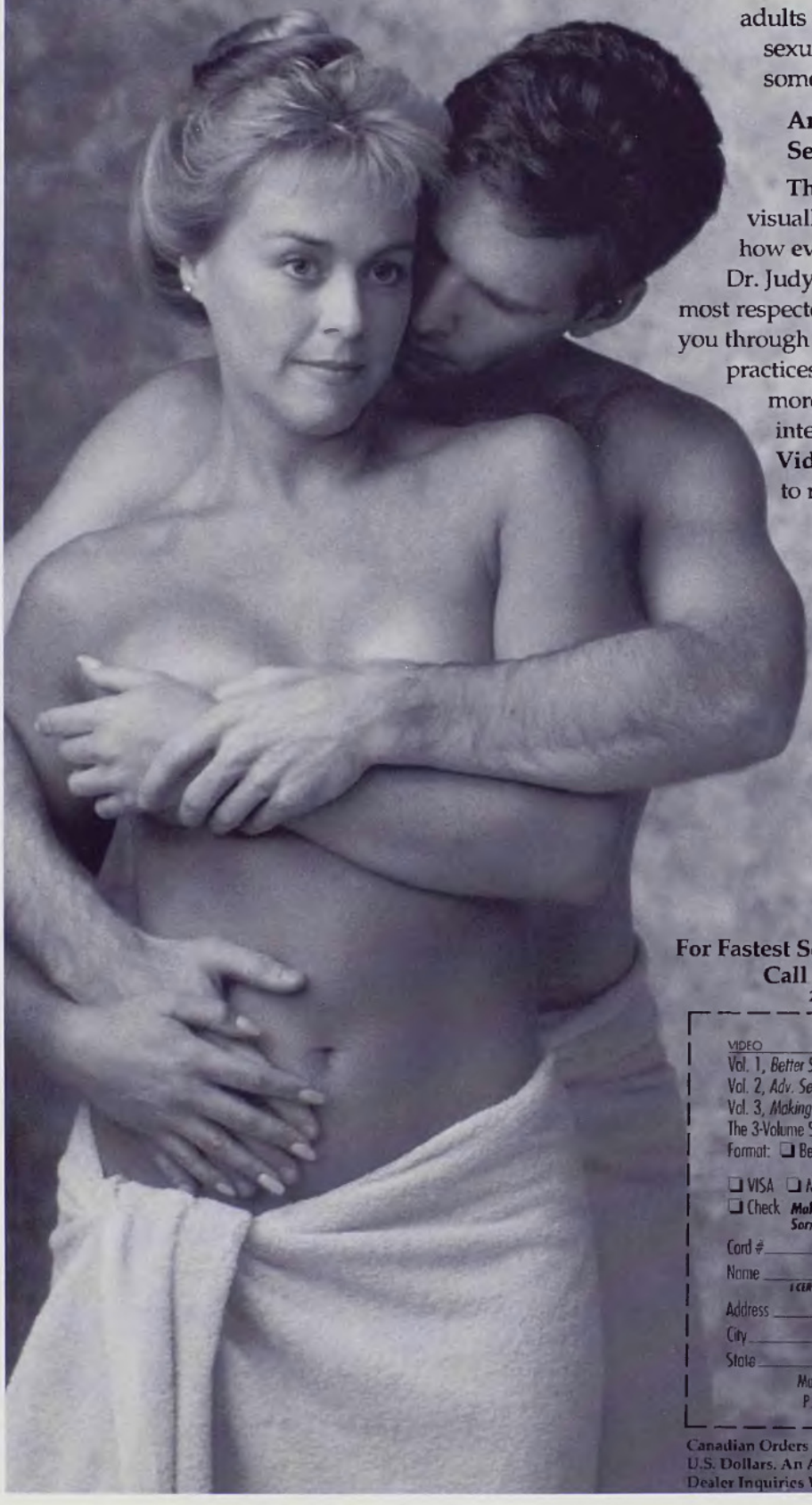

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at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii. We'd been apart only during the four months Mike spent in Lieutenant Calley's platoon in Charlie Company while I was a door gunner with Primo. When I transferred into the Americal Division's LRRP company in late April 1968, Mike had already been there several weeks, having transferred from Charlie Company a few days after My Lai.

Now, as we lay out under the stars at LZ Ross, there was a distance between us that hadn't been there before. Mike, Mike, I wanted to say, tell me it ain't so. But it was. Yes, yes, yes, he said on every detail. It was all true. Yes, he said, that's what we did, that's what happened.

"It was a Nazi kind of thing," he said.

We had been on the bunker for nearly an hour by then, face to face across a few feet of sandbags. We were both tired. It had been a long, nerve-racking five days on patrol and we had not gotten much sleep. A long silence hung between us after he finished telling his story.

"I dunno, man," he said finally. "It was just one of those things."

He rolled over and a few minutes later I could hear the rise and fall of his breath. He was asleep.

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Second Surge sat atop a black granite crag overlooking the sea on the Chu Lai coastline like a monstrous crab. A huge Red Cross splashed over its roofs identified it as a hospital. The South China Sea was not far below, less than 200 feet, but the fall was almost straight down. A smooth rock shelf, 40 feet wide at low tide, lay at the bottom, making an inviting diving platform for those ignorant of the danger. A vicious riptide circled there, sometimes carrying away unwary enlisted men who sought to prove that they could swim against it.

The Americal Division Officers' Club shared the hospital's perch, lying opposite Second Surge across a wide, deep ravine that isolated it from the rest of the base camp. You could see the club members sitting up there on the veranda on late afternoons, sipping drinks and leaning back in their bamboo chairs under the palm thatch.

It was rumored that some officers used to lay bets on how many enlisted men would make it back to shore.

Nobody much liked officers in those days. There were exceptions, but most of us had personal lists of officers we would just as soon see killed. Better them, we thought, than the random Vietnamese who fell into our sights. Some people, especially those who were not there, may find that hard to understand, but it is true. The shorter you got, in fact, the more certain you were to have such a list—and the longer it was likely to be.

Michael Bernhardt had a long list by the time I found him in the waning days of 1968. It started with Calley and ran all the way up the chain of command to Major General Samuel Koster, the two-star commander of the Americal Division.

But then Bernie, like many of us, had been through a lot of changes. Along with Billy, Mike and Gruver, he ended up in Charlie Company, in Calley's platoon. Unlike them, however, Bernie had flat out refused to take part in any killing at Pinkville. His reward, he later realized, was that Charlie Company's officers intended to keep him in the field until he was killed.

I'd been hearing the scuttlebutt for months that Bernie had been a refuser at Pinkville and I'd been looking for him ever since. But he was hard to find because he was always in the field. I knew by then that the story of the massacre was true. The problem was proving it.

I was sure that the Army would try to cover up any investigation. Would the men who told me what they saw and did say the same things to an official questioner? That was what I needed, someone to stand up and tell the truth. Maybe Bernhardt was my man.

I found Bernie at Second Surge two weeks before I was scheduled to go home. He was in bed, lying barechested in wrinkled blue hospital pajamas, both legs bandaged to the thigh, recovering from an extreme case of jungle rot. He was lucky to be there, he said, especially since jungle rot was not his only problem.

Bernie had been a known troublemaker in Charlie Company even before the massacre. Twice before Pinkville he had written to his congressman, complaining about the actions of the company's officers. In each case, word of the complaint—and who filed it—came down the chain of command.

Then, a few days after Pinkville, the officers started making Bernhardt walk point all the time. When S-2—intelligence—warned Captain Ernest Medina (the company commander) to watch out for an ambush, Bernhardt was made to walk on the ambush side of the formation. Then, when he started getting jungle rot with just four months to go on his tour, the officers wouldn't let him leave the field for treatment.

As time went by, the rot's bleeding open sores, giant strawberries that erupted spontaneously on the skin from the combination of dampness and the accumulation of filth and bacteria, started to work up his legs. He started to have trouble walking. Still, the commander of Charlie Company refused to send Bernhardt to the infirmary.

In the end, Bernie took care of the problem in his own way. Timing his escape during evening chow, just as the evening resupply chopper was cranking up to lift off, he dropped his rucksack and his weapon and threw himself aboard, leaping into its empty bay just as the bird reached that instant when it hovers briefly, then lifts suddenly skyward, turns and sweeps off in a clattering rush.

When Bernhardt limped into the 11th Brigade infirmary 20 minutes later, the doctors were astonished at his condition. This should have been treated months ago, they said. What the hell was wrong with those officers in Charlie Company? Were they trying to get him killed?

•

Bernhardt knew something special was planned for Pinkville. Captain Medina made that clear the night before the operation. The village they were going into the next morning, Medina said, was base camp of a Viet Cong battalion. No one there would be an innocent civilian. Medina told his men that he wanted nothing left "standing, living or growing, not even a blade of grass." It would be their chance, the captain said, to avenge fallen comrades.

When the choppers began dumping Charlie Company on the outskirts of the village that morning, Bernhardt knelt on a dike. He waited there, pretending to be having trouble with his boots, passing the time until Medina arrived with the second wave. When Medina's bird landed, Bernhardt stalled a little longer and then trailed the company commander and his party throughout the village all morning long.

Whatever Medina had in mind that morning, Bernhardt intended to witness. What he saw was enough to convince him that the CO was almost literally up to his neck in blood in the massacre. As he later told investigators, at one point he saw Medina shoot a young girl and, turning to Bernie, "gave me a look, a dumb shit-eating grin."

That evening, Bernhardt was digging a foxhole when the captain stormed up to deliver a message. It would be a mistake, Medina warned him, to write his congressman about what he had seen that day. Did he understand?

Yeah, Bernhardt replied, he read the captain loud and clear.

And he didn't write his congressman about Pinkville, either. If he got out of Vietnam alive, though, Michael Bernhardt intended to deal with Medina and the other officers responsible for Pinkville in his own way.

"I've got a plan," he told me finally, after we had fenced for some time. "I'm gonna kill them all. I'll find out where they are after I'm out. I'm going to get a real good rifle. One with a scope. I'm going to hunt them down and kill them."

I asked him to wait, though I was sure he was only half serious. Let me try my plan first, I said. We'll string them up, I promised, with the system's own rope. Blow the whistle on them and get them tried as war criminals.

Bernie was skeptical. How? he asked. I didn't know. I only knew that before I could prod official investigators into action I needed someone who was there who could be counted on to tell the truth.

Would Bernie back me up?

You can count on it, he said. If I told the truth, so would he.

And when the time eventually came, he did, as did Mike and Billy and many others.

•

Twenty years passed before I met Hugh Thompson and Harry Stanley, two of the best-known heroes of My Lai. It was the fall of 1988, and *People* magazine had asked me to track them down for an interview to mark the anniversary of the 1969 investigation.

I found Harry Stanley in the back acre of a giant wholesale lumberyard on the outskirts of Biloxi, Mississippi, about an hour and a half east of New Orleans. I had called ahead to the yard, which was the only telephone number for Stanley I could get—it was in fact the only number he let anyone have. Like many Vietnam vets, Harry Stanley had no wish to share his private life with the outside world.

A yard worker led me through a maze of lumber sheds, dodging mud puddles and machinery until we emerged in an open lot where a crew of seven or eight bundled-up, tattered black men labored in the cold hard wind, methodically restacking lumber. One of them, a stocky man with a scarf around his neck and no front teeth, turned and looked. Harry Stanley. He said something to the men he was with and ambled toward us.

We wandered over to a scattered stack of lumber, found a perch with our backs to the chilling gusts and Harry began to talk about that morning at My Lai when the wind was hot and the world and everybody and everything in it seemed to be completely insane.

Calley's platoon, which included Stanley as well as Gruver, Billy and Mike, had scurried off the first wave of assault choppers. They formed a skirmish line and started to move toward the hamlets at roughly 7:30. No gunfire came from huts on the hamlet edge as they approached.

"Everybody there was supposed to have been some kind of Viet Cong," Stanley said. Captain Medina had told them the village was the headquarters for the 48th Viet Cong Main Force Battalion, the VC's most battle-hardened unit in that part of Vietnam. "He said we were supposed to wipe out the whole village."

When the platoon reached the village, however, "all we saw was people running. All old women, children, old men. No weapons, nobody shooting at us and stuff. It's obvious that what Medina was saying was not it. It's not happening here. But it was just like nobody cared. They were still doing what they'd been ordered to do in the beginning."

The first person the platoon came to, a wispy-bearded old man in white, was shot by one of Stanley's buddies, who then slit the man's throat, dumped his body down a well and pitched a hand grenade in after it.

From that moment forward the men of Charlie Company began to "shoot everything that moved. People running. Cows. Everything." Stanley, who was carrying an M-60 machine gun, followed the others, refusing to fire, stunned at what was happening around him.

"I wasn't firing because I was waiting for some resistance," he remembered. "There was no resistance. There was no reason for me to shoot. It was just a bunch of bullshit craziness to me. I wasn't a murderer."

Calley's men reached the far side of the village around 9:00, leaving a trail of death in their wake. Before long the second and third platoons also reached the far side. Soon thereafter, according to Stanley and many others who later told their stories to Army investigators, Calley ordered the men of all three platoons to round up and bring all the surviving villagers to the ditch. Amazingly, according to Stanley and other witnesses, some 200 people had survived Charlie Company's initial sweep. They were marched over to the ditch in small groups within the next 30 to 45 minutes.

Then, Stanley said, Calley "turned to me and he wants me to set up my machine gun and shoot these people. I told him, 'Naw, I can't do that.' He said, 'I'm ordering you to do that.' I said, 'You can't order me to do that.'"

Calley repeated his command, this time screaming in Stanley's face, "I'm ordering you to do it!" and threatening him with a court-martial if he refused.

Stanley stood his ground. "I told him if he can do that and get away with it, that's fine with me."

Furious, Calley whirled, grabbed Private Paul Meadlo's M-16, stepped up nose to nose with Stanley and shoved the rifle into the machine gunner's stomach. Stanley, just as quickly, whipped out his .45-caliber pistol, cocked it and pushed it into Calley's guts.

Stanley's buddies, meanwhile, stood and watched the exchange, goggle-eyed.

"I guess they thought I'd gone crazy," he told me. "But I was dead serious about what I was saying and what it meant to me.

"My general thoughts about it were, I'm in Vietnam already and I'm gonna die here anyway. So, hey, if you're talking about shooting me, we might just as well shoot each other—know what I mean? As far as doing what you're talking about doing, I'm not going to do that because that's wrong to me. If we had been fired at by one person, anything, or if we had a sniper pinned down, maybe it would have been a whole lot different

"Henry! What have you done with my tits?"

in my mind. But as far as I could see, what they said was supposed to be happening there wasn't happening there."

That was Vietnam, all right.

Harry Stanley's simple assessment was a perfect metaphor for the war. In fact, his definition may be the only one with which all Vietnam veterans might agree. However you saw it, what the brass and the politicians said was supposed to be happening in Vietnam was indeed not happening there.

At My Lai—as elsewhere, unfortunately—such acts of principle as Harry Stanley's had little impact on the outcome. His defiance of Calley's orders aroused no mass resistance among his fellow GIs.

When he saw that Stanley wasn't bluffing, Calley, however, backed down. Returning Meadlo's M-16, the sputtering lieutenant ordered each squad leader in the company to choose "some shooters." The record shows that somewhere between 20 and 30 GIs, led by Calley, began pouring rifle and machine-gun fire into the ditch where the survivors of the initial sweep had been herded.

•

Hugh Thompson, another man who knew right from wrong at My Lai, still flew helicopters until a year ago. Instead of hunter-killer missions on the coastal plains of south central Vietnam, however, he ran oil-company choppers between Lafayette, Louisiana and oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1968 he was a 25-year-old helicopter pilot at the Americal Division headquarters at Chu Lai. On March 16, Thompson, with his aeroscout team, flew to My Lai to provide air cover for what he expected to be a "standard insertion" of an infantry company.

What Thompson saw as he circled above the developing carnage that morning, however, "confused, bewildered, shocked and infuriated" him, he told me.

In the most famous of his several attempts to stop the slaughter, Thompson landed his helicopter between a bunker filled with cowering Vietnamese women and children and an advancing line of American soldiers led by an officer. Ordering his door gunner to take aim at the American ground troops and to shoot them if they opened fire on the people in the bunker, Thompson hurried over to the officer, who may have been Lieutenant Calley.

"Any way you can get those civilians out of the bunker?" Thompson asked the officer.

"Yeah," the officer told Thompson, "with a hand grenade." Angrily telling the officer to leave it to him, Thompson ran back to his helicopter and called in one of his gunships to ferry the people to safety, a task that required two trips.

Would his door gunner actually have shot the other American soldiers?

"I don't know," Thompson said, "and I'm so glad I didn't have to find out."

Even before the confrontation at the bunker, he and his crew had spotted a wounded young woman writhing in the grass. Marking the spot with a yellow smoke grenade, Thompson radioed for someone on the ground to help her.

Moments later, he saw Captain Medina walk over to the young woman and nudge her with his boot. Then he took a step backward and coolly squeezed off a burst of M-16 fire, killing her instantly.

Some time that morning Thompson saw the results of Lieutenant Calley's work in the ditch, where, he estimated, there were 200 or more dead and wounded Vietnamese.

"It had a lot of bodies in it," Thompson said. "There was a black NCO and a lieutenant standing there. I set down, called the lieutenant over and said, 'Hey, there's some wounded people in this ditch. Can you help them out?' The statement was made, 'The only way I can help them out is out of their misery.' I said, 'Aw, come on, man. These people are hurting. They need our help.' I took it that he was joking. As I lifted off and started to turn I heard an M-60. My crew chief said, 'My God! He's firing into the ditch!'"

When Thompson was able to return to the site a short while later, one of his crewmen waded in among the dead and dying.

"A few minutes later," Thompson said, "he comes up. He has a little baby in his hands, blood all over it, but we couldn't see any wounds. No open flesh wounds or anything."

Thompson flew the infant to a nearby civilian hospital.

Later that day he met with his platoon leader to talk over the day's events. Backed by other pilots in his outfit, Thompson worked his way up the chain of command with a personal demand for a formal investigation. Unfortunately, he filed his complaint with Colonel Oran K. Henderson.

That was the last the pilot heard about the massacre until he was interviewed by Army investigators in the fall of 1969. His testimony against Captain Medina, along with Michael Bernhardt's, was the basis for the prosecution of Medina for the murder of the young woman Thompson marked with the smoke grenade.

Unlike Harry Stanley and the few others like him, Hugh Thompson's heroism at My Lai received official recognition. A few months after the trials, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his rescue of the women and children in the bunker at My Lai. It marked a significant event in military history: A member of the U.S. Army had been decorated for battlefield bravery for facing down American soldiers.

Only after the investigators came to question him, however, did Thompson learn that his complaints to Colonel Henderson had gone nowhere. Henderson—commander of the 11th Infantry Brigade—had covered up what happened at My Lai, an act for which he was eventually court-martialed.

Hugh Thompson and I spent almost two days talking about My Lai and Vietnam. He made no bones about his view of events at Pinkville—that barbaric, horrifying slaughter, as he described it. But he refused to believe that other massacres happened elsewhere in Vietnam.

"That's not the American way and that's not the way things are supposed to be," he said. "That's what the Nazis did in World War Two. We're the guys in the white hats. We're supposed to be the good guys."

•

There was a reason Hugh Thompson's complaints to Colonel Henderson went nowhere. What happened at My Lai that day happened not because Captain Medina, Lieutenant Calley and the rest of the men in Charlie Company went crazy. Henderson, Medina and Calley were all following orders, executing a general policy designed at the divisional level. My Lai was one of many such massacres. That was the way we fought the war in Vietnam.

Thompson, in fact, had no need to tell Henderson of the massacre, the Army's official investigation later revealed, because the colonel already knew about it. Henderson circled over the village in his own helicopter much of the morning and saw the slaughter with his own eyes.

And Henderson was not alone. Samuel Koster, the commanding general of the Americal Division, had likewise circled over the dying village that morning with several members of Koster's executive staff. And they had done nothing. None of them—not Koster, not Henderson, not one senior officer—issued a single order to the men on the ground to stop murdering civilians.

I knew the moment I heard about My Lai that the blood on the hands of my friends was already dripping onto mine. A melodramatic reaction, maybe, but it was the way I felt—as if I had been contaminated by something of which I could never really be cleansed.

I felt obligated—people who knew me then would have said it was an obsession—to discover if Gruver's story was true and, if it was, to expose it and let the chips fall where they would. To my great sadness they fell all over Mike and Billy, as they fell on others.

In the end, in March 1969, three

months after my being separated from the Army, I wrote a letter to the president, Congress and the Army. The letter explained what I knew about the massacre and how I came to know it. What I hoped for was a complete and thorough congressional investigation.

•

By and by, I returned to Southeast Asia and began my career as a journalist. I was there, in fact, covering the invasion of Laos for *Time* on the day in early 1971 when Lieutenant Calley was convicted for his role at My Lai. During the year following Calley's conviction, Captain Medina and then Colonel Henderson were tried for their roles at My Lai.

Both men were acquitted.

None of the other soldiers—officers or enlisted men—implicated in the case were found guilty.

Lieutenant Calley was the only American soldier convicted for crimes committed at My Lai. He was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. Appeal followed appeal until the sentence was cut to ten years. Less than four years after the original sentence, Calley, a convicted mass murderer, was a free man.

Hugh Thompson was right. We were supposed to be the good guys. Almost everyone who went to the war wanted to believe that. Maybe we dreamed we would even come home heroes. Some did: Thompson, Harry Stanley, Michael Bernhardt. They were heroes, though it is unlikely they became heroic in the way they would have wished or may have envisioned in their daydreams.

In the Vietnam some people remember—Ollie North, Ronald Reagan and George Bush come to mind—Americans were heroes in chains, men who could have won the war given the chance and a free hand.

In the Vietnam that I knew, we did have a free hand and we used it with little mercy. To me, the heroes were almost all on the other side—and we were killing them.

Despite the valor of many, therefore, it seems to me that few Americans emerged from Vietnam as heroes. Instead, hamstrung by the memories of what they did and saw, many thousands of combat veterans, even those who were physically whole, came home emotionally and spiritually crippled.

Now, 25 years later, especially when the war drums begin to beat, I think of my friend Billy and all the Vietnam vets like him. How many thousands, I wonder, still hug their knees on the hidden beaches of their dreams, as they sing to themselves: "All them people we killed, man. All them people we killed."

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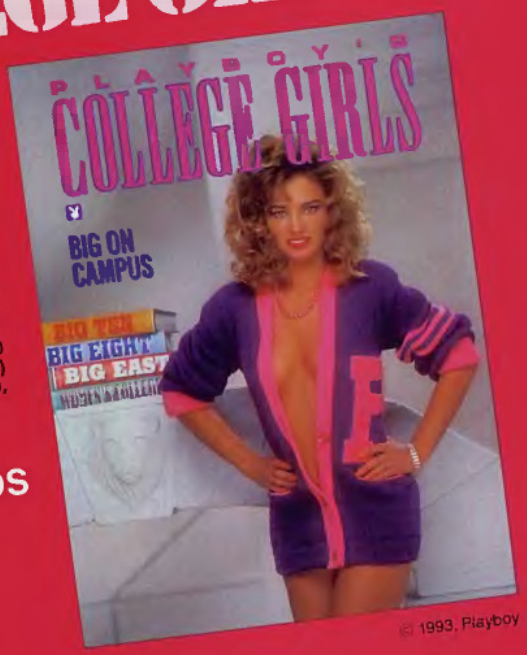

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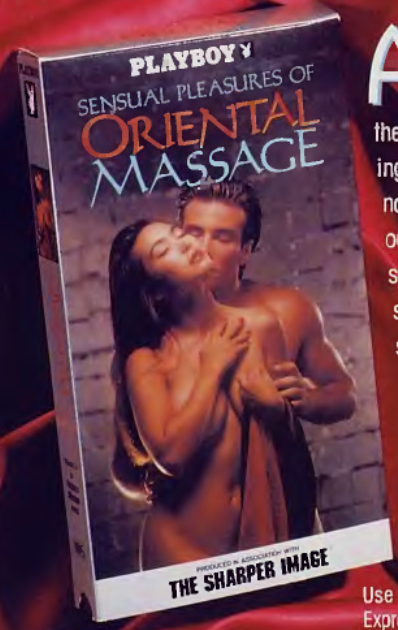

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Biodome Chronicles

(continued from page 112)

four or five biomes and soon half the nauts are partying down at the beach. Some dickhead announced he could walk on the ocean—oh, yeah, it was me—but about ten yards out I sank slowly into the slimy sludge (say that three times fast) and it took four nauts to pull me clear.

Then I hear a gasp and turn around to see Glaberson—buck naked and covered with war paint—carrying off Li Yiu. We chased him but the loon disappeared into the rain forest yelling, "Poseidon's revenge!" and "Death to mortals!"

Hey, I'm no security expert, but I think we have a serious discipline problem on our hands.

OK, so then John Wayne Riger rounds up a posse (everybody), arms us with hoes and scythes and leads us into the boonies. Very confident, very determined. Ten minutes later, we're tear-assing back to the hab in blind panic, and Riger's got a homemade arrow sticking out of his butt.

Me, I was making good time till an acacia tree impacted negatively on my face. I'm on my back, stunned, when I hear a noise and look up in the branches and here's this big-eyed mama lemur with a baby on its back staring down at me. Jeez—a sign of hope! An affirmation of life! "Hey, everybody," I yell, "the primates are reproducing! *Biodome works!*"

This may sound corny, Pinc, but as I got up and staggered back to the hab, bleeding, weeping and hurling, I felt this weird surge of optimism. I felt that, despite all our problems, maybe Biodome I points toward a bright new future for our beleaguered species on this bruised old planet hurtling through the black vastness of interstellar space.

Or maybe it's that I'm just as drunk as a boiled owl.

Anyway, now I'm sitting here catching up on my mail and feeling real *good*. The temperature is dropping fast, a vomitous green ooze is coming out of the rain sprinklers all over the Biodome and smoke is rising in the rain forest. We're worried Glaberson may have sabotaged the main computer. But he won't be bugging us much longer. A state police SWAT team showed up and their guys are posted at all the Visitor Interactivity Notches. (They can't come inside or it invalidates the whole experiment.)

Soon as one gets a clear shot, or so the buzz goes, Glaberson will be composted and recycled into the ecosystem—like all organic material in the Biodome.

You know, Pink Ass, this sulk-a-thon of yours is so juvenile. A guy less easygoing than me might take it personally. OK, so I put my name on your application. Hey, I'm sorry, all right? I was a little faced, that's all. Can't you take a joke?

Gotta run, Pinc. Marcy G. Fenton asked me to bring some papaya punch over to Medical—strictly for lab analysis, of course. Damn, now I'll probably be up all night doing research.

C'mon, you pinhead, lighten up!

Your bosom bud,
Lar

"We were there in December and loved it."

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 120)

compliments, before anybody bought it. It was profoundly ugly, a portrait of brutality. The skinsuit seemed to be straining to contain a mask of rage. Something truly sick burned behind the eyes.

He propped it up on the couch and walked back and forth, admiring it from various angles. For a moment I hoped he would say, "This will do fine; forget about the nude." I didn't look forward to three weeks of his intimate company.

"It captures something," he said, grinning. "I could use it to intimidate clients."

"The style suits you?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed." He looked at me with a sort of squint. "I vaguely remember fighting over some aspect of it."

"Technical matter. I prevailed, of course—that's what you pay me for."

He nodded slowly. "Well. I'll see you in George Town, then." He offered his hand, dry and hot.

"Friday morning. I'll be at the Hilton." Allison put the painting into a leather portfolio and ushered him out.

She came back in with a color photocopy of it. "Sick puppy."

I examined the picture, nodding. "There's some talent here, though. A lot of artists are sick puppies."

"Present company excluded. Lunch?"

"Not today. Got a date."

"Harry?"

"He's out of town. Guy I met at the gym."

She arched an eyebrow at me. "Young and cute."

"Younger than you," I said. "Big nose, though."

"Yeah, nose." She poured herself a glass and refilled mine. "So you won't be back after lunch?"

"Depends."

"Well, I'll be back around two, if you need anything." She headed for her office. "Happy hose."

"*Nose*, damn it!" She laughed and whispered the door shut behind her.

I carried my wine over to the window. The icy wind was audible through the double-pane glass. The people on the sidewalk hurried, hunched over against the gale. Tomorrow I'd be lying on snow-white sand, swimming in blood-warm water. A few days of sunshine before Segura showed up. I drank the wine and shivered.

•

In the 18th century, George III was sailing in the Caribbean when a sudden storm, probably a hurricane, smashed his ship to pieces. Fishermen from one of the Caymans braved the storm to go out and pick up survivors. Saved from what he'd thought would be certain death, King George expressed his royal gratitude by declaring that no

resident of the islands would ever have to pay taxes to the British crown for the rest of eternity.

So where other Caribbean islands have craft shops and laid-back bars, George Town has high-rise banks and insurance buildings. A lot of expatriate Brits and Americans live and work there, doing business by satellite bounce.

I have a bank account in George Town myself, and may retire there someday. For this time of my life, it's too peaceful, except for the odd hurricane. I need Manhattan's garish excitement, the constant input, the dangerous edge.

But it's good to get away. The beach is an ideal place for quick figure sketches, so I loosened up for the commission by filling a notebook with pictures of women as they walked by or played in the sand and water. Drawing forces you to see, so for the first time I was aware that the beauty of the native black women was fundamentally different from that of the tourists, white or black. It was mainly a matter of posture and expression, dignified and detached. The tourist women were always to some extent posing, even at their most casual. Which I think was the nature of the place, rather than some characteristic female vanity. I normally pay much closer attention to men, and believe me, we corner the market on that small vice.

My staff came down on Thursday. M&M tore off into town to find out whether either of his girlfriends had learned about the other. Allison joined me on the beach.

Impressive as she is in office clothes, Allison is spectacular out of them. She has never tanned; her skin is like ivory. Thousands of hours in the gym have given her the sharply defined musculature of a classical statue. She wore a black leather string bikini that revealed everything not absolutely necessary for reproduction or lactation. But I don't think most straight men would characterize her as sexy. She was too formidable. That was all right with Allison, since she almost never was physically attracted to any man shorter or less well built than she. That dismissed all but a tenth of one percent of the male race. She had yet to find an Einstein, or even a Schwarzenegger, among the qualifiers. They usually turned out to be gentle but self-absorbed, predictably, and sometimes more interested in me than her. The message light was on when we got back to the hotel; both Rhonda Speck and Segura had arrived. It wasn't quite ten, but we agreed it was too late to return their calls, and retired.

•

I set up the pose and lighting before we went under, explaining to Rhonda exactly what we were after. Segura was silent, watching. I took longer than necessary, messing with the blinds and the rheostats I'd put on the two light sources. I wanted Segura to get used to Rhonda's nudity. He was obviously as straight as a plank, and we didn't want the painting to reveal any sexual curiosity or desire. Rhonda was only slightly more sexy than a mackerel, but you could never tell.

For the same reason, I didn't want to start the actual painting the first day. We'd start with a series of charcoal roughs. I explained to Segura about negative spaces and how important it was to establish balance between the light and dark. That was something I'd already worked out, of course. I just wanted him to stare at Rhonda long enough to become bored with the idea.

It didn't quite work out that way.

We didn't need a doctor's certification in George Town, so the setting up took a little less time. Artist and client lockstepped into the office where Rhonda waited, studying the pages of notes stacked neatly on her desk.

There were two piano stools with identical newsprint pads and boxes of charcoal sticks. The idea was to sketch her from eight or ten slightly different angles, Segura moving around her in a small arc while I worked just behind him, looking over his shoulder. Theoretically, I could be anywhere, even in another room, since I was seeing her through his eyes. But it seems to work better this way, especially with a model.

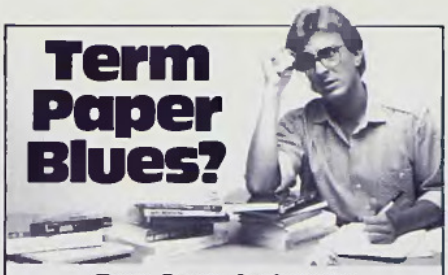
The sketches had a lot of energy—so much energy that Segura actually tore through the paper a few times, blocking out the darkness around the seated figure. I got excited myself, and not just by feedback from Segura. The negative-space exercise is just that, an art school formalism, but Segura didn't know that. The result came close to being actual art.

I showed him that after we came out of the buffer. The sketches were good, strong abstractions. You could turn them upside down or sideways, retaining symmetry while obliterating text, and they still worked well.

I had a nascent artist on my hands. Segura had real native talent. That didn't often come my way. The combination could produce a painting of some value, one that I wouldn't have been able to do by myself. If things worked out.

Allison and I took the boat out after lunch—or rather, Allison took the boat out with me as ballast, baking inertly under a heavy coat of total sun block. (She and I are almost equally pale, and that's not all we have in common; I'm also nearly as well-muscled. We met at the weight machines in a Broadway gym.) She sailed and I watched billowing clouds form abstract patterns in the impossible cobalt sky. The soothing sounds of the boat lulled me to sleep—the keel slipping through warm water, the lines creaking, the ruffle of the sails.

She woke me to help her bring it back



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in. There was a cool mist of rain that became intermittently heavy. A couple of miles from shore we started to see lightning, so we struck sail and revved up the little motor and drove straight in, prudence conquering seamanship.

We dried off at the marina bar and drank hot chocolate laced with rum, watching a squall line roll across land and water, feeling lucky to be inside.

"Photography tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yeah. And then drawing, drawing, drawing."

"The part you like best."

"Oh, yes." Actually, I halfway do like it, the way an athlete can enjoy warming up, in expectation of the actual event.

•

The next morning I set up the cameras before we went into the skinsuits. The main one was a fairly complex and delicate piece of equipment, an antique 8x10 view camera that took hairline-accurate black-and-white negatives. I could have accomplished the same thing with a modern large-format camera, but I liked the smooth working of the gears, the smell of the oak and leather, the sense of contact with an earlier, less hurried age. The paradox of combining the technology of that age with ours.

The other camera was a medium-format Polaroid. Buffered and suited, I led Segura through the arcane art and science of tweaking lights, model, f-stop and exposure to produce a subtle spectrum of prints: a sequence of 98 slightly different, and profoundly different, pictures of one woman. We studied the pictures and her and finally decided on the right combination. I set up the antique 8x10 and reproduced the lighting. We focused it with his somewhat younger eyes and took three slightly different exposures.

Then we took the film into the darkroom that M&M had improvised in the firm's executive washroom. We developed each sheet in Rodinal, fixed and washed them and hung them up weighted to dry.

We left the darkroom and spent a few minutes smoking, studying Rhonda as she studied her law. I told her she was free for three days and that she should show up Thursday morning. She nodded curtly and left, resentful.

Her annoyance was understandable. She'd been sitting there naked for all that time we were playing in the darkroom. I should have dismissed her when we finished shooting.

We lit up another cigarette and I realized that it wasn't I who had kept her waiting. It was Segura. I'd started to tell her to go and then he manufactured a little crisis that led straight to the darkroom. From then on I hadn't thought of the woman except as a reversed ghost appearing in the developer tray.

Under the circumstances, it wasn't a bad thing to have her hostile toward us, if we could capture the hostility on paper. But it goes against my grain to mistreat an employee, even a temporary one.

We examined each of the negatives on a lightbox with a loupe, then took the best one back into the darkroom for printing. Plain contact prints on finest-grain paper. The third one was perfect: rich and stark, almost scary in its knife-edge sharpness. You could see one bleached hair standing out from her left nipple.

That was enough work for the day; in fact, we'd gone slightly over the six-hour limit, and both of us were starting to get headaches and cramps. Another half-hour and it would be double vision and tremors. More than that—though I'd never experienced it—you wind up mentally confused, the two minds still linked electrically but no longer cooperating. Some poor guinea pigs took it as far as convulsions or catatonia, back when the buffer drug was first being developed.

M&M eased us out of it and helped us down to a taxi. It was only five blocks to the hotel, but neither of us was feeling particularly athletic. For some reason the buffer hangover hits people like me, in very good shape, particularly hard. Segura was flabby, but he had less trouble getting out of the car.

Back in the room, I pulled the blackout blinds over the windows and collapsed, desperately hungry but too tired to do anything about it except dream of food.

•

Allison had set up the paper, one large sheet of handmade hot-pressed 400-pound rag, soaking it overnight and then taping it down, giving it plenty of time to dry completely. That sheet of paper, the one Segura would be drawing on, cost more than some gallery paintings. The sheet I'd be working on was just paper, with a similar tooth.

We had set up two drawing tables with their boards at identical angles, mine a little higher, since I have a larger frame. An opaque projector mounted above Segura shot a duplicate of yesterday's photo onto the expensive paper. Our job for the next three days was to execute an accurate but ghost-light tracing of the picture, which would be gently erased after the painting was done.

Some so-called photo-realists bypass this step with a combination of photography and xerography—make a high-contrast print and then impress a light photocopy of it onto watercolor paper. That makes their job a high-salaried kind of paint-by-numbers. Doing the actual underdrawing puts you well "into" the painting before the first brush is wet.

We both sat down and went to work, starting with the uniformly bound law books on the shelves behind Rhonda. It was an unchallenging, repetitive subject to occupy us while we got used to doing

this kind of labor together.

For a few minutes we worked on a scrap piece of paper, until I was absolutely confident of his eye and hand. Then we started on the real thing.

After five grueling hours we had completed about a third of the background, an area half the size of a newspaper page. I was well pleased with that progress; working by myself I would have done little more.

Segura was not so happy. In the taxi, he cradled his right hand and stared at it, the wrist quivering, the thumb frankly twitching. "How can I possibly keep this up?" he said. "I won't even be able to pick up a pencil tomorrow."

I held out my own hand and wrist, steady, muscular. "But I will. That's all that counts."

"It could permanently damage my hand."

"Never happened." Of course, I'd never worked with anyone for three weeks. "Go to that masseur, the man whose card I gave you. He'll make your hand as good as new. Do you still have the card?"

"Oh, yeah." He shifted uncomfortably. "I don't mean to be personal, or offensive. But is this man gay? I would have trouble with that."

"I wouldn't know. We don't have little badges or a secret handshake." He didn't laugh, but he looked less grim. "My relationship with him is professional. I wouldn't know whether or not he is gay." Actually, since our professional relationship included orgasm, if he wasn't gay, he was quite a Method actor. But I assumed he would divine Segura's orientation as quickly as I had. A masseur ought to have a feel for his clients.

The next day went a lot better. Like myself, Segura was heartened by the sight of the previous day's careful work outline. We worked faster and with equal care, finishing all of the drawing except for the woman and the things on the desk in front of her.

It was on the third day that I had the first inkling of trouble. Working on the image of Rhonda, Segura wanted to bear down too hard. That could be disastrous; if the pencil point actually broke the fibers of paper along a line, it could never be completely erased. You can't have outlines in this kind of painting, just sharply defined masses perfectly joining other sharply defined masses. A pencil line might as well be an inkblot.

I thought the pressure was because of simple muscular fatigue. Segura was not in good physical shape. His normal workday comprised six hours in conference and six hours talking on the phone or dictating correspondence. He took a perverse pride in not even being able to keyboard. He never lifted anything heavier than a cigarette.

People who think art isn't physically demanding ought to try to sit in one position for six hours, brush or pencil in hand, staring at something or someone and trying to transfer its essence to a piece of paper or canvas. Even an athletic person leaves that arena with aches and twinges. A couch potato like Segura can't even walk away without help.

He never complained, though, other than expressing concern that his fatigue might interfere with the project. I reassured him. In fact, I had once completed a successful piece with a quadriplegic so frail he couldn't sign his name the same way twice. We taught ourselves how to hold the brush in our teeth.

It was a breathtaking moment when we turned off the overhead projector for the last time. The finished drawing floated on the paper, an exquisite ghost of what the painting would become. Through Segura's eyes I stared at it hungrily for 15 or 20 minutes, mapping out strategies of frisket and mask, in my mind's eye seeing the paper glow through layer after careful layer of glaze. It would be perfect.

•

Rhonda wasn't in a great mood, coming back to sit after three days on her own, but even she seemed to share our excitement when she saw the underdrawing. It made the project real.

The first step was to paint a careful frisket over her figure, as well as the chair, the lamp and the table with its clutter. That took an hour, since the figure was more than a foot high on the paper. I also masked out reflections on a vase and the glass front of a bookcase.

I realized it would be good to start the curtains with a thin wash of Payne's gray, which is not a color I normally keep on my palette, so I gave Rhonda a five-minute break while I rummaged for it. She put on a robe and walked over to the painting and gasped. We heard her across the room.

I looked over and saw what had distressed her. The beautifully detailed picture of her body had been blotted out with gray frisket, and it did look weird. She was a nonbeing, a featureless negative space hovering in the middle of an almost photographic depiction of a room. All three of us laughed at her reaction. I started to explain, but she knew about frisketing; it had just taken her by surprise.

Even the best facilitators have moments of confusion, when their client's emotional reaction to a situation is totally at odds with their own. This was one of those times: My reaction to Rhonda's startled response was a kind of ironic empathy, but Segura's reaction was malicious glee.

I could see that he disliked Rhonda at a very deep level. What I didn't see (although Allison had known from the first

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day) was that it wasn't just Rhonda. It was women in general.

I've always liked women myself, even though I've known since 13 or 14 that I would never desire them. It's pernicious to generalize, but I think that my friendships with women have usually been deeper and more honest than they would have been had I been straight. A straight man can simply like a woman and desire her friendship, but there's always a molecule or two of testosterone buzzing between them, if they are both of an age and social situation where sex might be a possibility, however remote. I have to handle that complication with some men whom I know or suspect are gay, even when I feel no particular attraction toward them.

The drawing had gone approximately from upper left to lower right, then back to the middle for the figure, but the painting would have to proceed in a less straightforward way. You work all over the painting at once: a layer of rose madder on the spines of one set of books and on the shady side of the vase and on two of the flowers. You need a complete mental picture of the finished painting so you can predict the sequence of glazes, sometimes covering up areas with frisket or, when there were straight lines, with drafting tape. The paper was dry, though, so it was usually just a matter of careful brushwork—pathologically careful: You can't erase paint.

Of course, Rhonda had to sit even though for the first week her image would be hidden behind frisket. Her skin tones affected the colors of everything else. Her emotional presence affected the background. And Segura's feeling toward her "colored" the painting, literally.

The work went smoothly. It was a good thing Segura had suggested the trial painting; we'd been able to talk over the necessity for occasional boldness and spontaneity, to keep the painting from becoming an exercise in careful draftsmanship. Especially with this dark, sinister background, we often had to work glazes wet-into-wet. Making details soft and diffuse at the periphery of a painting can render it more realistic rather than less. Our own eyes see the world with precision only in a surprisingly small area around the thing that has our attention. The rest is blur, more or less ignored. (The part of the mind that is not ignoring the background is the animal part that waits for a sudden movement or noise; a painting can derive tension from that.)

Segura and I worked so well together that it was going to cost me money; the painting would be complete in closer to two weeks than three. When I mentioned this he said not to worry; if the painting was good, he'd pay the second million regardless of the amount of time (he'd paid a million down before we left New York), and he was sure the painting would be good.

Of course, there was arithmetic involved there, as well as art. *Fortune* listed his income last year as $98 million. He probably wanted to get back to his quarter-million-a-day telephone.

So the total time from photography to finished background was only 11 days, and I was sure we could do the figure and face in a day. We still had a couple of hours' buffer left when we removed the frisket, but I decided to stop at that point. We studied her for an hour or so, sketching.

The sketches were accurate, but in a way they were almost caricatures, angular, hostile. As art, they were not bad, though like Segura's initial self-portrait, they were fundamentally, intentionally ugly. I could feel Manet's careful brush and sardonic eye here: How can a well-shaped breast or the lush curve of a hip be both beautiful and ugly? Cover the dark, dagger-staring face of *Olympia* and drink in the lovely body. Then uncover the face.

That quality would be submerged in the final painting. It would be a beautiful picture, dramatic but exquisitely balanced. The hatred of women there but concealed, like an underpainting.

It was a great physical relief to be nearing the end. I'd never facilitated for more than five days in a row, and the skinsuit was becoming repulsive to me. I was earning my long vacation.

•

That night I watched bad movies and drank too much. The morning was brilliant, but I was not. M&M injected me with a cocktail of vitamins and speed that burned away the hangover. I knew I'd come down hard by nightfall, but the painting would be done long before then.

Segura was jittery, snappish, as we prepared for the last day. Maybe M&M gave him a little something along with the buffer, to calm him down. Maybe it wasn't a good idea.

Rhonda was weird that morning, too, with good reason. She was finally the focus of our attention and she played her part well. Her concentration on us was ferocious, her contempt palpable.

I dabbed frisket on a few highlights—collarbone, breast, eye and that glossy hair—and then put in a pale flesh-colored wash over everything, cadmium-yellow light with a speck of rose. While it dried, we smoked a cigarette and stared at her. Rhonda had made it clear that she didn't like smoke, and we normally went into another room or at least stood by an open window. Not today, though.

I had a little difficulty controlling Segura: He was mesmerized by her face and kept wanting to go back to it. But it doesn't work that way; the glazes go on in a particular order, one color at various places on the body all at once. If you finished the face and then worked your way down, the skin tones wouldn't quite match. And there was actual loathing behind his obsession with her face, something close to nausea.

That feeling fed his natural amateurish desire to speed up, just to find out what the picture was going to look like. In retrospect, I wonder whether there might have been something sinister about that, as well.

It was obvious that the face and figure would take longer than I had planned, maybe half again as long, with so much of my attention going into hauling in on the reins. His impatience would cost us an extra day in the skinsuits, which annoyed me and further slowed us down.

Here I have to admit to a lack of empathy, which for a facilitator is tantamount to a truck driver admitting to falling asleep at the wheel. My own revulsion at having to spend another day confined in plastic masked what Segura was feeling about his own confinement. I was not alert. I had lost some of my professional control. I didn't see where his disgust was leading him, leading us.

This is hindsight again: One of the talents that Segura translated into millions of dollars was an ability to hide his emotions, to make people misread him. This was not something he had to project; he did it automatically, the way a pathological liar will lie even when there is nothing at stake. The misogyny that seemed to flood his attitude toward the painting—and Rhonda—was only a small fraction of what he must have actually felt, emotions amplified by the buffer drug and empath circuitry. Some woman must have hurt him profoundly, repeatedly, when he was a child. Maybe that's just amateur psychology. I don't think so. If it had a sexual component, it would have felt quite different, and I would have instantly picked up on it. His hate was more primitive, inchoate.

I knew already that Segura was the kind of person who tightens up during facilitation, which was a relief; they're easier to work with. Doubly a relief with Segura, since from the beginning I felt I didn't want to know him all that well.

I might have prevented it by quitting early. But I wanted to do all the light passages and then start the next day with a fresh palette, loaded with dark. Perhaps I also wanted to punish Segura, or push him.

The actions were simple, if the motivations were not. We had gone 20 minutes past the six-hour mark and had perhaps another half hour to go. I had an annoying headache, not bad enough to make me quit. I assumed Segura felt the same.

Every now and then we approached Rhonda to adjust her pose. Only a mannequin could retain exactly the same posture all day. Her chin had fallen

slightly. Segura got up and walked toward her.

I don't remember feeling his hand slip out and pick up the large wash brush, one that we hadn't used since the first day. Its handle is a stick of hardwood that is almost an inch in diameter, ending in a sharp bevel. I never thought of it as a weapon.

He touched her chin with his left forefinger and she tilted her head up, closing her eyes. Then with all his strength he drove the sharp stick into her chest.

The blast of rage hit me without warning. I fell backward off the stool and struck my head. It didn't knock me out, but I was stunned, disoriented. I heard Rhonda's scream, which became a horrible series of liquid coughs, and heard the paper and desk accessories scattering as (we later reconstructed) she lurched forward and Segura pushed her face down onto the desk. Then there were three meaty sounds as he punched her repeatedly in the back with the handle of the brush.

About this time M&M and Allison came rushing through the door. I don't know what Allison did, other than not scream. M&M pulled Segura off Rhonda's body, a powerful forearm scissored across his throat, cutting off his wind.

I couldn't breathe either, of course. I started flopping around, gagging, and M&M yelled for Allison to unhook me. She turned me over and ripped off the top part of the skinsuit and jerked the electrodes free.

Then I could breathe, but little else. I heard the quiet struggle between M&M and Segura, the one-sided execution.

Allison carried me into the prep room and completed the procedure that M&M normally did, stripping off the skinsuit and giving me the shot. In about ten minutes I was able to dress myself and go back into the office.

M&M had laid out Rhonda's body on a printer's dropsheet, facedown in a shockingly large pool of blood. He had cleaned the blood off the desk and was waxing it. The lemon varnish smell didn't mask the smell of freshly butchered meat.

Segura lay where he had been dropped, his limbs at odd angles, his face bluish behind the skinsuit mask.

Allison sat on the couch, motionless, prim, impossibly pale. "What now?" she said softly. M&M looked up and raised his eyebrows.

I thought. "One thing we have to agree on before we leave this room," I said, "is whether we go to the police or . . . take care of it ourselves."

"The publicity would be terrible," Allison said.

"They also might hang us," M&M said, "if they do that here."

"Let's not find out," I said, and outlined my plan to them.

It took a certain amount of money. It was a good thing I had the million in advance. We staged a tragic accident, transferring both of their bodies to a small boat whose inboard motor leaked gasoline. They were less than a mile from shore when thousands saw the huge blossom of flame light up the night, and before rescuers could reach the hulk, the fire had consumed it nearly to the waterline. Burned almost beyond recognition, the "artist" and his model lay in a final embrace.

I finished the face of the picture myself. A look of pleasant surprise, mischievousness. The posture that was to have communicated hardness was transformed into that of a woman galvanized by surprise, perhaps expectation.

We gave it to Segura's family, along with the story we'd given to the press: Crusty financier falls in love with young law student/model. It was an unlikely story to anyone who knew Segura well, but the people who knew him well were busy scrambling after his fortune. His sister put the picture up for auction in two weeks, and since its notoriety hadn't faded, it brought her $2.2 million.

There's nothing like a good love story that ends in tragedy.

Back in New York, I looked at my situation and decided I could afford to quit. I gave Allison and M&M generous severance pay, and what I got for the studio paid for even nicer places in Maine and Key West.

I sold the facilitating equipment and have since devoted myself to pure watercolors and photography. People understood. This latest tragedy on top of the grotesque experience with the Monster.

But I downplayed that angle. I wanted to do my own work. I was tired of collaboration, and especially tired of the skinsuit. The thousand decisions every hour, in and out of control.

You never know whose hand is picking up the brush.

"Whaddya expect, baby? I'm a stand-up comedian."

CO-PILOT

(continued from page 91)

"The GOP in the most populous state is within a few votes of being controlled by the Christian right."

tallied. From nowhere, conservative Christians had grabbed dozens of seats. The militant newcomers are now close to controlling the Republican Party in Pennsylvania, too.

In June, in the San Diego County towns of Lemon Grove and El Cajon, a slate of "pro-family" Christian right activists financed by a group of conservative businessmen swept the Republican primary for all of the open council seats, along with a slew of state assembly seats. On the same day, several hundred miles to the north in Santa Clara County, another slate of "biblically oriented" candidates—committed to the death penalty for such sins as homosexuality and abortion—captured 14 of 20 seats on the Republican county central committee. The GOP apparatus in the nation's most populous state is within a few votes of being absolutely controlled by the Christian right.

These not-so-isolated incidents foreshadow a change taking place in American politics—a shift that has nothing to do with bounced checks, smoking bimbos, talk shows, dirty tricks or any other floating ephemera of campaign 1992. Across the nation, in primary after primary, stunned Republican leaders echoed the lament of one longtime party activist in Texas, a personal friend of Barbara Bush, who suddenly found herself ousted by the fundamentalists. "They organized and we didn't," she said. "I didn't think it was going to be this bad."

A leading Christian right organizer in southern California put it much more cheerfully when he said, "How do you eat an elephant? One bite at a time."

The elephant being eyed so hungrily by the Christian right seems to be in no position to defend itself. If the Republicans were vulnerable to a takeover by Robertson's forces before November's debacle, they are even more so now.

On Election Day, as the Bush–Quayle ticket sank, taking many Republican candidates down with it, the Christian Coalition claimed several key victories, particularly the defeat of Terry Sanford (the liberal Democratic senator from North Carolina) and the passage of an antigay referendum in Colorado. A few weeks later, when a special runoff election was held to choose a senator in Georgia, the religious right muscled incumbent Democrat Wyche Fowler, Jr., out of his seat in favor of Republican Paul Coverdell. Bill Clinton had taken time from his transition chores to campaign for Fowler, and the senator's loss marked the first political setback for the president-elect.

•

Like the hapless Republican moderates, you probably thought you no longer had to worry about the likes of Jim Bakker, Jimmy Swaggart and Jerry Falwell. It's true that those three divines are gone, but the vacuum they left has been more than filled by Pat Robertson and a host of lesser inquisitors. And the smiling host of *The 700 Club*—an extremely wealthy businessman, whose father was a Democratic U.S. senator and who controls a worldwide communications network—is smarter, tougher and far more committed than his brethren who fell by the wayside. Thanks to his 1988 presidential candidacy, moreover, Robertson is now the acknowledged, preeminent political leader of right-wing evangelicals in America. He has no rivals of any significance.

Even now, only a few Americans are aware of the resurrection of the Christian right, a political movement pronounced dead at the end of the Eighties, because it has occurred in places largely unnoticed by Beltway pundits. Reporters and commentators, fascinated by the fleeting phenomena of Ross Perot and Jerry Brown, ignored Robertson and his troops for most of the election year, just as they have since the televangelist's own 1988 campaign ended in failure.

Since the shock of the Republican convention, there has been a smattering of press attention, chiefly in the major national dailies. Reporters occasionally turn to Ralph Reed, Jr., the baby-faced but aggressive young executive director of Christian Coalition, for comment. But most political analysts still have only the vaguest idea of what Robertson has been up to the past few years. He and his allies have been funneling millions of dollars into the Christian Coalition, which now has more than 550 chapters and hundreds of thousands of members in all 50 states. Last year the coalition spent about $8 million, tax-exempt, on "voter education" efforts.

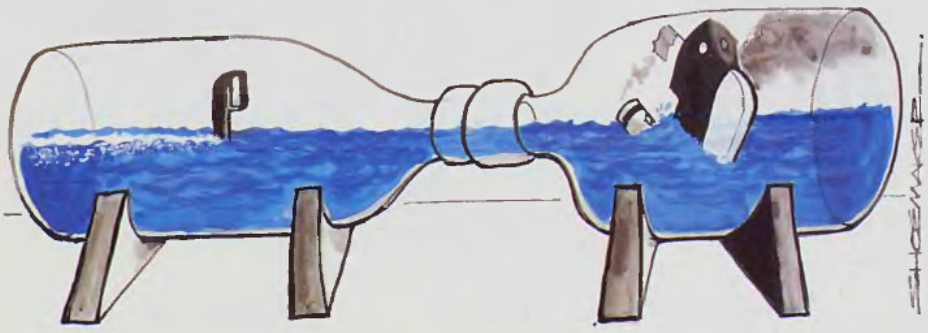
Back when Robertson was running for president, he often complained about the national media's scornful attitude toward his conversations with God and his claims of working miracles. But these days the skepticism of the press suits him just fine. Much as Robertson still loves the sound of his own voice, the preacher has called no press conferences to boast about the quiet victories his candidates have scored. He still rarely mentions Christian Coalition in the secular media.

Last May, for instance, when he was trying to buy United Press International, Robertson appeared on CNN's *Larry King Live* and talked about politics, but not Christian politics. He understands that political guerrilla warfare is most effective when nobody's looking. "I paint my face and travel at night" is how Ralph Reed describes Christian Coalition's stealthy campaign methods. "You don't know it's over until you're in a body bag. You don't know until election night."

As Pat Robertson's organizers fan out across the countryside registering churchgoers, canvassing "pro-family" voters, preparing campaign literature, training precinct captains and keeping a low profile, he seeks nothing less than control of the Republican Party by the Christian right. While it may sound ambitious, seizing the GOP is only the first step in a plan that begins at the bottom of the political system and extends far beyond the current electoral horizon.

"Our next goal is to elect conservative pro-family majorities in the legislatures of at least thirty-five states. Then, when we get that, we'll go on to fifty," Robertson told an audience of 800 Christian activists during a closed meeting at his Virginia headquarters in November 1991. "We want to see a working majority of the Republican Party in the hands of pro-family Christians by 1996 or sooner. Of course, we want to see the White House in pro-family Christian hands, at least by the year 2000 or sooner, if the Lord permits."

This patient approach has in no way tempered the fanatic ideology of Robertson's theocracy. As always, he ended his



speech with a prayer while his listeners stood, closed their eyes and held hands. "That we will see the standard of biblical values raised over this land," he intoned, "and that those who have mocked You and cursed You and cast out Your people as evil will be put down, and that Your people will be lifted up. Now, God, we pray that You will use us."

•

After spending more than $25 million and a vast reservoir of his followers' emotional energy on his 1988 campaign, Robertson went to the Republican convention with only 120 delegates. When Bush had defeated him on Super Tuesday throughout his native South, Robertson's career in politics, despite a few promising moments during the primary contests in Iowa and Michigan, seemed wasted. Even worse, Robertson's grass-roots lobbying and political action group, the Freedom Council, was dissolved in the midst of an Internal Revenue Service investigation into its alleged use of tax-exempt status to boost Robertson's political aspirations.

So, as Bush was inaugurated, it appeared that the Virginia evangelist's rantings would thereafter be confined to his growing television empire. But in the summer of 1989, as Robertson likes to tell it, he received a call from a Louisiana man named Billy McCormack, who had served as that state's coordinator of his presidential effort.

"Pat," said McCormack, "you ran for president and you spent a great deal of money and a great deal of time and personal suffering. If you do not get back into this situation, all your effort will have been for naught. There are people by the hundreds of thousands around this country waiting to rally to leadership."

Robertson says he prayed for political guidance and discovered that McCormack was right: God did want him to get back into the political arena. That September the televangelist called a meeting in Atlanta of about two dozen key supporters of his 1988 race to form a new organization. And the name? They considered titles such as Society of Traditional Values or the Pro-Family Agenda League, but Robertson thundered, "No! I am a Christian. I am not ashamed of Jesus. And we will call this the Christian Coalition. If other people don't like it, that's just tough luck."

The way Robertson talks about the naming of his new organization offers insight into the mentality behind the Christian right's revival. As with many other groups in America, evangelicals are nowadays inclined to think of themselves as victims—an oppressed minority within a secular humanist society that doesn't understand them. This culture of victimization has been a staple of Robertson's preaching for years, and it forms an important part of Christian Coalition ideology.

But the victims of secular humanism are special, as Robertson always notes, because they have been chosen by God to rule. "We're going to see a society," he promises, "where the people of God once again are where God intended them to be. We will be the head and not the tail."

Of course, right now the grass-roots members of the Christian Coalition are deeply concerned over the prospect of an immoral Clinton presidency. As president-elect, the Arkansan immediately defied the Christian right by repeating his campaign promises to protect abortion rights and to permit homosexuals to join or remain in the military. While Clinton may be less liberal on certain issues than the rest of his party, he is quite plainly a product of the sexual revolution.

Clearly, the utopia Robertson has promised his followers will have to wait until Clinton has vacated the White House. In the Christian America to come, says Robertson, "those who read these filthy books and engage in these filthy practices and who are out drunk and taking drugs, those people are going to be the ones who are ashamed of

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their conduct."

In Robertson's America, pornography (very loosely defined) would be outlawed, along with abortion, homosexuality and extramarital sex. There would be far more stringent restrictions on divorce and the sale of alcohol. The government would no longer provide public education or social welfare, both of which would be in the hands of the churches. Robertson has said that he looks forward to a time when not only "the men in the Senate and the House are spirit-filled and worship Jesus Christ" but the judges in every courthouse are speaking in tongues. Robertson's cohort includes a faction to the right of Pat himself. The Christian reconstructionists cite the Old Testament to urge the death penalty for gays and for doctors who perform abortions.

Such medieval legislation isn't exactly imminent. But in the meantime, Christian rightists are applying their principles at the local level—particularly on school boards, where the Christian Coalition has achieved notable success in recent elections. On that level, the Christian right has undertaken campaigns to censor such sinister humanist texts as *Little Red Ridinghood* (in which Grandma drinks a glass of wine) and to abolish school breakfast programs as a threat to family values.

Despite the bizarre theocratic notions espoused by the Christian Coalition's leaders, the group's meetings seem more like seminars than revival meetings. There are prayers and usually some discussion of the enemy: feminists, gays, the media, Democrats and demonic Republican moderates. There's always at least one speech denouncing abortion.

Lee Atwater, who died in 1991, was the acknowledged master of the dirty campaign, and his spirit survives in Christian Coalition politics. Atwater is the man cited most often as a political authority by Robertson, Ralph Reed and other coalition leaders.

Beginning in the fall of 1991 and continuing for 12 months thereafter, Christian Coalition organizers distributed costly "precinct action kits" to their local operatives, helping them identify "pro-family" voters to be turned out on Election Day. For more than a year, coalition members were on the phones, night after night, dialing their neighbors to compile computerized lists showing who is registered, who is a Republican, who opposes abortion and who voted in 1988 for George Bush. Those people received the voter guides to help them decide which candidates were morally fit for public office, from president on down to dogcatcher.

The president lost, but the dogcatchers won. And for the Christian Coalition, that is the place to start building real power. Both the coalition and groups opposing it, such as People for the American Way, estimate that Christian right candidates won as many as 500 seats in various legislative and local government races across the country in November. Those are impressive results for a group that essentially didn't exist as a national entity a year earlier.

Nothing displayed Robertson's new pragmatism more clearly than his embrace of Bush, a man he surely despised. He endorsed the president more than a year before the 1992 election, and the Christian Coalition worked hard for his doomed campaign. This was despite the fact that many of the coalition's top activists preferred Patrick Buchanan (as did, according to Robertson's own phone polls, the vast majority of his *700 Club* viewers).

Actually, the hapless Bush represented the forces in the Republican Party that Robertson would like to drive out. In his 1988 autobiography, Bush boasted of his confrontations in Houston during the early Sixties with right-wing nut cakes on the fringes of the GOP—members of the John Birch Society who suspected that Bush might be a one-world tool of the communist Wall Street internationalist conspiracy.

Robertson did not like Bush's new world order, viewing it as the latest variant of that same old communistic Wall Street plot. Except that, having appropriated all the musty Bircher mumbo jumbo, the reverend has upped the ante just a bit. According to him, the entire conspiracy has been personally orchestrated by the Devil himself.

"Indeed," warns Robertson, "it may well be that men of goodwill such as Woodrow Wilson, Jimmy Carter and George Bush, who sincerely wanted a larger community of nations living at peace in our world, are in reality unknowingly and unwittingly carrying out the mission and mouthing the phrases of a tightly knit cabal whose goal is nothing less than a new order for the human race under the domination of Lucifer and his followers."

Duped by a Satanic conspiracy? That's worse than anything Bill Clinton ever said about Bush. It must have been even harder for Robertson to support Bush than it was for most other Republicans. But with Bush out of the way, the question of whom to support in 1996 is a daunting one. Dan Quayle was a favorite of the Christian Coalition, but he's tainted, too. Buchanan is well-liked, but there's a slightly embarrassing problem with him. He's a Catholic, and though "pro-family Catholics" are welcome to join the coalition, they aren't religiously "saved." William Bennett, the former drug czar who is mulling a presidential run, is also Catholic.

Jack Kemp, currently the most popular Republican, was raised as a Christian Scientist. As far as the evangelical right is concerned, that's close to Satan worship. Kemp is also something of a bleeding-heart conservative, especially in his attitudes toward government action to revitalize urban ghettos. Worst of all, he doesn't have the family-values luster the coalition prefers.

All of which leaves Robertson himself. Does that sound more ludicrous than ominous? Maybe, but in 1988 the Virginia preacher didn't do much worse than Kemp, who is considered the Republican front-runner right now. If President Clinton fails, if the nation suffers further economic decline or moral doubt, an electorate that is simultaneously angry and inattentive may be capable of actions that are awesomely self-destructive. In 1992 we had a close call with Ross Perot.

There may not be much chance that a majority of Americans would willingly vote to overturn the Constitution and to surrender their freedom to a band of religious zealots. But the long-term plan of the Christian right no longer relies on the so-called moral majority. Its new strategy depends on a tiny but disciplined minority that can exploit voter apathy and ignorance to gain power incrementally—first on school boards, then in state legislatures and finally in Washington.

Should the Christian right succeed in taking over the Republican Party, it will inherit an extremely powerful apparatus. Such a party, running against the usually fractious and disorganized Democrats, is a chilling prospect.

The irony is that if it does come to pass, it will happen because the ordinary couch potatoes did what they usually do: nothing. Most of them won't know what's happened until their favorite TV shows are censored.

Read what Guy Rodgers, the director of organizing for the Christian Coalition, has said to audiences around the country for the past year: "In a presidential election, when more voters turn out than in any other election, only fifteen percent of eligible voters actually determine the outcome. How can that be? Well, of all the adults eighteen and over eligible to vote, only about sixty percent are registered to vote. It's less than that in many states. Of those registered to vote, in a good turnout, only half go to the polls. That means thirty percent of those eligible are actually voting. So fifteen percent determines the outcome in a high-turnout election. In low-turnout elections—city council, county commission, state legislature—the percentage that determines who wins can be as low as six or seven percent.

"Is this sinking in? We don't have to worry about persuading a majority of Americans to agree with us. Most of them are staying home and watching *Falcon Crest*. Do you understand?"

Well, do you?

BETTY PAGE

(continued from page 32)

woman and a young child. "My brother's family," he told her.

Bettie and Carlos were on his bed when they heard a pounding on the door. It was his wife, of course, in a fury. Carlos advised Bettie to hide in the closet. Three seconds later, Carlos' wife swung the closet door wide open, calling Bettie a home wrecker. "She was obviously very much in love with Carlos. I left there feeling lower than a snake." Carlos phoned Bettie every day for months, but the magic was gone.

It was on a Florida vacation with fellow model Bunny Yeager, an accomplished photographer in her own right, that Bunny took the famous leopard-skin photographs now prized by Bettie's fans. Back in New York, she faced a different kind of publicity. Senator Estes Kefauver, from Bettie's home state of Tennessee, subpoenaed her and Irving Klaw to testify in a 1955 obscenity inquiry. Klaw destroyed hundreds of precious Betty negatives before angrily taking the Fifth Amendment. Bettie waited 36 hours outside the committee's chambers and was never called.

Bettie disappeared at the end of 1957. "I figured everyone had enough of me. I was thirty-four years old and beginning to decline as a model." That was only Bettie's opinion. She was still very much in demand. But with an estimated half million photos now on file, she felt the public had enough.

I found Bettie the old-fashioned way. I tracked down leads, waited on doorsteps, connected one piece of information to another. She still has her trademark bangs and her warm Southern accent. She gladly filled me in on the second half of her life.

In 1957, she went back to Florida. She was teaching fifth grade when she married a man 12 years younger. "He had very few interests. Sex. And movies. And hamburgers. He let me cook nothing but hamburgers for ten months before we were divorced."

After her broken marriage, she found Jesus. The precise moment was New Year's Eve, 1959. She was mesmerized by a huge neon cross and the sermon she heard inside the church. She wanted to learn more.

Bettie went to Bible school, "the three happiest years of my life." By the early Sixties she had lost touch with her New York friends. Many assumed she was now ashamed of her past life. But Bettie is an unconventional Christian. "I would never, at any time, declare pinups a sin. They're beautiful to look at. And if I ever did cross any line, I know that Jesus is very forgiving."

What caused Bettie to completely drop from view was a troubled reunion with her first husband, Billy. "I met him again in 1963. I was in Nashville, taking care of my father, who'd just lost both legs to diabetes. I led Billy to the Lord, and my professors at Bible school said that I must remarry him. It was a disaster."

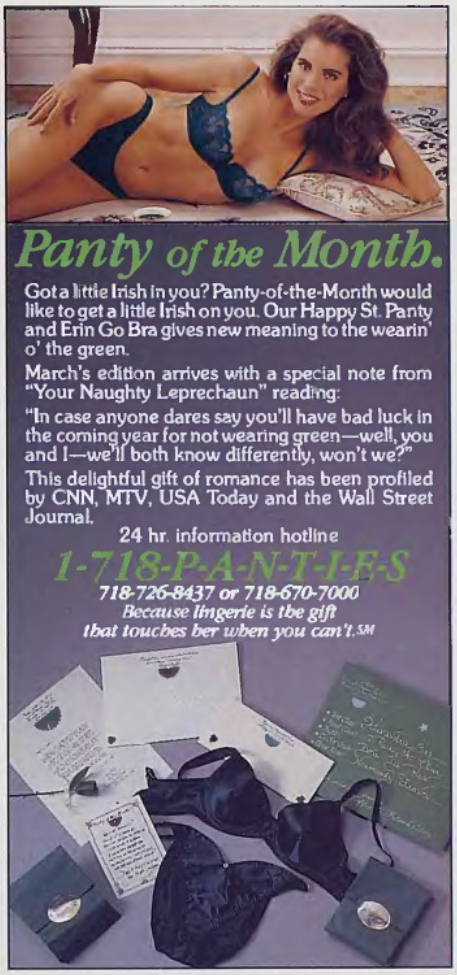
Bettie seemed destined to relive other parts of her early life. She went back to Peabody College in 1964 to earn her master's degree in English. But again she missed a few classes and it cost her dearly. "I made up the classes at the University of Miami. I got A's. But Peabody wouldn't accept the credits." She never got her degree.

There followed another failed marriage, then divorce and a nervous breakdown. When she left the hospital, she returned to her third husband's home, this time not as his wife but as his housekeeper and gardener. In the late Seventies she moved to California, a dark period that she is happily out of now. She's proud of her life these days, satisfied with its balance. She's nearing 70 and living with other people her age. She takes day trips or goes window-shopping nearly every day.

Bettie Page has not profited from the Betty boom. She wasn't even aware of its scope when I contacted her. Only now has she set up a post-office box where people can mail her share of the royalties. Thus far, only two checks have arrived, from *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* and from the artist Greg Theakston, publisher of *The Betty Pages* magazine. [For a sample copy of the magazine send $6 to Pure Imagination, 88 Lexington Avenue, Suite 2E, New York, N.Y. 10016. A signed and numbered print of the poster that appeared on page 123 of the December PLAYBOY costs $40. For $150 you can have a print signed by Bettie, also from Pure Imagination. A share of the profits, promises Theakston, will go to Bettie.—*Ed.*]

Bettie is far from rich, living almost entirely on Social Security, and though she doesn't complain she does think of what might have been. She remembers her acting classes in New York with Robert Culp. There was a reason Bettie never made it on-stage or in the movies: She never auditioned after that one early screen test. "After losing out as valedictorian, for some reason, I took whatever life gave me."

Bettie has no plans to meet her fans, preferring to guard her privacy. In the December PLAYBOY, writer Buck Henry called Bettie's story "a morality tale with no discernible moral." Bettie is hard-pressed to supply one herself. "I was never ambitious. And I was never ashamed. And I was never the girl next door."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MEN AND THEIR MEAT

(continued from page 108)

"Taxpayers paid for J. Edgar Hoover's regular shipment of steaks that were flown in from Texas."

out about grilling, you should read A. Cort Sinnes' book *The Grilling Encyclopedia*. He's the grilling maestro."

Writer Armistead Maupin says that how you cook a steak isn't as important as where you get it. In his opinion, that place should be New Zealand, where he lives for half the year. Kiwi lamb or beef on the barbie, marinated with spring onions and local wine and seared on both sides, he says, is worth a visit down under.

Maupin is not the only one willing to go the distance for his favorite meats. Some beefy facts about the onetime head of the FBI were uncovered by Curt Gentry while he researched his book *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man and the Secrets*. Apparently, taxpayers paid for Hoover's regular shipment of steaks that were flown into Washington from Texas. He also had a special agent fly from Beverly Hills to deliver Chasen's famous chili. The "top secret" recipe for the chili hasn't changed in 60 years, and Chasen's boasts that almost every president has had it sent to the White House. Here are the ingredients, as published by *The Los Angeles Times* in 1989:

½ pound dry pinto beans
5 cups chopped tomatoes
1 pound chopped green peppers
1½ tablespoons oil
1½ pounds chopped onions
2 cloves garlic, minced
½ cup chopped parsley
½ cup butter or margarine
2½ pounds ground beef, preferably chuck
1 pound lean ground pork
⅓ cup chili powder
2 tablespoons salt
1½ teaspoons black pepper
1½ teaspoons cumin seeds

Soak beans in water overnight. Drain, cover with cold water and simmer for about an hour, or until beans are tender. Add tomatoes, simmer five minutes longer and then set aside.

Next, sauté green peppers in hot oil until tender. Add onions and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Add garlic and parsley.

In another skillet melt butter and add beef and pork. Cook, stirring for 15 minutes, or until browned and crumbly. Add meat to onion mixture and stir in chili powder. Cook ten minutes. Add meat mixture to beans along with salt, pepper and cumin seeds. Simmer, covered, for one hour. Remove cover and simmer 30 minutes longer. Skim fat from top. (Yields eight to ten servings.)

Another equally mouth-watering dish is *carne adovada*, a pork stew that Martin Cruz Smith, author of *Gorky Park* and *Red Square*, had in Santa Fe. "It's so hot," he says, "you really want to eat it while straddling a keg of cold beer."

To make the stew, cook three pounds of boned pork chops (trimmed of fat, cut into cubes) smothered in a New Mexican red or chimayo chili sauce in oven for about 3½ hours at 350 degrees. To make the sauce, roast eight ounces of chilies in an oven for five minutes and remove the seeds and stems. In a food processor blend the chilies with four cups of water. Mix in one tablespoon of chopped white onion, four chopped cloves of garlic and a half teaspoon each of Worcestershire sauce, oregano, salt and white pepper. Arrange the meat in a shallow baking dish. Cover it with the sauce and bake as described above. The dish is traditionally accompanied by chopped tomatoes, cilantro, lettuce and fresh handmade tortillas.

Howard Hesseman (Johnny Fever on *WKRP in Cincinnati*) says he doesn't cook but has eaten in steak houses and rib shacks nationwide. His favorites are Eli's in Chicago, Leonard's Hickory Pit in San Francisco, Hot Sauce Williams' Barbeque in Cleveland and Johnson's Bar-B-Q in Norfolk, Virginia. "If you like spicy ribs, any of these will leave you talking in tongues of fire."

When Hesseman's in Paris, where he lives part of the year, he eats regularly at Le Coup de Fourchette because he loves the steak, potatoes and onions that are cooked in one skillet. The proprietor is so dedicated to her *viande* that Hesseman has heard her discourage potential patrons by announcing that vegetarian friends of Brigitte Bardot are not allowed in her bistro.

Bardot would probably cringe if she heard this favorite meat-eating memory of *New Yorker* cartoonist and playwright William Hamilton. "I once owned a cow named Madame Vache, who had been

"Taunt him! Give him some shit! Impugn his personhood!"

alone all her life with only deer as companions. She had no reference to what she was. When we took walks in the woods, she would self-consciously try to hide behind a tree, and she foraged in the wild just like a deer. One day Madame was shot, so we made the murderer give us the meat. She was the most tender and delicious steak I can remember," he says. "If our roles were changed, I would hope that she'd enjoy me as much as I enjoyed her."

Cable TV mogul Ted Turner, an avid bird hunter, may like beef but refuses to raise cattle, because his father did. "They trampled down all the grass and wrecked the bird habitat," he says. Of course, that hasn't stopped him from raising buffalo on his 130,000-acre spread outside of Bozeman, Montana. Perhaps Jane Fonda, his weight-conscious wife, had some influence in the matter, as buffalo meat has significantly less fat and cholesterol than beef.

On a less palatable note, when musician Todd Rundgren isn't touring, he cranks up the grill and cooks chicken-and-apple sausages and the occasional burger and dog. "But as a kid," he says, "I was much more excited by my mother's meat of choice, Spam."

Such enthusiasm would dwindle quickly if Rundgren had read Paul Theroux's new travel book, *The Happy Isles of Oceania*. In it, Theroux theorizes "that former cannibals of Oceania feasted on Spam because Spam came the nearest to approximating the porky taste of human flesh. It was a fact that the people-eaters of the Pacific had all evolved, or perhaps degenerated, into Spam-eaters. And in the absence of Spam they settled for corned beef, which also had a corpsy flavor."

In a more abstemious part of the book, Theroux describes eating kangaroo meat in Australia. He was given "a brown strip of meat that had the look of leather, exactly the shape and size of the tongue of an old shoe." It was two-year-old roo meat, wonderful in soups—"lovely stuff."

Francis Ford Coppola's meat follies are not for the weak of stomach. For his annual Easter party in the Napa Valley, he orders four dozen goats' heads (with eyes), 80 lambs' tongues, 100 pounds of pork liver wrapped in pork fat with fennel seed, and a few dozen calves' brains. A little Parmesan cheese is sprinkled on the eyes before the heads hit the barbecue and, once at the table, the men are quickly separated from the boys.

Finally, when asked about his best piece of meat, lawyer Melvin Belli, the king of torts, said, "I bit an insurance adjuster on the ass and collected a million-dollar judgment from him, too. Talk about an expensive piece of meat."

MIMI ROGERS

(continued from page 75)

experiencing religious premonitions. Her subsequent conversion to evangelical Christianity is complete, to the point where she redeems a former lover. The two marry, have a daughter and live quiet, pious lives until the murder of her husband by a disgruntled former employee triggers a series of catastrophic events. Certainly an individual consumed by religious fervor would find it difficult to embrace such a role.

To Mimi, it was "my best work, the greatest challenge I have had professionally. Making *The Rapture* was a remarkable culmination of timing, events and material, as well as the connection that Michael Tolkin and I had established. It was possibly a once-in-a-lifetime experience."

Hollywood rumor number two comes in two versions. According to the first, being defined as Mrs. Tom Cruise hastened the end of Rogers' three-year marriage to Cruise, who saw his star appeal take on corporate dimensions. The second scenario has Rogers stricken by glamour ennui. Cruise, who, by his own admission, is retiring and steadfastly private, allegedly proved less than stimulating to Rogers, who was known to roam the clubs in West Hollywood with a pack of like-minded party animals.

"Is that the story?" Mimi questions,

"Of course I have an erection. When you're trapped in a bottle for four thousand years, all you can think about is sex."

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squinting into the legend. "That I was bored with that child and threw him over, chewed him up and spit him out? Shall we let that be the story? Because here's the real story: Tom was seriously thinking of becoming a monk. At least for that period of time, it looked as though marriage wouldn't fit into his overall spiritual need. And he thought he had to be celibate to maintain the purity of his instrument. Therefore, it became obvious that we had to split."

"What about your instrument?"

"Oh, my instrument needed tuning."

But if Rogers can make light of it now, there are still hints at her consequential emotional loss.

"Finances aside, divorce just sucks," she avers, then rallies, recalling the tabloid play-by-play of her breakup with Cruise. "I thought as part of our settlement I would get my age back. See, when Tom and I got together, we didn't have a big enough age gap for the *National Enquirer*. So every six months we were together, they would add on a year. According to the *Enquirer*, I think I'm forty now."

Ah, yes, the tabloids. They do have fun with Mimi. Some time ago a *Star* headline read KIRSTIE ALLEY: I LURED MEN BY PROMISING 3-IN-A-BED WITH MIMI ROGERS. Which leads us to rumor number three: Mimi Rogers is bisexual.

"Kirstie and I used to hang out quite a lot together," says Mimi. "We were the wild and crazy single girls. But it was all talk and no action. Both of us would get completely smashed on one drink. And we would flirt outrageously and we would hold hands and make people think we were lesbians, or dykes, or bisexual, or whatever, and give this wild appearance that was completely bogus.

"But let's get serious," she continues. "These rumors circulate because it's every male's fantasy. Look up 'sexual clichés—male' in the encyclopedia and you find two beautiful babes doing it. So if you have attractive actresses and men fantasize about them, then part of the fantasy is that they do other chicks, and maybe, if the guy's real lucky, they will do other chicks with the guy."

The waiter has arrived with more food. Inspired, perhaps, by the spectacle of our eel sushi, we have ventured into the realm of on-screen male nudity.

"Let's face it," Mimi says. "Unless the actor's showing his dick, nobody really cares. Male nudity? What, we see his buns?" Mimi scoffs, pinching her eel with splayed chopsticks. "So unless we see a dick, there's nothing to get into a lather about. And in a sexual context, it's really silly to see a dick on-screen because the dick is never doing the right thing. It's limp. The great thing about being a woman is we can hide it when we're aroused, or when we're not."

As she shakes some life into her hair, there's something about Mimi's face that catches my eye. Is this the secret weapon that stops the otherwise cold of heart dead in their tracks? Here is a face that, seen from one angle, is dark and sensual; seen from another perspective, she couldn't pass for her own sister. She is full and fair, DAR material, a kind of surfer *That Girl*.

"I have a completely irregular face," says Mimi between sips of Japanese beer. "My mother was a totally gorgeous blonde Southern babe from North Carolina, and my father was a Jew from Detroit. My features are completely out of whack. I need a front-end alignment."

Perhaps, but until then, she's still getting plenty of work, and no one's asking her to wear a mask. Recent cable TV appearances include *Tales from the Crypt*, *Dream On* and *The Larry Sanders Show*. Shooting is about to begin for *The Ninja Murders*, an NBC miniseries based on the account of two brothers who had their wealthy parents murdered in order to gain control of the family estate.

"It has eighty-two costume changes," says Mimi, speaking of her role as the wife of one of the brothers. "So I'll dress really well. And we keep whatever we can. Most of my wardrobe is made up from the movies I've done. One of the bonuses of being an actress is it cuts down on your shopping."

In Hollywood, most actresses would trade a closetful of Isaac Mizrahi creations for a big-screen role of some substance. No one knows that better than Rogers, who's still looking for her next *Rapture*.

"Well, I'm not on the A-list as an actress," she says. "I'm not one of the five or six: Meryl, Demi, Annette, Kim, Michelle. I get a lot of offers, but I'd say eighty percent of them I can't do because they're so bad. Of the twenty percent I can do, half are the audition-bust-your-ass offers. The problem these days is a lot of projects have become cast-contingent. They'll offer the lead role to four actresses, for example, and if none of them take it, they'll just scrap the project."

As we meander to the street, caramel-coated by the kind of L.A. sunset that makes the specter of earthquakes seem a little more remote, Mimi scoops up my hand and places it against her cheek, which is as hot as a Sinatra retrospective.

"Feel how warm my face is from half a beer," she murmurs, the lilt of her voice evoking the languid undertow of Saturday-afternoon wedding receptions.

She can be disingenuous, revelatory, teasing and truehearted. While she's speaking her mind, she won't bother trying to read yours. This, indeed, is her secret weapon. Her happiness appears to be free from dependent clauses.

"Hey," Mimi winks, "I'm just trying my hardest to be a groovy and happening chick."

BEYOND CHOICE

(continued from page 51)

references to caring and responsibility. Now, the CDF, which helps poor kids, is a hell of an organization, and Hillary in her past life was a chairperson of its board. She knows it's going to take more than sweet talk about adult responsibility to solve America's most intractable problem—that one out of four children lives below the poverty line, that they go to lousy schools and that they don't always have food in their bellies. She must know this, being from Arkansas and knowing about eastern Arkansas, a poor region of the Mississippi delta. Her husband ran the state for 12 years, and during the campaign we heard a great deal about what they did for the poor. Her husband was chairman of the Delta Commission that was supposed to improve things. It didn't. People there are more disadvantaged than they were a decade ago. Unemployment and illiteracy rates in some counties are higher than 20 percent, and most people are dependent on miserable welfare handouts.

I'm not blaming Hillary Clinton or the women's movement for any of this. What I am saying is that the agenda has to change. The right to an abortion is not an all-encompassing program to deal with the millions of poor women and their children who represent this nation's most profound social crisis. I hope the grand plan of the women's movement is not the ugly one of aborting the children of the poor. That would be genocide and, if that's the goal, the right-to-lifers would be proved right, after all.

Yes, birth control of all kinds, freely chosen and the less invasive the better, would help. But in places such as eastern Arkansas, we are talking about female-headed households that have been left out of the main economic loop. Murphy Brown is not the typical head of a single-mother household, and *Designing Women* does not evoke the anxiety of millions of mothers and their kids who can't make it even with food stamps. A women's movement worth its name must focus on educational, social and economic needs before it deals with anything else.

Maybe all of this is obvious to the first lady and to everyone else who is now a role model for that amorphous but powerful women's movement. I find it strange that Hillary Clinton has been celebrated by women for some of her charity, while no one looked closely at her main line of work on behalf of corporations and banks. Last spring she told *The New York Times*, "For goodness' sake, you can't be a lawyer if you don't represent banks." Oh? Tell that to the thousands of legal-service lawyers and public defenders who spend their lives helping poor women hold those banks at bay.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 82–85, 114–117 and 165, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

STYLE

Page 26: "Slip Into a Tattoo": **Tank tops, shirts** and **baseball caps** by *Hard Tail*, at Charivari Sport, 201 W. 79th St., N.Y.C., 212-799-8650, for information, 310-472-5300. **Jacket, T-shirts** and **baseball caps** by *Disorder*, at Chess King stores nationwide. **Shirts, vests** and **T-shirts** by *Terrapin*, at H.D.'s Clothing Co., 3018 Greenville Ave., Dallas, 214-821-5255. **Neckwear, shirts, boxer shorts** and **vests** by *Nicole Miller*, at Nicole Miller, 780 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-288-9779, and 50 Post St., Crocker Galleria, San Francisco, 415-398-1111. **Vest** by *Chrome Hearts*, at Riccardi, 128 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-3158; Max Field, 8825 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 310-274-8800. **Jacket** by *Jeff Hamilton*, at Merry-Go-Round and Boogie's Diner stores nationwide, for information, 800-888-4422. "Net Profit": **Sweater** by *DKNY*, at Charivari Workshop, 441 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-496-8700. **Vest** by *Marcos Ergas*, at Metier, 50 Maiden Ln., San Francisco, 415-989-5395; Big Drop, 174 Spring St., N.Y.C., 212-966-4299. **Sweaters:** By *KM Krizia*, at Silhouette/Hugo Boss, 1517 Wisconsin Ave. NW, Washington, D.C., 202-338-0120; Gentlemen's Quarter, 2690 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, CA, 619-481-7124. By *Lance Karesh for Basco*, at Barneys New York, Chicago, N.Y.C. and Seattle. By *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200, and 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212. "Hot Shopping: Whitefish, Montana": Artistic Touch, 406-862-4813; 3 Bar 2 Western Outfitter, 800-776-2421; Montana Territory, 406-862-6900; Montana Coffee Traders, 800-862-JAVA; Northwind T-shirt Co., 406-862-3175; The Palace Bar, 406-862-2428. "Clothes Line": **Shoes** by *Dr. Martens-Na Na*, to order, 800-347-4728. "Eco Fashion": **Suits** and **separates** by *Ecowear by Vestimenta*, at James Clothiers, 1767M International Dr., McLean, VA, 707-883-1444; Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. and San Francisco. **T-shirt** by *Higgins Natural*, for information, 800-FIGLEAF. **Shirt** by *O Wear*, at select Dayton's stores. **Jeans** by *Quicksilver*, at Fred Segal For a Better Ecology, 420 Broadway, Santa Monica, CA, 310-394-8319.

THAT'S ITALIAN!

Page 82: **Sports coat** by *Vestimenta*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Trousers** by *Vestimenta*, at Lawrence Covell, 225 Steele St., Denver, 303-320-1023. **Shirt** by *Vestimenta*, at Martin Freedman, 1372 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-921-1030. **Tie** by *Vestimenta*, at David Stephen, 117 Post St., San Francisco, 415-391-7710. Page 83: **Sports coat, shirt** and **pants** by *Industria*, at Charivari Madison, 1001 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-650-0078; Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. Page 84: **Suit** by *Byblos*, at Charivari 72, 257 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-787-7272. **Shirt** by *Byblos*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. **Tie** by *Vestimenta*, at David Stephen, 117 Post St., San Francisco, 415-391-7710. Page 85: **Suit** and **shirt** by *Giorgio Armani le Collezioni*, at David Stephen, 117 Post St., San Francisco, 415-391-7710.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Page 114: **Boots** and **hat** by *Mongerson Wunderlich*, to order, 800-275-1292. Page 115: **Personal planner** by *Rolodex*, for store nearest you, 800-727-7656. **CoPilot knife** by *Spyderco, Inc.*, for dealer nearest you, 800-525-7770. **Mountain bike** by *Softride, Inc.*, for dealer nearest you, 800-426-4303. Page 116: **Military binoculars** by *Sunset Merchandising Corp.*, to order, 800-225-9407. **Message card pager** by *Sky Tel*, to order, 800-456-3333. **Chair** by *John Rogers*, at Terra Cotta, 2 Main St., Southampton, NY, 516-283-7209. Page 117: **Pasha Eau de Toilette** by *Cartier*, to order, 800-CARTIER. **Cacharel Pour l' Homme** by *Cosmir*, at Marshall Field's and Dayton's and Hudson's stores nationwide. **Safari for Men** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren shops and fine department and specialty stores nationwide. **Obsession for Men** by *Calvin Klein*, at fine department stores nationwide.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 165: "High on Kites": **Revolution II** by *Revolution Enterprises, Inc.*, for information, 800-382-5132. **Magnum Opus** by *Mackinaw Kites*, to order, 800-622-4655. **Spyro-Jet Tandem** by *Into the Wind*, for information, 800-541-0314. **Flexfoil** by *Windborne Kites*, to order, 800-234-1033.

For free information on advertised fashions only, call Playboy's Fashion Line at 800-354-4502.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

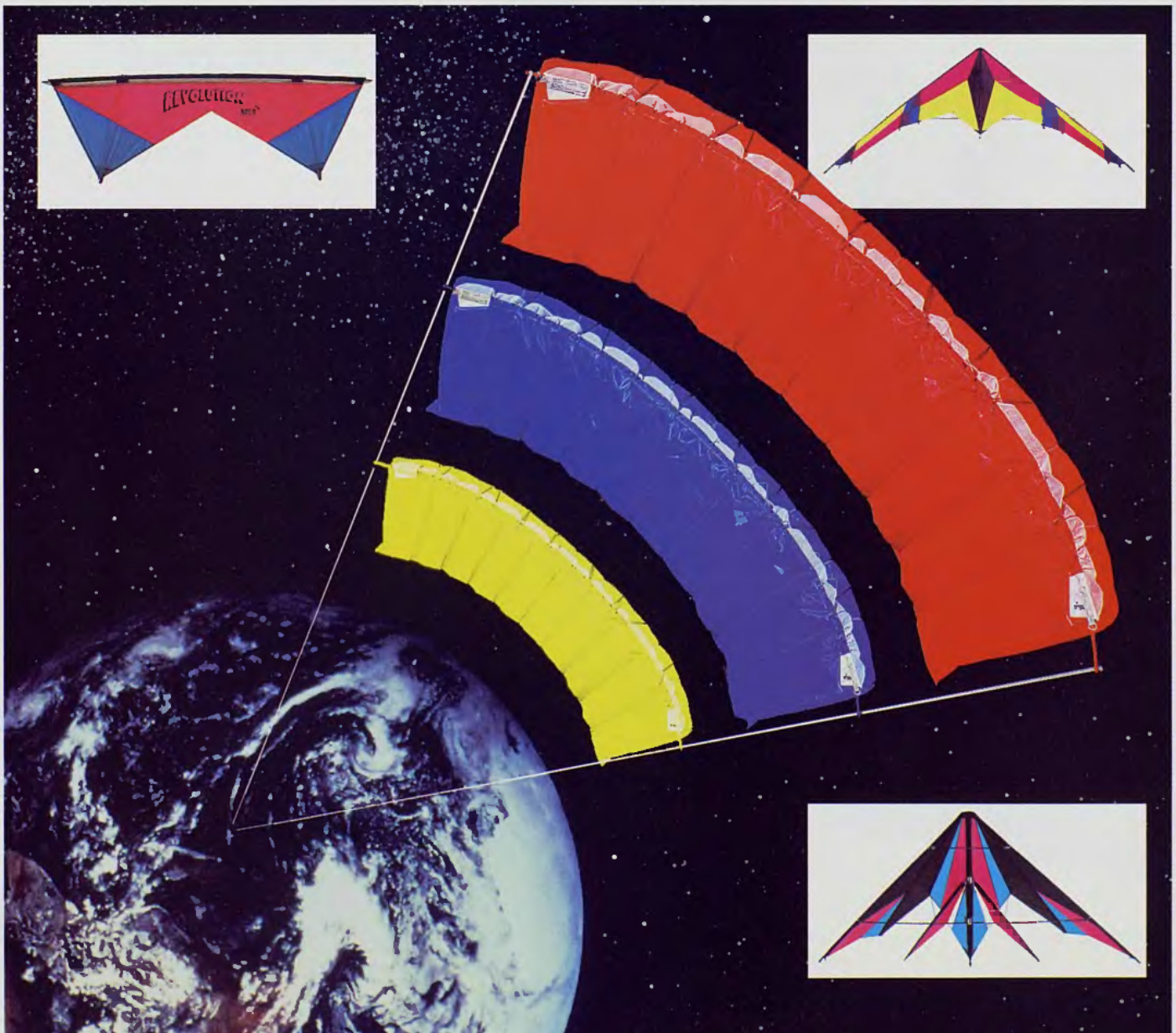
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HIGH ON KITES

The stunt is called manlifting and the idea is to stack as many kites as it takes to raise yourself off the ground while flying them. Sound crazy? You bet, but it's one of several spectacular tricks that you can perform with a high-tech stunt kite. Forget those wood-and-paper kites you flew as a kid. In addition to incorporating sturdy graphite composite frames and durable rip-stop nylon, these dazzlers feature multiple lines, and some have heavy-duty stainless-steel handles for greater control and maneuvering. Some are so aerodynamic, the merest breeze will send them soaring. And all are fast. In fact, the Flexifoil (a stack of three is shown here flying above the earth) has been clocked at more than 100 mph. So what are you waiting for? Go fly a kite.

Top left: The 5.5-ounce Revolution II quad-line stunt kite features a six-foot sail, a carbon-graphite frame and stainless-steel handles, $160 including an instructional video. Top right: Built for smooth, ballet-like performance, the 14.5-ounce dual-line Magnum Opus kite features a ten-foot wingspan and a carbon-graphite frame, $300. Bottom right: The 12.06-ounce Spyro-Jet Tandem competition kite is a dual-wing design with airflow regulators that maximize speed and handling, $325. Center: The six-foot Flexifoil kite can be flown individually or stacked as shown, $139 each.

STEVE CONWAY



Where & How to Buy on page 163.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

A Bouquet for Izzy—But Hold the Roses

IZZY STRADLIN can tell us: There is life after Guns n' Roses. Listen to his solo LP *Izzy Stradlin and the Ju Ju Hounds* or catch him on tour and then ask yourself who's hitting the mark.

© MICHAEL LYNNE

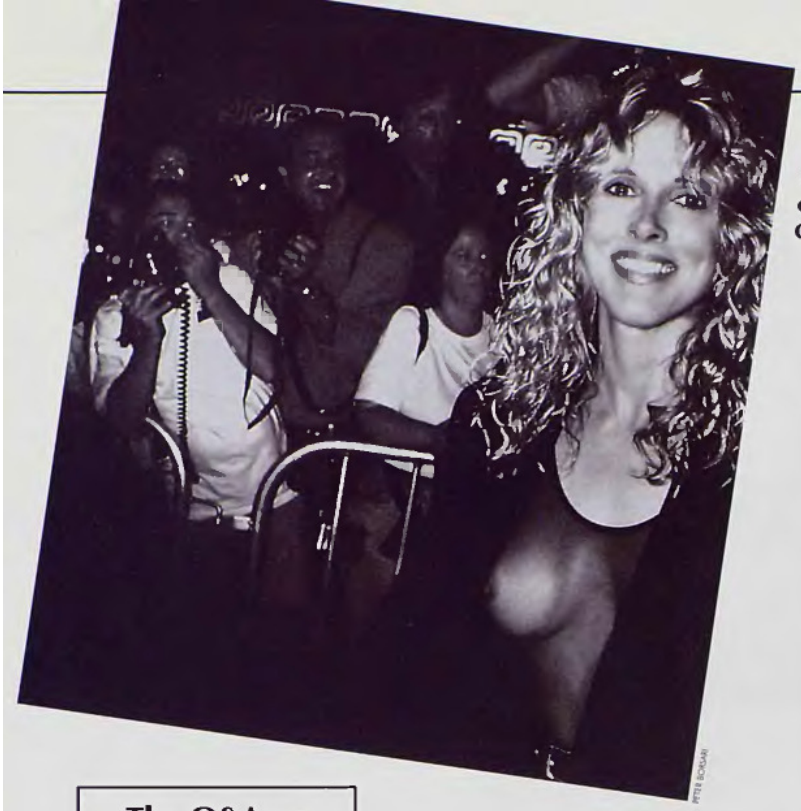
A Light Shower for This German Flower

Model ELKE JEINSEN has graced the pages and cover of *Playboy Germany*, won a beauty contest, made a movie and appeared on an Italian game show. Now she's ready to tackle Tinseltown.

© BERLING ERGAMAR-ERLSON

The Tush of the Town

Yes, it's the Divine BETTE MIDLER showing off her fabulous gams at a benefit. Look for her face this summer in *Hocus Pocus* with Sarah Jessica Parker and Kathy Najimy. They play witches. We're already under Bette's spell.



Alana's Next Fifteen Minutes

If Andy Warhol was right and we all have our 15 minutes of fame coming to us, ALANA STEWART, celeb about town and former wife of George Hamilton and Rod Stewart, is dressed for success.

Hot Shot

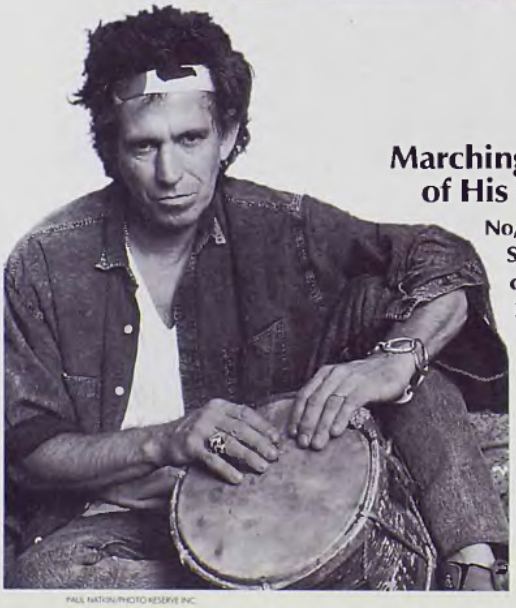
Actress JENNIFER BARLOW plays Flame, an exotic dancer on Fox TV's new series *Key West*. She also had a starring role in Garth Brooks' video *Thunder Rolls*. Now she dances with us.

The Q&A on Julie Ann

Who edits the questions and answers for *Jeopardy*? Who showed up in *California Hot Wax* and *Bachelor Party*? And who walked through TV's *General Hospital* and *Superior Court*? The answer: actress JULIE ANN DAVIS.

Marching to the Beat of His Own Drum

No, this isn't some Sixties hippie escapee. It's KEITH RICHARDS loosening up during the X-Pensive Winos tour in support of *Main Offender*. After recorking the Winos, Keith and Mick start working on Stones music again.



TIME TO BE GOOFY

Back in March 1992, we ran an item about a Mickey Mouse talking wristwatch in *Potpourri*. Now, Sounds Fun, Inc. of Westlake, California has created a follow-up, the Goofy Talking Watch, just in time for the character's 60th birthday. Squeeze the Goof's hands together and he moves his mouth while audibly telling you the time 16 different ways, including "Gawrsh! I don't know!" The price: $29.95. Call 818-865-0800 for the nearest retailer.

VETTE COUNTRY

To commemorate the 40th anniversary of the Chevrolet Corvette, two former Vette designers, Zora Arkus-Duntov and Larry Shinoda, have created a limited-edition Duntov-Shinoda leather bomber jacket that's available from Mid America Designs, Inc. for $415, postpaid. Features include a removable fur collar, an embossed emblem on the chest and the Corvette name embossed on the back. Men's sizes range from small to extra extra large. (The jackets look great on women, too.) Call 800-637-5533.

A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION

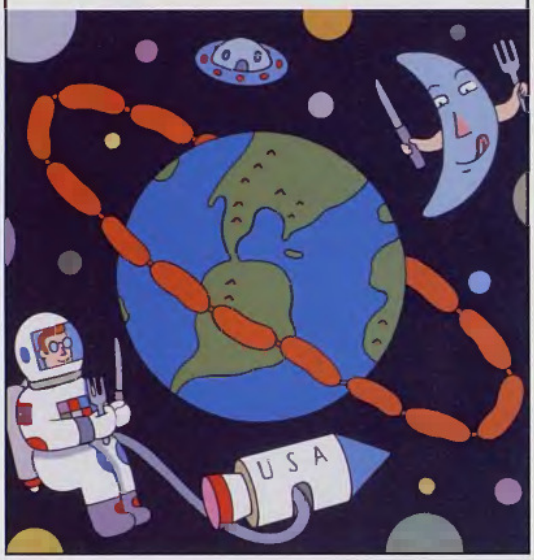
If you think all those limoed rock stars and executives are moaning about being stuck in traffic, think again. Striptease to Go at 212-459-4140 in Manhattan books 40-minute "nude tease shows" starring a gorgeous exotic dancer for $275 an hour—or double your pleasure with two lovely ladies for $560 an hour. Sorry, guys, there's no touching (the driver doubles as a chaperon), but the good, clean entertainment is delightfully erotic and a great way to entertain friends and clients. Or have Striptease to Go meet you at the airport, and arrive home smiling.

TURKISH DELIGHT

Ever since the film *Midnight Express* debuted in 1978, Turkey has seemed about as popular a tourist destination as Siberia. But don't believe everything you see in movies. Hanns Ebensten Travel, 513 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040, is offering a 14-day Turkish Delight tour that includes four fascinating days in Istanbul and a one-week cruise along the Turquoise Coast aboard the 76-foot Rönesans II—a twin-masted type of craft known as a *gulet*, which has sailed these warm southern Mediterranean waters for centuries. Plus, there will be additional day sails to the Kizil Islands and along the Bosporus. The price: $4585 per person, not including airfare. Shove off.

THE ULTIMATE DOG

Jody Maroni's sausages have been an institution in Venice, California for 13 years; Lakers and Kings fans indulge at The Great Western Forum. Now Maroni's has gone national, and you can order 23 varieties of poultry, lamb and pork shipped frozen by next-day air. Prices begin at $65 for five pounds. A call to 1-800-HAUTDOG will get you all the details, including a brochure.



HOW FRENCH!

Les Vins de France, "The Game of French Wine & Food," has two levels of play. If your knowledge of Gallic *vins* and viands is "white with fish, red with meat," you know the rules. But if you're a serious Francophile, the 143 wine cards you must match with exotic menu items will prove a perplexing challenge. Les Vins is available from the Wine Enthusiast at 800-822-8846 for $42, postpaid.

THE IMMORTAL P'GELL

As comic-book fans know, Will Eisner's *The Spirit* was a friendly outlaw tolerated by the police and feared by the underworld. His nemesis was P'Gell, a femme fatale with whom he had a love-hate relationship. If you haven't been able to forget P'Gell either, Kitchen Sink Press, No. 2 Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968, is selling limited-edition signed-and-numbered 28″x40″ 12-color serigraphs of a 1947 *Spirit* page featuring her for $260, postpaid. Reproductions of early *Spirit* comics are available, too.

WHY WE LOVE HOLLYWOOD

Want to own the bra Marilyn Monroe wore in *Some Like It Hot*? Norma's Jeans, a mail-order catalog of celebrity memorabilia, is peddling it for $14,000. And a witch's guard Winkie costume from *The Wizard of Oz* (above) can be yours for $34,000. There are plenty of inexpensive items, too, such as the shirt worn by Demi Moore in the 1986 film *Wisdom* for a mere $150. Norma's Jeans' catalog costs $3 sent to 4400 East West Highway, #314, Bethesda, Maryland 20814.

CHEF TUT, WE PRESUME

Have a hankering for the haute cuisine hit from medieval Europe—spit-roasted meat with egerdouce sauce? Pick up a copy of Abbeville Press' *The British Museum Cookbook*, "4000 Years of International Cuisine," by Michelle Berriedale-Johnson. Recipes for such antique noshes as prunes stuffed with walnuts (ancient Persia) and quick-fried shredded marrow (imperial China) are included, along with the best from ancient Egypt, Renaissance Italy and more. Price: $16.95.

NEXT MONTH

STUDENT BODIES

VISITING POET

GREEN COMMANDOS

HOT TATTOOS

THE VISITING POET—MURTAUGH SATED HIS PENCHANT FOR BRIGHT, WILLOWY STUDENTS WITH ONE-YEAR STINTS AT SMALL-TOWN COLLEGES. WOULD HIS TRYSTS BE SACRIFICED AT THE ALTAR OF MATURITY?—FICTION BY **MARK WINEGARDNER**

SELLING YOUR SECRETS FOR PROFIT—A WILY PRIVATE EYE REVEALS THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE THAT MAKE THE WORD CONFIDENTIAL A JOKE. BANK BALANCES, CREDIT HISTORIES, DETAILED PHONE BILLS—THEY'RE CHILD'S PLAY FOR THE SMART SNOOP—ARTICLE BY **FRANK SNEPP**

FRANK ZAPPA, PERENNIAL ROCKER AND FATHER OF THE COSMIC TWIST, MOUTHS OFF ON WORLD AFFAIRS, OUTLINES WHAT HE WOULD DO AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND WAXES PHILOSOPHIC ON THE BURNT WEENY SANDWICH AND THE FORGOTTEN TRADITION OF DADA IN YOUR BASIC SUBVERSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

THE CONSERVATION CLUB—HELLBENT ON PRESERVING THE WILDERNESS, AMERICA'S RADICAL CONSERVATIONISTS ARE ENGAGED IN A FULL-SCALE ECO WAR AND THEY'RE TAKING NO PRISONERS. WHO ARE THESE GREEN COMMANDOS AND HOW FAR WILL THEY GO TO PROTECT A FUR OR A FIR?—REPORT BY **DEAN KUIPERS**

CINDY CRAWFORD, SUPERMODEL, VIDEO HOSTESS AND HOMEGROWN BEAUTY, DEMONSTRATES HER FAVORITE STUPID-HUMAN TRICK AND TELLS WHY SHE REFUSED TO INTERVIEW MADONNA IN A MODEL 20 QUESTIONS

SPRING CAMPUS BASH—CHECK OUT OUR COAST-TO-COAST ROUNDUP OF THE NATION'S COLLEGIATE CONTINGENT FROM THE BEST PROFS TO THE MOST EXCELLENT STUDENT BODIES. ALSO: DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCES OF REACHING THE PROMISED LAND OF, GASP, EMPLOYMENT AFTER GRADUATION

PLUS: THE 1993 PLAYBOY MUSIC SURVEY RESULTS; PLAYMATE **NICOLE WOOD;** A VERY EROTIC PICTORIAL ON TATTOOS; FLIRTING WITH FEMINISTS; **PETE HAMILL** TAKES ON MADONNA IN MANTRACK; OUR QUARTERLY AUTOMOTIVE REPORT TAKES A SNEAK PEEK AT THE 1994 MODELS; AND A SPECIAL SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

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